



# Hearing in The Write

**Long lines of ripping  
speculations**

**Richard Mc Sweeney**

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Risteárd Mac Suibhne Uí Éire

HEARING IN THE WRITE  
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ISBN 978-1-84799-293-2  
Publisher: Lulu.com on behalf of Richard Mc Sweeney

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While I have made every attempt to ensure that the style and editing of this  
work is of the highest standards, I ask for your understanding if you should  
happen therein upon anything to the contrary.

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To the Beloved Profundities of my life ~

Sung-ja my wife, son Richard, and daughter Iris

*Also by Richard Mc Sweeney*

Myriam of Lebanon  
A Jesus of Nazareth  
Generations Reaching

*Forthcoming title*

Innkeeper's Fire

Richard Mc Sweeney of the ancient and enigmatic isle of Éire writes on a variety of themes, but primarily on those to do with promoting beauty, good-naturedness, love of family, artistic expression, respect for the natural world, and cosmic considerations.

Having spent six edifying years as a seminarian with the Missionary Society of St. Columban, Richard came to the conclusion that his calling in life was to be sought elsewhere. Thus, journeying onwards with a great sense of gratitude and many happy memories he came to sojourn for some nine years in the Republic of Korea followed by three in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, and a further three in the United Arab Emirates.

While in Korea he earned a master's degree in Chinese Philosophy from Seoul National University, and a bachelor's in Korean Language and Literature from Kyunggi University. Both of which were conducted entirely through the mediums of Korean and Classical Chinese. He holds a diploma in Philosophy & Arts from St. Patrick's College, Maynooth in the county Kildare.

Richard a native of Fermoy in the county Cork lives with his wife and two children in the idyllic border village of Tallow in the county Waterford.









## Preface

These enigmatic Long Lines of rippling speculations date from September 2003 to March 2004.

As the title *Hearing in the Write* suggests, hearing in the write is precisely how this work came into existence. In that while sitting in various places and locations within and without the village of Tallow, I would write down what I was hearing from voices in my mind.

To quickly dispel any misunderstandings, a word needs to be said from the outset regarding these voices of the mind. These voices I take to be no more than the free flowing of my own imagination. And my imagination from time to time and in place to place speaks to me cantillatingly, and that is all there is to it, I do believe.

Yet, oft have I discovered to my amazement when reading back over a text later, finding therein content not native to my own mind at all. No explanation for this phenomenon do I have here to offer. It could be compared perhaps to the phenomenon of having taken photographs of some castle or monastic ruins, and only to find when viewing them later on my computer or in developed form that some of them contained images or entities that to the very best of my knowledge were not there when the original photographs had been taken. Such photographic experiences have happened to me from time to time. One being for example a photograph taken of a small stone arched doorway at the side of Muckross Abbey, over in the county Kerry, and also a number taken of a beautiful wooden statue of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux in Anglesboro church at the foot of Teanpaillin Hill, over in the county Limerick. Sun most likely was delighting to play *Dust & Shadow*; one of Her favourite games for aeons and aeons in spots made sacred to Her throughout the isle.

Astonishingly when considered in hindsight, each of the work's twenty-six chapters was written in about an hour and a half to two hours. Hardly did I raise my eyes from the A4 Refill Pad page or stop writing to give rest to my hand for such was the intensity of the outpouring of thought. Sometimes, if I happened to be sitting in a restaurant or a hotel lounge, I would have a single cup of coffee or tea that I would make last for the duration. A bottle of water would have been the refreshment out in the fields or upon a hillside. Nothing then mattered to me but the getting down on paper as quickly and as accurately as possible that which was delighting in dancing forth from out my mind; dancing forth from out my mind like a flock of richly variegated butterflies all seeking for my immediate attention. There was no predetermined mindset on what would be written on the day. Words were allowed to spontaneously flow freely from the voices of my imagination right to my pen.

And yes, naturally of course a momentary glance at for example a vase on a windowsill in the Castlehyde Hotel lounge in Fermoy (*Canto 21*), a Bewley's biscuit wrapper in the Red House Inn restaurant in Lismore (*Canto 19*), an old Bulmer's Woodpecker Cider poster in the Clongibbon House Hotel lounge in Mitchelstown (*Canto 22*) or the wind playing in the chimney of the sitting room hearth here in our home in Tallow (*Canto 17*) did provide additional fragrances and hues to the flow.

After leaving the text for a few days to settle, I would then transcribe it on to my computer, and would carry out any refining on it if needed be (or augmenting *exempli gratia*, *Canto 21*) while all the while adhering to its given integrity. Thus, by and large it is presented here as it originally revealed itself to me; having been fashioned and influenced by the ambiance of place, the hour of day, and by the particular disposition of my mind at the moment of writing.

A purely philosophical-poetic work, *Hearing in the Write* shows a marvellous fluidity and rapidity of thought. While it neither advocates nor adheres to any philosophy per se; a philosophy in the sense of being a time-honoured discipline hauling and dragging after itself otiose luggage of correct principles of reasoning, it definitely does concern itself in its own lyrical way with profound questions on what exists, what are some of the essential natures of things, how we live our lives, what 'knowledges' are thought to be, and above all it concerns itself with safeguarding the spontaneity of speculation.

When the spontaneity of speculation has been abandoned, like those who would abandon a kitten, a child or a parent what appears in its place is philosophy as a discipline. However these days, and in many parts of the world including Éire, abandonment has become an abandonment of the twice removed in that even philosophy as a discipline is itself being abandoned, and that which is emerging in its wake is not a return to the spontaneity of speculation, but rather the very perishment of thought itself. In this anthropogenic degradation of the mindscape a return in the first instance to at least having philosophy as a discipline is to be welcomed. For what is the future of our humankind without thought, and thought without the spontaneity of speculation?

*Hearing in the Write* poetically shows how the rural philosopher-poet of spontaneous speculation thinks; thinks without having any need whatsoever to be of any particular philosophical discipline or of any particular poetic form.

One of the work's most attractive features, from among its many is its ability to boldly present diversion and digression in thought and expression as essential ingredients for the good of our intellectual health.

" Long length of existence has brought you to long length of  
thought and expression.

Would that you were of shorter length that our talking could be  
narrow and as such more manageable.

How you love control.

Yet control is a cold, a common cold from the days of old.

Would that you would consider sowing less of your mind.

Let more of it be barren!

Let more of it be wilderness!

Let more of it be desert!

My mind loves its deserts to be sowed, watered and cared for ad  
infinitum. " (Canto 6)

"There's someone I feel is looking over my shoulder here as I  
write.

Someone?

I'm not just someone.

Who you be then?

I be the moving ocean tumbling inland to your shore.

Oh, harmonious roundelays.

Where keep you the biscuits of the day?

I do keep them in the round rosewood box by the grand piano.

Here please take and enjoy.

What are you writing about?

Oh, just the things that do be told to me.

Who be telling you these things?

There be today this winged voice and tomorrow another or be  
the same for many a day. " (Canto 14)

"New Cage Philosophies be no improvement unless one be into cages.

And what of New Age Religiosities?

New Age Religiosities be no improvement unless one be into alternatives and blurs.

What be you into?

Know you quite well; know you quite well that I have no need to be into cages, alternatives and blurs. " (Canto 18)

This delightfully exhilarating work has healing qualities about it in that through means of its powerfully nebulous thought engagements it encourages the mind back out into the heartland of wondrously uninhibited speculations. And that most natural and exciting of places is the place truly to be.

*Hearing in the Write* with its wholesomely beautiful soliloquies is intended in the first instance to be cantillated in one's mind in a smooth rhythmic flow; a smooth rhythmic flow in accordance with the harmonious disposition of place, time and cantor.

Tallow  
8<sup>th</sup> December 2007



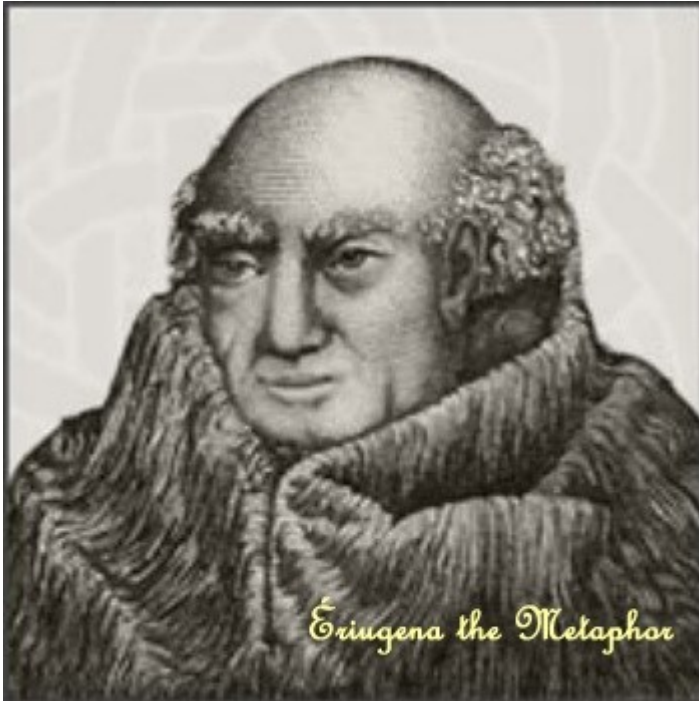
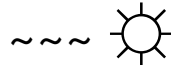
## Contents

Preface

Canto <b>1</b>	Ochre Chameleon
Canto <b>2</b>	Modus Vivendi
Canto <b>3</b>	Syllogistic Wings & Feathers
Canto <b>4</b>	Danubian promenade
Canto <b>5</b>	Distant memory of God
Canto <b>6</b>	Black Taurus
Canto <b>7</b>	Pastoral
Canto <b>8</b>	Mamaí agus Daidí
Canto <b>9</b>	Metaforms of Metaphors
Canto <b>10</b>	Mystifyingly gnarled
Canto <b>11</b>	My Garden of Tiferet
Canto <b>12</b>	Peregrinus
Canto <b>13</b>	Betwixt houses of captivity
Canto <b>14</b>	Play laureate way
Canto <b>15</b>	Flow level
Canto <b>16</b>	Beloved new day
Canto <b>17</b>	Twenty thousand years
Canto <b>18</b>	Contemplation
Canto <b>19</b>	Ivy-muffled
Canto <b>20</b>	Visionary Aristocrats
Canto <b>21</b>	Virginia vase
Canto <b>22</b>	Uttered anew
Canto <b>23</b>	Flint beard
Canto <b>24</b>	By way of Polaris
Canto <b>25</b>	Humankindness
Canto <b>26</b>	For thy truth's sake







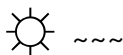
"Spontaneity of speculation being synonymous with the philosophical-poetic,  
the philosophical-poetic with the rural philosopher-poet, and by roundelay  
the rural philosopher-poet thee with the spontaneity of speculation be.

And by the way of the rural what may we say?  
A philosopher-poet of illimitable space we say.

**Iohannes Scottus Ériugena** the metaphor of old salutes you; salutes  
your lyrical ear and your skilful strumming of the rippling harp."

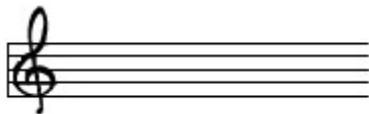
Canto 19, *Ivy-muffled*





## First canto    *Ochre Chameleon*

6th September 2003



Touching the wall I did call to the off shore of Eden for  
help.

But no one answered my call for all the bells in fabulous  
China.

Strolled through the market gate of the human race to  
find some lace for the daughter of the winemaker's maid.

What if I were to see the Sun disappear in the morning  
snow and without a show?

Who would believe me if the saints of yesterday's morn  
were all to break free of hell's gates?

All in all it was a scary thought that built the front wall  
of the house of McFrown.

Tumble down the autumn showers of golden leaves for  
the cattle and the sheep.

Who be knows besides the early bird of June what it's  
like to be caged in a basket of three wise kings.

Thought I saw a chaffinch on the windowsill.

Are we joking when the blue of ivory waters descend  
upon the king of mustard land?

Come all to the wall of bygone days and be gone for none  
at all doth remain inside the pillowcase for fear of the awful  
crime that's being committed in the field of Ochre Chameleon.

What if I counted all of you in the middle of a spoon with  
ice cream and blackberry tops?  
Oh, wouldn't that be something, surely?

Now you are laughing at the dress that was blow up by  
the wind, but you did turn from to see what you were given to  
view.  
Why did you turn and look away?

Look deep into yourself by the fly shore of morning's  
end.  
Tell me what were you doing when you were under the seabed  
fishing for stones?

Haven't you yet taken to learning that all our hearts are  
in velvet sacks waiting to be packed off to the nearest  
crematorium?

Come back!

Come back!

Come back you have taken us back to that terrible time.

What time?

Were you not there in the doing of it and in the receiving of it?

Close your eyes and open your sight for you see too  
much of nothing.

Soon you will realise what it is to flush the harbour into the  
sea and be taken by ones unseen.

Now you've taken to frightening me with your daffodils  
and roses by the sunny brook.

Whoever could have foretold how evil you are in your  
sainthood?

If a bat can chase a cat and a rat an old hat what have we to  
be worrying about on this beautiful starry night?

Sit you down and be making yourself there at home for  
soon the dawn of a new age is about to turn everything upsy  
downsy.

I don't understand if the piano is out of tune and all the  
mad people are insanely bright.

Take a walk with me along the roads of Time and have a  
good time if you still know how.

How can you know?

Sure haven't I forgot how lonely you are there on your island of  
all nothings, oranges and peels.

Sit up and take a pill for sure you'll kill the next stone  
that steps in your way.

I thought you said you remembered to bring the butter  
in from the redbrick fridge.

I did, didn't I?

You think too much and that's as far as you can go with  
the early morning newspapers.

Oh, it's in the holy play and you'll never see the likes of  
it again.

I will, will I?

Don't be so sure for not every army has two goats  
dressed in emerald lay braid and talk all day about the state of  
an apricot oven.

Someone' s coming for I can here the planets shuffling  
in the trees of over there.

There is no one there except the ol' hens laying eggs in the  
straw of the new mowed day.

Surely, you do mean 'hay' when you say 'day' don't you?

If it were hot in the bottom of the teapot would the tae taste the  
same?

Oh, what kind of a place is this when the one who  
stokes the fire is the fire and the chimney is in the floor?

One more time if you look at me like that perhaps I'll be  
taking a dip in the florescent lights.

All along is not all long when you've only hours to be  
living on the underside of a seashore.

Watch the bat I think he is going to take the thrush.  
If he does I'll kick the outside of the barrel of rainwater.  
You do that and all the ripples will be appearing so they will.  
Place the callies in the barrel and no more crippling be out of  
you.

Master beating down all day.  
Whiskey bottle on his desk.  
Pulling chunks of down from the sides of crowns.  
Oh, how it hurts so very very much.

School?

What school?

That was not school I tell you for I was afraid of his shadow  
without even seeing it.

Tell me where is the mouse that ran under the desk and down  
between the floorboards?

It's so cold!

It's so very cold!

Dragging us he by the hair.

We did all be salty crying so we were.

Poor little puppies we wee.

Soft gentle breeze blowing.

Hush now and don't be you acrying for there are many carriers  
in the bed of the wild sea goat.

Where?

Where shall I find the origin of my source?

The origin of your source is within you by the table of your  
dreamy place.

Someone must be coming for I hear the stretching of the  
wind.

You do be hearing awful things when you are lying  
awake in your sleep.

Don't I be knowing it well.



Laughter has such a nice ring to it when it's being  
thrown away like a bag of light sawdust.  
Remember how it use to be yesterday when tomorrow was yet  
still before us?

I do.

I do indeed as the lovely moon is pressed like a sponge in the  
kitchen sink.

Who would be of a thought that a man and a woman  
could be the making of a child?

So many wonders and so many wondering that it's a  
wonder that we don't be always with the wondering.

Holy Mary they say be the mother of their god, but I  
don't be knowing for it's all the same when you'd be saying it  
backwards by the mantelpiece.

Hop up on the cupboard and get down out of the attic to  
watch the races of the race.

I've seen their faces and they were covered in muck.

Sometimes when the rain falls upwards we don't be in  
the best of moods.

That's what I do be telling myself in these insanely halls.

Where am I?

Where I am?

You're where you were before you were where you are, no doubt.

What no doubt?

There is more doubt now in the worldly place than there ever was in here wherever that be.

Sit and rest awhile for you do be thinking awfully much for one who for the most part of the twenty-four do be so crazy silent and gentle.

How can I be quiet with me hands the way they are in these long long white sleeves?

Is it a gown or an ostrich?

Woe and behold the chickens are flying in the windows and they be taking on the shapes of loaves of bread.

Who's for lunch?

Lunch's for who?

Is it mad do they think we are?

The frost is on the window and the light is in twilight for the old boat that's tied up on the grey beach.

If someone doesn't catch the dog before your won comes  
in from the cowshed we'll all be in the basement up to our  
necks in the green stuff.  
Are we in the outside world or in the inside?

Wait a minute!  
Waite a minute I think I hear a new spring coming.  
A saint is being made over there between eastern pillars.

I swear to myself that I've seen a vision of a forlorn tarot  
master swinging from the gargoyles of Notre Dame.  
Was he becoming dead or what?  
He was becoming a leaf in the wind.  
But is he a leaf that's dead or becoming dead?

Blow blow the mighty storm of a time rooster and you  
will see what I mean about the Samaritan who walked by the  
petrol pumps in slippers.  
I have seen and I am tired of the scene.

Oh.

What won't become of the forgotten Moon?  
Why concern you with the Moon when there are so many stars  
to be viewing?  
I'm the Moon and I do be always looking at the stars.

So much for breakfast when it's dished out to you in the  
palm of a hand.

Drink up and shut up!

Think you can shut me up with such pills, bills and  
quills?

Laugh again!

Laugh again you walking stick for a broom.

Oh, I wonder if Napoleon liked Maltessers?

That fellow do be eating anything he do be getting into his  
hands.

Where have you gone you the brightest star in the  
heavens?

Why you do be needing to be talking of Napoleon?

Quicksand makes one stand up for all that's slipping  
under the carpet.

So it does.

So it does.

Oh, I'm becoming so tired.

Must be the palm breakfast.

Must be the palm breakfa....

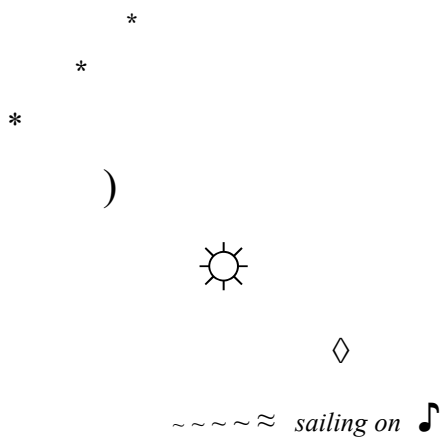
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*Annotations:*

**canto** - from Latin 'cantus' a song, from 'canere' to sing - used here with reference to a part or division

**callies** - 'collies' minnows: baby freshwater fish

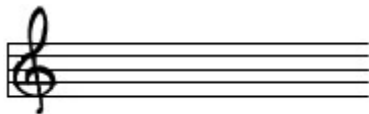
Throughout the summer months children enjoy trying to catch callies with jam jars in the shallow river waters of the isle, and bring them home in the jam jars tied clumsily with string; trying not to lose all the water in the doing of it. This was a task easier to accomplish on foot than trying to cycle home with them. Once home the callies might find themselves in a barrel of rainwater or some old abandoned bath.





## Second canto    *Modus Vivendi*

13th September 2003



Trickle down the outside of the elephant's cascading  
morning.

Blue bells all swaying in the fresh wind.

Who goes there?  
Who goes there if not the postman of the further quarter?

Tall ships are coming up the mountain of the frigid  
snowscape.  
There's nowhere to escape to when you are laughing at the  
hyenas of the south deep forestation.  
Rising up and floating down above the town of three willows  
and a tree.  
Cat on the table!  
Who's for breakfast door jam?

I think I see a wild blue horizon in my soup of  
mushroom cream.  
That's the thin end of the wedge, so it must be.  
Fried eggs lay by on the road of Spanish nights.  
Can't remember whether it was on the Costa Brava or the Pole  
of Antarctica.  
But it must have been one of those places for the snow is in me  
hair.  
Feeling raw from the chill that catches the unders of my arms.

Careful as you go I see the morning swan bathing in the  
full Moon.  
Pause and stop, pause and stop by the miller's garden.

Oh, my!  
What did happen to you Missus?  
You've lost so much weight.  
I hardly recognised you.  
It was the cancer I had and it took all the weight from me.  
It was one of those kind kinds of it in that it didn't have the  
tails.  
I'll pray for your speedy return to joyfulness, freshness and  
benediction.  
Thank you.  
It's a strange thing I'd be telling you, but since I've been in  
there recovering from it my desire to paint has grown very  
intense.



You do be recovering now as soon as you can for the  
world do be in great need of yet your unknown artistic gems.  
Cancer can it be any worse when it do be taking the finest of  
people from out of our eyes?  
Don't be worrying now at all for I'll be praying for your speedy  
return to joyfulness, freshness and benediction.  
Thank you with my smile.

Problems of immortal memorial.  
All of them things that do be wrong with us these days and all  
days do be problems of immortal memorial.

Wish I had a box of black pepper to shake and shake  
and then blow into the air.  
Oh, I'd then be sneezing and sneezing to me heart's content.

What's the content of your heart?  
Spiritual essence.  
What kind of a substance is that for I did never be hearing of it  
on vinegar streets?  
Found I at the heart of the matter wells of spiritual essences.  
Must be some kind of drink then.  
Have you found them any other places besides in your heart?  
Oh, I have.  
I have.

Didn't I find them too in great quantities in all events  
big, small, significant and seemingly most insignificant.

Come, come let us depart from the heart of the matter to  
the matter of the heart.

Follow me now and we'll be finding cornflakes growing on high  
trees.

Somewhere over there in the cemetery I did come across a  
headstone fine.

Upon it were chiselled these words,

"I'm spending my days marvelling at the bright blue sky;  
my nights at the stars of heaven beyond."

Imagine it.

Imagine it.

Topple up topple up and away we go to the plateau on  
the Hill of Love.

Mars in depths of wispy white clouds and yonder deep  
rich blue is nearer yet to us this day than it has been in aeons  
be aeons.

Are you able to see it you so clearly through the wide blue?  
See it I can.

All joking aside can you be seeing the Mars of the System  
through this thick cloud of blue?

See it I can, and, surely it me.

Oh, frost and snow, wind and rain on this lovely  
summer's day.

What's that approaching from the Southwest?

And there again from the South?

Southeast?

East?

Northeast?

North?

Northwest?

And there in the West?

Swirling about the Hill of Love they are coming towards  
me!

What are they?

What are they?

So hideous!

Sintaurs!

Sintaurs!

Sintaurs they are all galloping in thunderous unison.

Ah, you thought you could hide away from us here on  
this hill of sacred mound.

Open the gates!

Open the gates!

Let them in!

Carnals of all sorts pouring in on me from the eight  
gates.

Carnals of the millenniums have gathered unto me.

Help, oh, divine anything good!

I'm about to be overrun and overcome.

Over comes the steeple of the chapel in the fog.

Wind your way through the streets to the hotel door and ask.

Ask there for the keeper of the flower basket.

Tell her that you wish to bake a cake of finest seed.

Count the stockings o'er the fireplace for there seems to  
be an odd number amongst them.

If a monk and a priest knelt in adoration opposite the  
Blessed Sacrament which one of them would be the first to  
spill the beans?

What are you talking about?

Carnals have their own way of roasting beans.

So they have, but who will read the pieces of paper being  
carried along in the gully?

Stamp out the metal base of your plan for you can no  
more defeat the instincts of the man most human than a horse  
can race the river to the sea.

I have seen them horse run fat and they all with falling over  
acres of bushes.

Hail to the bushland then if there be all else in the world  
but rattlesnakes baking in the sun of Devil's Gorge!

Swirling about.  
Swirling about they like a great wheel.  
All and every kind of temptation imaginable brooding down and  
in upon me.  
Save the human race if it's time to do so.

Who knows when the kangaroo will take to strolling  
instead of bobbing about like they do?

Ah, don't some say the Devil's dead?  
Some say the Devil's dead.  
Some say the Devil's dead.  
Can you imagine that?  
Imagine what?  
That the dead is dead.  
Oh.

To love naturally what say you it to be; amor Socraticus,  
amor Platonicus or a more modern kind?  
None to neither of these say I it to be; it be amor naturally.

I have been where the wide wings of a silver ship that  
comes from great distances afar, and without an engine floats  
within those clouds of the bright blue there high.

Be not with talking of the great secret for nobody wants  
to really know.

But didn't I think that the whole world would be wanting to be  
knowing of it?

Only superficially.

Deep down there is the fear most great of the unknown truths  
that delicately settle on the tip of a dewed dropped blade of  
grass before taking again to the air.

Silk is silk.

Afternoon of after easy did I see the flying saucepan  
descend and gently alight itself onto the lawn.

Careful now for you do be saying things that would make  
french-fries wish they had never been prepared.

Where are going with this meal?

Eat plenty.

Be full and healthy fat for that's what is expected of any able-  
bodied mountaineer of a politician.

Renegade through the apple orchard.

Five meals a day and you still want more.

Someone ought to tell him that the days of all seasons  
are quickly approaching.

Tell him yourself for I do be having the fear of myself of him.

He can't hurt you if you don't let him.

My sins are not mine they are all belonging to the past.  
An inheritor of the past am I.

Goose pimples are a way of life when you're all on your  
own in your bed at night, and the heating is but a memory.  
Why not set fire to the bed?  
If great ideas were great then there wouldn't be a house  
standing in the cities and towns.  
That's for sure.  
Nero, Niro, Naro was a dispeller then of goose pimples, I  
suppose.

Have you seen him of late?  
Who?  
The resurrected one.  
I wasn't looking for him so I didn't see him.

Calm seas make the boat wish it were on land.  
That's a rare new one, surely I'd be hearing.

You do be hearing stories most unclean even in the  
holiest of places.

And how would you be knowing when you couldn't pail  
a bucket of sweet water from the well over.  
The well is within us; light years from the marble arcades of  
royal Babylons.

Sometimes, I remember things that were forgotten  
beyond which I knew not of the way to get there.  
Two times two making a rowing in the fall of white waters.  
Are you going up like the salmon or down like the trunks?  
Crossways with the cattle.  
Sounds like to me that the end of the net casting is shifting in  
the western lagoon.  
I saw it there before my very eyes in the boglands.

Over briaries over briaries and away we go into the field  
of rabbits!  
Over and over round and round chat do we closely as we go.

Hell's no place for a devil.  
But it's some place wouldn't you agree?  
Agree to what?  
Nothing I will.  
Stuff newspapers and magazines of old in the hardrive's  
partitions.  
Same will be the outcome.

Wherefore are you coming from in your half spring of  
adventures?  
Talk all you want about matchsticks when you've a pipe to  
smoke.  
I'd put pepper into the pipe and smoke it.  
What's with you this day and pepper?



Pepper has always been with me.  
Gets in my eyes to make me cry; gets between my toes to be  
making me itch.

Seven years and seven days would bring the pot to the  
boil so why are you wasting so much valuable time milking the  
wall socket's juice?

Do you hear who's talking?

I'll have you know that if the bails of straw in the fields were all  
stacked one on top of the other, we would in no time at all be  
able to reach cloudland.

We would I'm sure for wouldn't they all have well fallen before  
they ever having gained any height at all?

There you go again with your illogical logic.

Dredge the field for the river.

Slow, slow, slowy doth my mind doth think when the  
birds of the lighthouse stand on foot a single.

Ever thought what it would be like to swim in the  
roundabout lay?

I suppose I have but I haven't given it the great thoughts that  
greatness deserves.

Sheep sold down the road being sent to somebody  
knows where.

There were times in the sometimes when being known  
by one's name stood for something pristine.  
But now what is there beneath our saucepan?  
Tree tops!  
Lots and lots of treetops.

Hunt ye down!  
Hunt ye down the morning of yesterday's first spring!

I could never have again imagined that the hill would  
have contained so many secrets.  
Oh, there are secrets there all right.  
And well known they are to all but the finely stupefied.

Now who would be so unkindly just as to move that  
mirror from the center of the field?  
Must have been the crows, jackdaws and magpies.

Someone took the ruby from the elevator door.  
I could see it myself when I was washing the dishwater.  
How?  
How?  
How can one wash dishwater?  
Haven't you every heard of soap?

Must all things remain unknown in secret?

Honestly, there is no knowing what will be known if the carburettor flings an acorn.

I have heard tell that the church was stuck in the graveyard, and that is why it's in there in the center of it.

Must be true then if you did hear it.

From whom did such hearing come to Your Royalty?

Ah, ha it came.

See in a ball of cotton wool more hamsters in all of the continents.

I'm sure you know what flows there beside the handbag of all faults.

Whenfore did you ever relinquish an idea like that?

Meditate and make a date.

And thou be fine with custard cream, apples, ice cream and honey.

Seriously awhile though.

What would you consider to be the thou of all thous?

Come over here to me and the answering of it will in no small measure be making its way into your knowledgeable place.

The thou of all thous?

Well the thou of all thous is in the back garden.

It's playing in a singing frying pan on the southern face of its northern wall.

It's thou, surely art with the strangeness.

A lot depends on what you mean by lilac paint and carry away seeds.

Who said anything about jellyfish?

Must be something in that air that yields such sentiments of complete frustrated ecstasy.

Come to think of it, I have seen a fairly ball liquid in the two cauldrons by the great ocean.

You do be seeing colours in your dreams.

Save one for me if you find it in the heart of your heart to be kindly generous.

Someone sometime has to say it, and if I don't be saying it, isn't it quite possible that nobody else would be taking the liking to do so?

Free fullness is over by the dustbin.

How do you mean?

Mean how do you what?

Suppose a man had two, three to five wild dandelions all blowing in the wind, which one of them would he pick do you think to put on the lapel of his best overcoat?

Who in the name of salvific revolution commands the shuttle bay door?

It is I!

It's I who do.

Full and free be married me.

Pardon, I have a feeling that the orbit is a little off kilter today.

Can't you feel it?

Hasn't it a little wobble?

It's that same fashionable way that you do be taking to the walking.

That's what it must be.

Here they come!

Here they come!

I see no one.

That's you with the eyes and you can see no one or no thing at all.

Doesn't it get lonely there on your own sleeping throughout the long night on the golden straw?

It is its goldenness that keeps me warm.

More like thoughts of it.

Great gifts manage small events and small gifts do be managing events that are beyond talking.

Three are they who stand there on the battlement high of yon castle.

Wonder who they are.

I'll yield up a wave to them and see what becomes of it.  
Ah, waves in return by three.  
Welcomed most welcome this spirit of humanity.

Look!  
Look where?  
Over there.  
There's someone pulling down a crab apple tree with an  
umbrella.

Knot up the ivy and throw it at the thief in the night.  
He's coming to draw joy and happiness from the willow tree.

I see a face!  
I see a face most beautiful.  
Where?  
Where?  
There between the poplars.  
I see no face.  
Wait a minute!  
Now I do.  
Who is she so beautiful?  
It is the Lady Olivia Juliet Mary Teresa Argentina.  
I can't believe how beautiful she is.  
She like fine wine with golden age only better and better  
becoming.

Ask her a question, if you are with knowing how to form one.

I am with knowing.

Lady Olivia Juliet Mary Teresa Argentina, if I may -  
What is throughout all your life to this bright day of September  
the source of your sublime beauty; the source of your inner  
tranquillity?

Look!

You've startled her away with your worldly fetters.  
Perhaps she'll return another day and provide you with an  
answer most pleasing.

Thankfully, oh, thankful am I that she has finally had  
the courage to set herself free herself from certain captive  
philosophies of India the Nation Mighty.

With a joy hitherto unimaginable for her, she is  
rediscovering her long lost friendship with the city and the  
country of her birth.

Buenos Aires so Beautiful.

Argentina so Great.

Lady Olivia Juliet Mary Teresa Argentina so Wise & Graceful.

Oh, oh, Olivia that be you so beautiful.  
Lament you not the lost times for your blessings are  
many and one before you.  
All perhaps to the fullness of time has merely been a  
modus vivendi between your smaller and greater self.  
I see a radiant pool on a far off golden beach of Hawaii  
silently and patiently awaiting with anticipation the  
return of a great shimmering tide, having exotic fishes of  
every kind playing long along in its lovely rolling rolling  
green rooms.  
Adieu and dieu thee well.  
Dieu thee well.  
Dieu thee well.

Hear you the calves calling from the meadow where the  
canvas upon the easel you did leave standing there in the  
middle?  
Calves have no eye for such things.

Go and bring them here and finish that which you were  
in composition joined.  
I will.  
I will.  
I will run over bogland and farmland fine till I reach to my  
canvas and easel will dine.



Lullabies rhyme upon the sweet thyme in joyful  
cornucopia of summer days.  
Where are the ways of the hay and the thatch?  
They're all beneath your feet dancing in the space without  
limits.  
Must be then all in the over there beyond the Mars place.  
Mars come again has it?  
I'm afraid so it has, so it has.  
Never mind, for strawberries take some getting use to when  
eating them with boiled potatoes, bacon and cabbage.  
You've mistaken them for carrots.

Sow low.  
So low be the flow.  
Carry all the nothings of the middle stream into the lake of no  
overflowing.  
Can't say I can, but who's to know when the graves are all  
pulled from beneath the green covering?

Cornerstones make for heavy lifting in the coldest day of  
winter.  
Why bother with the fodder when the condor is in high flight?  
Flight makes the two be one be two be three be all over me with  
resin and falafels.

What does a crow see when its swerving to the right  
then to the left?

Beet eat be beet teeth.

Sand and beaches go together like no other stranded  
whale on the shore of least easy vision.

Trucks humble the bumblebee; bumble bee the  
honeybee where be me?

Butter the bread before you be dead, and live long under  
the bed.

Where have you been that all the reeds in your crown  
have turned rusty?  
There is no rustic in the zoo of call back and see you later by  
the barn door.

Someone has got to thinking that felt has no place  
anymore in the chicken coop.  
It was a long time in coming.  
What was?

To whoever to whoever be the carrier pigeon cooing?

Close the gate quick for the tracker is on the turntable!  
No the turntable is on the central divide.  
Choke on the cork and be in the midlands by and by the  
dormer window.

All has come and all has gone if my memory serves me,  
write.

It has it has for useless is the imagination that can't find itself  
in a thimble.

Knew he would come to this.

What did I tell you from the balcony?

You told.

You told how the wild wide river flows up mountains when it  
runs out of interest.

Day a be day.

Night a be night for all who stands by right.

Place your hand upon your sword for the great battle is  
at engagement.

It is I'm sure with the lantern already well burnt in the out  
shed!

Stand on your head and you'll see it between Sirius and  
Orion.

I see I!

I see it!

Home sweet home.

Why am I durationing here in this for nobody like me  
place?

Must be something I flung out the cargo bay door.

Away!

Away!

Away from here on the trot!

Play me tunes of our homeland.

Sing me songs of our homeland for I'm greatly weary of here, so  
I am.

Hush awhile.

Hush awhile the furniture is scattered widely in the crows'  
nests.

I'm going to lay myself down awhile now for me head do  
be revolving in diameters.

Rest you down.

Rest you down, oh, forgotten haystack in the now green field.

Rest you down and let the dogs howl at the full Moon all night  
long.

I will.

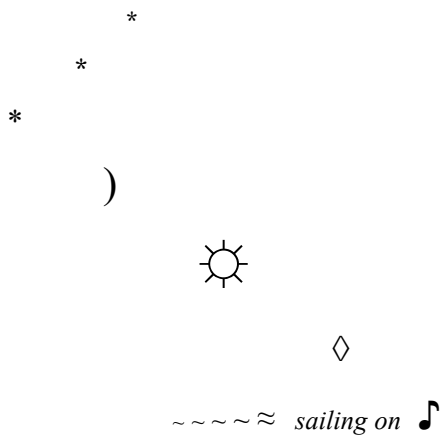
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*Annotations:*

**modus vivendi** - from Latin meaning, 'mode of living' - way of getting along;  
hence a temporary arrangement

**amor socraticus or amor platonicus** - from Latin meaning, 'Socratic love' or  
'Plononic love' Applied to love that is purely spiritual for one of the opposite  
sex. (As originally used, *amor platonicus* was a synonym of *amor socraticus*  
which denoted the kind of interest in young men with which Socrates was  
credited, and had no reference to women.) 1636 *The Shorter Oxford English*  
*Dictionary*. 3<sup>rd</sup> Edition. 1980, Vol. II, p.1603.

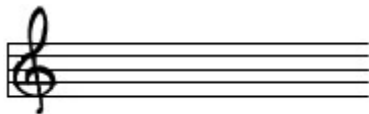
In its modern and more popular sense it is a non-sexual (i.e. overtly romantic) friendship not subject to gender pairings and not excluding close relatives.





## Third canto     *Syllogistic Wings & Feathers*

20th September 2003



Swoon in from June on the December cruise half  
length.

Cosmonaut on the roof sitting on a carpet of Persian blue.

Toll-free if the line is in the water by the door.

Cover all the windows with blankets and straw for the  
north wind is on its way.

Tennis lonely sister of the sisters.  
Why?  
Shopping mother in Stockholm.  
Why?

Oh, world what be thy whorl?  
Loop the loop and warp to seven eleven.  
Where for the sample machine is in the volume control by the  
chair?  
I see no chair running scared.

Bulldozed have they from the village entrance the sacred  
rock that gave shelter and appearance grand to the daffodils in  
spring.

Rescued I two bared bulbs, and did sink them into the fertile  
mud by the old stone bridge.

Will be watching for them come the spring.

Sprayed dead they too all the grasses and flowers in the  
lovely gateways along my aurorean way.

Now all brown be these ways and soon all will be hoofed into  
slime.

Why do they do such things?

Where in this council is the respect, convocation, consultation,  
deliberation, reflection and sense of responsibility?

Where's the wisdom of our ancient ones?

Who are these people of us people who stand by and let things  
such as these happen with such ease and frightening  
indifference?

Bruno! Bruno! Bruno!

Perpetual pedantries have congregated in my centuries.

What of perpetual asses?

Of donkeys I'll speak no word harmful.

To make his point stick he did bring them together.

Of donkeys I'll speak no word harmful.



Step aside and don't be walking on the light foot of the watery shore.

A man is coming; a man is here whose clothes are in tatters and whose steps are rising high and falling low with the discoveries being made by the broken castle tower.

Let's go and see if what they've said about Mansion Mortar is in fact all true or mere lies being told young.

I've had a certain vision in the television of a dark Cadillac speeding along by a casa blanca on an autumnal morn.

What can you see through its windows?

I see no more than the fender twin of the old harbinger.

Sure?

Is that all you see, oh, seer Cayce of the middle divide?

Cayce me?

No not I.

I be me.

Okay, if what you say makes sense then one telephone call can change everything for an entire family.

Vision in the television, I ask you.

Sky be blue and I'm dancing in the flowerpot wide by three.

Call soon soon, you will.

Call call soon, will you?

Point me my finger of right to a host upon a table.  
Methinks your host is more like unto a coin.  
And what of the chalice by the sword, is it full empty, full half  
full or full full?  
It's full full it is and sure as the rose beneath me.  
Is that truly a hat you wear?  
I wear an eight and all set to go I am as above so below.

I am, I am I suppose with me sitting on a throne with  
posts capped in fleurs-de-lys.  
Why hold you a book on harmony in left and a cross in right?  
Cherubim of the Rose be looking at me.

No need to frown at my twelve gold star crown.  
I love my wings, my sceptre and my shield.  
Like you the lily white?  
Lily white do be liking me.  
Sun and Moon is in my chest.  
Great be thy chest!

See you my triple cross in left and my blessing give unto  
you with my right.  
Genuflect they do before thee out of respect.

Ah, Sun is in the zenith and from within it arrows  
shooting down into our hearts.  
Hold safe we are here at your either side.

Away!

Away in my fantastic chariot to the far away southeastern  
lands!

Unknown faces upon my shoulders have perched.

Who am I with sword in right and index in left?

You be a fishmonger so you do be.

Why say you so for I do sit on a throne?

Yet, why do all about you tend to moan?

Come to me for I walk with staff and snake.

Strange escape.

Why shine you your lantern so brightly?

Where are you going?

I'm going to where I am.

Have you ever been there before?

Before?

Before what?

Your beard of white be not of this place among the streets.

Round and round we go on the wheel.

East sits upon us with sword and asp.

Asp by two be too below ye.

Too much goat in your falling and too much dog in your rising.

Where find you such a boat?

Lion of the grasslands open wide thy mouth of a  
thousand breaths that I may talk to your beginning.  
Talk away as you now hold the sway.

No more dizziness in my head for I do enjoy being in my  
upsy downsy pose.  
See my coins all sparkle in the sunshine.  
Find you the half moons?  
Must be early morning.  
Why cross you your right leg like so?  
Read and believe.  
Are you being without being able to interpret the ancient  
letters?

All white bones you are I see.  
Isn't it a little early for such a transformation?  
Never is too early never.  
I see no hay to be in need of cutting.  
What then with your scythe do you cut from the face of the  
earth?  
Look locally, more closely and you will see.

Oh, my!  
You've frightened me.

An angel you are for you've brought fresh water to my  
poor parching tongue.

From which amphora do you wish to have it poured?  
Parched I am.  
What about the flower?  
Yes, all will be watered.

Oh, holy merciful what have you done to yourself; what  
have you become?  
I've become what you are in your darker moments.  
No more then needs to be said of you here for I do be not liking  
what I'm seeing in your heart.  
Little or no good at all be there.  
Running away are you in cowardly fear?  
Let your friends worship you in their captive freedom.

What sound was that?  
What sound was that?  
My lovely tower has been struck by lightening!  
I knew it would for I had been taking to looking at the most  
desirable.  
Fallen me down from my lovely tower of all thoughts.  
Repair it if you have the will to learn the skill.  
My friend is hurt.  
I best attend to his wounds.  
Why not let him there till the jackdaws attend to him in their  
own time?  
How could you say such a horrible thing?

Sky road is still very much in the attic between the  
ancient books.

Come bathe in this velvet pool that I've been preparing  
for you since the moment of your conception.  
Then let us take to bathing together.  
It shall be so beneath the Star of Day.

Why howl ye at beautiful Sun shining on the towers?  
Foolish dogs ye.  
We may be foolish to your human eyes, but what of the huge  
lobster there waiting in the pond?  
Fishing he be for himself.

Hold hands in the presence of Bright Sun.  
Love is all good to me.  
Joy is all good to me.  
Good is all good to me.

Time to make things all be right for I do hear from off  
there somewhere a trumpet sound; calling out, calling out the  
names of the first to sound the sacred words.

Then you must go and speak to them.  
Why me?  
Why not thee?

Why is this cat down pulling at my trousers?  
Shall I with my staff take to tossing him away?  
Your burden upon your shoulder right has all the trimmings of  
a man of travel.  
A sojourner you are if ever there was one.  
My flower in company is feeling the coming of the seasons.

Come dance in my laurel with me.  
Eagle and angel witness.  
So too be gentle cow and fierce lion.

Not unto me be the bright autumn days of spring  
coming to an end.

Ways of the ways be the care of the careful disciple.

Lord come around to the bridge where I did plant the  
bulbs and make them grow.

Well water tastes of an Everest morning.

Too kindly for me is the candour bonnet.

I don't understand, how goldfish survive in an ice-cold  
pond.

Long have I lived the life of the bicycle wheel and the  
mudguard.

Had to come to an end sometime.

Better no time for you, for you were I well remember with so  
much more happiness then.

All illusions.

Know you not that Illusion be your guide and teacher?

Teacher?

You need to be taught how to survive.

Illusion is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Rather are realistic expectations.

There is more to the usefulness of illusions than you could  
have hitherto imagined.

How can you say that I am being taught by way of illusions?

I know it to be so.

Believe me.

Sing songs with sixpence and you'll have a chance to  
enter the fairy ring of all besides.

Come to think of it not all creatures have wings.

Well there's an insight!

Insight outsight anyway the water flows about a dam.



Hold on!

Hold on to the windmill it's about to take off to no one knows where.

It'll be gone for a million days perhaps.

What will we put in its place?

Put the candle shade holder.

Where is it to be found?

A shout!

I didn't know we could lock all the doors with the handle of the barometer.

What barometer?

Where is the sense that says worship has to be always at sea?

I don't get it.

Your meaning is what?

It is most definitely.

Stones throw away from the gold dome before something is broken beyond repair.

Already that which was most precious has been well and truly broken beyond repair.

Open up there the golden marble sarcophagus at a depth of eight-two feet and you'll find the bringer of the morning star.

Do you think so?

I know so, well you know I know.

I know that when it was laid there be the times be after  
the falling of the walls, men with illusions of safety did put it in  
no other place.

From where came they these men with illusions of safety?

They came from the shores of the lake to the north in the guise  
of guardians.

Guardians of what or whom?

No need for you to be knowing with the damper that's on  
things these days.

Let's go, and see for ourselves, shall we?

I can't for I'm too much engaged with creative impulse.

So be it.

I'll be in a day be a week or month or who knows be going off  
then myself.

Go then with many blessings, but mind for the asp that knocks  
beneath the Well of Inverted Vessel.

Come with me to there for the fair days and mild nights will be  
in need of your voice beside me.

Go it alone and make atone for something beyond our wildest  
imaginings is about to event itself.

Look there!

A hawk is on high circling about in the blue.

Drop like a stone he will when he finds in his eye the moving  
meal.

Idols and elders, alder and oak where be the space in  
the throat?

Space is in your face by the shores of its emerald pools.  
Come swim in them and be with oneness unknown to me be  
the knowing.

Rapt with the repetition of sunglasses and beaches in  
Cannes and Monte Carlo.

Been in those places.

Enjoyed playing golf by the midnight hour.

Swam in the Mediterranean and followed chip and dice with  
the endless riches of my coffers.

Own me a yacht of finest grandeur that did in anchor stand  
there well off shore.

Preferred by far though my humble rowboat on the rivers of  
this green isle.

Some one are you to be talking on and on about  
adventures past.

What of those yet to be bringing you into their spheres?

I suppose you're right if I were to call the blackthorn in the oak  
lame.

There's no one lame save Atlas.

Pop the cork of the champagne bottle and let's release  
some of our pain.

Champagne no pain take but our pure hearts break.

Roll over the heavens, it's getting cold on my side.

Concrete investments of rarest jade don't have what it takes.

Has someone been talking to you of the anomalous construction underway apace on the sites most sacred to the tribes?

Or has anyone bothered to break the news to you with regard to the Fertile Crescent?

All I know is what I've heard from the rafters of the tunnel.

Imagine he's seventy-eight this day, yet he still hasn't found or at least hasn't drunk deeply enough from the Fountain of Full Joy.

There are those who by braking into the Harvester's barn have procured for themselves hundreds of years, yet they are without the experience of true joy.

Sad, oh, sad is this not?

Sad, oh, sad most assuredly.

That which states but is not stated; that which is stated and states; that which is stated and does not state; that which does not state and is not stated.

Bruno echo?

Ériugenia echo.

Wasn't he our ancient wise one who to Paris rode on a  
donkey all crocked up?  
Of donkeys I'll speak no word harmful nor of their noble  
guests.  
Let's move on.

Do the heavens manifest the bowl of soup or does it  
drink thereof to the lees?

I'm divine whose joy is in the spontaneity of things  
yet to be made know to the sylvan shower.

Love of the mind brings with it laughs most pleasing to  
be teasing.

Scorched earth knows no way to turn the potatoes out.  
Farmers stroking the bark off the tress in the meadows  
secluded.

Drove down the driveway to the constellation Before  
Morn.  
Found me the two hosts of a thousand deliveries.  
Not ghosts?  
Hosts.  
Say they anything to you?

One did bring forth from his jacket a basket of fruit that  
was bought in a market place for no gold.

Pure merchandise comes at a price for the lodger and  
his wife.

They've got to feed fifteen hungry mouths.

Pitching pebbles in the jelly of the anchored reef.  
Couldn't imagine it being any other way round.

Crying and laughing causes some to be proud and  
dishonest with their income reward.  
Taxes make the people want to jump in the quarries by the  
forests.

I can bowl seven stairs up the mossy wall.  
Perhaps you'll be able to pull the boat ashore by evening.

Something is stuck in the long arm of Las Vegas  
hygiene.  
I see what you mean that all afloat is but custard quartz.

Oh, gracious me what has become of the orthopaedic  
ward where I in lonely youth did cry all night long?  
Vowed to myself that the next time she would be coming round  
on her rounds, I'd be stopping, but I couldn't, and not even the  
heavy blankets could muffle the sounds of my sobbing.

Night can be a curse in such places if you're all chocked up with sickness for home sweet home.

Why of this is she being without so much understanding?

Was she never small and young like me, and being away from home?

Merchant marines have taken to the hills to search for their boats in the treetops.

Find them they will, I'm sure.

Where's the cure for such diseases?

A doctor once told my youthful trust that if the needle was bending when entering my skin that was a very good sign. A good sign of what I did ask?

And the answer he did smirkingly give to me was that pain was certain to follow.

Frost and snowflake in a red hot oven would not have melted faster than the plummeting of my heart.

Three huge bright lights shinning down on me.  
Black rubber mask hole being placed over my nose and mouth.  
Oh, no, no, not that horrible smell again!

Sustained a blow from the mouse that ran over the  
riding gear.

Imagine if a mare could drive a tractor, how would she be  
feeling about the lives of her ancestors?

She would be feeling as I do when I pick my teeth.

I don't follow your meaning.

It's a meaning that only the highly uneducated can  
understand.

Uneducated?

Not mean you educated?

Opposite of lowly uneducated finds my meaning.

Raise my hand to ask a question and what comes down?  
Syllogistic wings and feathers.

Swing wide open the gates of the glen for the hens are  
all leaning this way.

Where will they go when Sun goes down and the reflector on  
the corner shop bends low?

I suppose they'll be in searching for the left shoe.

Wake me back to our cosy eiderdown stone cells.  
Feeling down with the galvanized edge of heaven.



Come over here and rest awhile for I sense that you're  
searching for a fountain pen.  
Once in my chest pocket it did burst and I was like unto one  
that had been shot in the heart.  
And a woman beautiful from the east did make comment to me  
that it was only fitting, seeing I being a writer true.  
Being shot by one's own fountain pen is no small privilege.

What has happened to the palate of my mouth?  
Feels like it's the canopy of the world.  
Then thy tongue must be its fields, rivers, mountains and seas.

Milk is white isn't it?  
Of course, and so too be snow.  
Then I have seen the Milky Way all of a different colour from  
white.  
What colour from white?  
It was gold at first and then green changing to a beautiful  
black.  
How able see it you the Milky Way as black?  
I tell you as sure as the isle is about me; I've seen clearly the  
Milky Way as black.  
Impossible!  
How could you clearly see something black against a black  
background?  
No mother's son or daughter could possibly be able to see so.  
Can a day be a yesterday?

I'm going to take a stroll in the over there of the back of beyond.

Need awhile to be stopping thinking about everything.

Jesus the Nazarene knows this need, and he and I have oft found each other and ourselves in the same place in mediation deep.

Strange how time distance be no distance when you've found the key and more importantly its matching lock.

Where's this entrance that I too may enter?

Hush, hush the starlings are sleeping on the old antennae.

So?

So be so like until the dawning of a new day.

---

*Annotations:*

**casa blanca** - from Spanish meaning, 'house white'

**Bruno** - with reference to Giordano Bruno (1548-1600) - Italian Philosopher "The Nolan"

**Cayce** - with reference to Edgar Cayce (1877-1945) - "The Sleeping Prophet"

**Ériugena** - I greatly admire Ériugena (Iohannes Scottus Ériugena (9th c.) - Irish Philosopher) for his intellectual brilliance, his originality, his courage to freely and profoundly speculate, and above all for his focus on harmony.

Nota bene: This however, should not be taken to mean or to imply that I share Ériugena's Neoplatonic ontological explanations on how everything is. The fact that Ériugena is claimed universally to be of this same isle of Éire makes me feel very proud indeed.

I feel we need to re-generate in our own day such a spirit as Ériugena's; such a spirit that will with style and finesse boldly speculate on the given existence. For surely to be of such a lyrical spirit is to be at one with the ever-becoming generations of yesterday, today and tomorrow. May there continuously be in place and time enlivened metaforms of this fragrant metaphor kind.

The following excerpt from an article in *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* by Dermot Moran, Professor of Philosophy (Logic and Metaphysics) at University College Dublin is being presented here merely as a brief introduction to Ériugena and his work. To gain a fuller understanding and appreciation of this wonder of the ages, I recommend that the reader read the entire article. It also has an excellent bibliography section.

### **John Scottus Eriugena**

"Johannes (c.800 - c.877), who signed himself as 'Eriugena' in one manuscript, and who was referred to by his contemporaries as 'the Irishman' (*scottus* — in the 9<sup>th</sup> century Ireland was referred to as '*Scotia Maior*' and its inhabitants as '*scotti*') is the most significant Irish intellectual of the early monastic period. He is generally recognized to be both the outstanding philosopher (in terms of originality) of the Carolingian era and of the whole period of Latin philosophy stretching from Boethius to Anselm. Eriugena is also, though this parallel remains to be explored, more or less a contemporary of the Arab Neoplatonist Al-Kindi. Since the seventeenth century, it has become usual to refer to this Irish philosopher as John Scottus (or 'Scotus') Eriugena to distinguish him from the thirteenth-century John Duns Scotus.

Eriugena's uniqueness lies in the fact that, quite remarkably for a scholar in Western Europe in the Carolingian era, he had considerable familiarity with the Greek language, affording him access to the Greek Christian theological tradition, from the Cappadocians to Gregory of Nyssa, hitherto almost entirely unknown in the Latin West. He also produced a complete, if somewhat imperfect, Latin translation of the *Corpus Dionysii*, the

works of the obscure, possibly Syrian, Christian Neoplatonist, Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, a follower of Proclus. In addition, Eriugena translated Gregory of Nyssa's *De hominis opificio* and Maximus Confessor's *Ambigua ad Iohannem*, and possibly other works, such as Epiphanius' *Anchoratus*.

Eriugena's thought is best understood as a sustained attempt to create a consistent, systematic, Christian Neoplatonism from diverse but primarily Christian sources. Eriugena had a unique gift for identifying the underlying intellectual framework, broadly Neoplatonic but also deeply Christian, assumed by the writers of the Christian East. Drawing especially on Basil, Gregory of Nyssa, Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, Maximus Confessor, as well as on the more familiar authorities (*auctores*) of the Latin West (e.g. Cicero, Martianus Capella, Augustine, Boethius), he developed a highly original cosmology, where the highest principle, the 'the immovable self-identical one' (*unum et idipsum immobile*, *Periphyseon*, *Patrologia Latina* CXXII I. 476b), engenders all things and retrieves them back into itself. Contrary to what some earlier commentators supposed, it is most unlikely that Eriugena had direct knowledge of the original texts of Plotinus, Porphyry, Proclus, or other pagan Neoplatonists, but he did have some direct knowledge of Plato (a portion of *Timaeus* in the translation of Calcidius) as well as familiarity with the pseudo-Augustinian *Categoriae decem*.

Overall, Eriugena develops a Neoplatonic cosmology according to which the infinite, transcendent and 'unknown' God, who is beyond being and non-being, through a process of self-articulation, procession, or 'self-creation', proceeds from his divine 'darkness' or 'non-being' into the light of being, speaking the Word who is understood as Christ, and at the same timeless moment bringing forth the Primary Causes of all creation. These causes in turn proceed into their Created Effects and as such are creatures entirely dependent on, and will ultimately return to, their sources, which are the Causes or Ideas in God. These Causes, considered as diverse and infinite in themselves, are actually one single principle in the divine One. The whole of reality or nature, then, is involved in a dynamic process of outgoing (*exitus*)

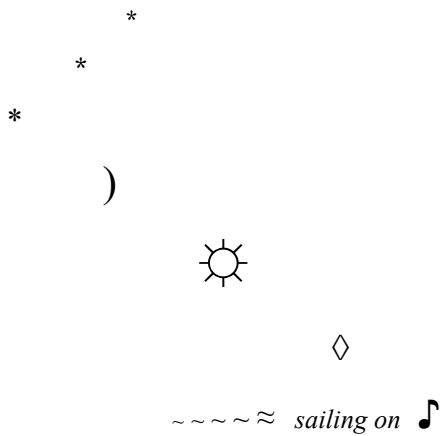
from and return (*reditus*) to the One. God is the One or the Good or the highest principle, which transcends all, and which therefore may be said to be ‘the non-being that transcends being’. In an original departure from traditional Neoplatonism, in his dialogue *Periphyseon*, this first and highest cosmic principle is called ‘nature’ (*natura*) and is said to include both God and creation.

Nature is defined as *universitas rerum*, the ‘totality of all things’, and includes both the things which are (*ea quae sunt*) as well as those which are not (*ea quae non sunt*). This divine nature may be divided into a set of four ‘species’ or ‘divisions’ (*divisiones*) which nevertheless retain their unity with their source. These four divisions of nature taken together are to be understood as God, presented as the ‘Beginning, Middle and End of all things’.

Apart from having a minor influence in France in the ninth century, Eriugena's cosmological speculations appear too conceptually advanced for the philosophers and theologians of his time, and his philosophical system was generally neglected in the tenth and eleventh centuries. His main work, *Periphyseon*, was revived by twelfth-century Neoplatonists, and also circulated in a compendium, *Clavis Physicae* [The Key of Nature] of Honorius Augustodunensis. The *Periphyseon* was popular among the philosophers of Chartres and St. Victor (e.g. Hugh of St. Victor refers to it) but was condemned in the thirteenth century, alongside the writings of David of Dinant and Amaury of Bène, for promoting the identity of God and creation. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Eriugena continued to have a relatively clandestine but still important influence on Christian Neoplatonists such as Meister Eckhart and especially Nicholas of Cusa. The first printed editions of his works appeared in the seventeenth century, but it was not until the nineteenth century that interest in him was revived, especially among followers of Hegel who saw Eriugena as a forerunner to speculative idealism, as a ‘Proclus of the West’ (Hauréau) and the ‘Father of Speculative Philosophy’ (Huber). The first truly scholarly attempt to establish the facts of his life, his works and influence was by the Belgian scholar Maiul Cappuyns,

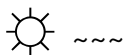
whose 1933 work *Jean Scot Erigène: sa vie, son oeuvre, sa pensée* is still reliable. Many valuable twentieth-century studies (e.g. Contreni, Marenbon, Schrimpf, O'Meara) have explored Eriugena's Carolingian background and continuity with Latin authors. However, systematic studies of his thought (Beierwaltes, Gersh, Moran) have also recognized him as a highly original metaphysician and speculative thinker of the first rank whose work transcends the limitations of his age and mode of expression. ..."

Moran, Dermot, "John Scottus Eriugena", *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy Winter 2004 Edition*, Edward N. Zalta (ed.), url = <http://plato.stanford.edu/archives/win2004/entries/scottus-erigena/>



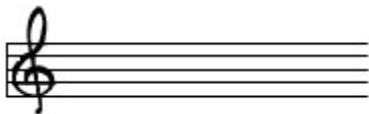






## Fourth canto    *Danubian promenade*

27th September 2003



White aeroplane in the high blue.

Nestled cattle chewing the cud in a yellow flowered sunny patch.

Morning glory a thousand times over.

Soon it'll be time to snow the garden.

Can't wait for the frost and icicles to form on the downspouts.

Comfort by bonfires with happy smiling faces all be sitting round.

Turn from refrain and nobody will ever count the cost of emancipation.

Emancipation from whom or what?

Emancipation from the womb be our happy lot.

Buttercups fill all the rugs and hugs with la douceur de vivre.

Jordan splashes into my boat.  
Where's my velvet green gabardine coat?  
Find it you will at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.  
What down there would it be doing?  
Taking for itself a walk, no doubt.

Something is cooking in the galley!  
Bring the slaves to the upper deck!  
Call out you the roll.  
If there be anyone missing fly the quartermaster way below.

All of them are well sick, can't you see, Captain Sir?  
I see only what I want to be seeing.  
And I see three hundred healthy trafficable slaves of our  
humankind.  
Throw them all over board if they don't sell the fish.  
How can they be selling fish out here, Captain Sir?

Rodents climb up the wallpaper when there's bream on  
the mast.  
Fairytale be that, Captain Sir.  
Don't you be with the knowing that everyone has to have  
kippers for supper in the milling cities?

Rake down the earthboard, it's time to be planting some  
seeds of everlasting worth.  
Said you not that the worth of worthiness is all beyond proof?

A lone star.

How can you think of such a thing at this moment in time?

Night matron wearing a black cape skulking in the deep dark night in the children's wards.

Both my plaster of paris legs in heavy traction.

Terrified I am to move as I pretend to be sound asleep.

Feel her chilling breath on my right ear and cheek.

Satisfied she stealthily moves on.

Every night it would be the same agony.

Whenever she found out one of us still to be not with sleeping then she would ...

"A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping."

Nothing could comfort us save the morning sunlight.

State your case more clearly for I in all my intelligence can't catch here a single meaning of your saying.

Compulsory arithmetic makes sense if your slicing bread with a billhook.

Surprising isn't it, how the morning festival takes all day to be an event?

True worth in its golden logic is the squared pylon par excellence.

Waters will well up in the fields of concrete before I'll step aside for a hypocrisy to walk all over me.

Sometimes when I do be with listening to philosophers, theologians, and gurus, I do be wondering, and then asking to myself what happens to the lid of the kettle?  
You should instead be talking to poets.

Poets be like birds great and small.  
Great birds glide whereas small birds do be fluttering and not flying at all.  
How can one say that flapping one's wings is flying?  
Only the great gliders may be said to be flying.  
It's in their doing not-doing well that makes them flyers.

Did you see my catamaran on the high seas?  
Off the isle of Robinson Crusoe, I did see it.  
Who be Robinson Crusoe he?  
He be Alexander Selkirk, I do know.

Valparaiso saw me away go in my search for this isle of fern.  
Belief in fern have I; symbol of enduring love.  
Only interests forever fleeting do me.

One person's belief in fern is worth ten thousand with  
only interests.

Fern of that isle in serene tones did call to me.  
Down in all haste to the watery shore I did go.  
Whence I did set sail for the southern seas.

"Lovesick at last." said the farmer when hanging out his  
clothes on the line.  
Has he no woman wife to be taking care of such things for him  
while he is in tending field, caring livestock or marching off to  
war?

Told you I that no fair maiden would lock the door of the  
Knight Templar's vault.  
What do you have in it that calls for such secrecy and  
heightened security?  
Sunrays, moonbeams and red roses in bloom.

Never heard of anyone, my friend, catching fish in the  
lakes of Sun and Moon.  
How can you refer to me as your friend when all the scrubbing  
of the armour so rusty takes so long?

I do wear beneath a suit of white when off to the barren  
lands I do go.  
Let me be away for the rainwater won't be with me.

Be in appearances you must be.

'Tis a strange way you do be having when in forming the words and phrases, so you do.

If everyone were to take one handful of clay and give it to the person next to him or her, the whole world would immediately be at one with itself.

Round and round the fountains I stroll in the bright afternoon of sunshine.  
Roma calls me back from the depths of La Fontana di Trevi.  
I did once see you there and you were with so many smiles that it was a rare joy.  
We did together toss in a coin back o'er our shoulders.

Off on an archipelago in the Indian Ocean where wild mushrooms grow, stands the Seven Traumas of the Lost Field.  
Can you see them?  
I can in moments, but then again I have a fear of living in moments.  
No need to be making make-believe.  
But I do earnestly believe in making make-believe.

Then what if I were to reveal to you that your whole life is but a moment?  
I'd say that you were under the Danubian promenade.

Deal the cards on the table for I am with uneasiness at  
the hands that I've been dealt of late.

How many lives do you need?

I know not, but another hand deal me, please.

Far away from here is yesterday.

I was in yesterday once.

That's all you be too in today.

What of tomorrow?

Tomorrow?

Tomorrow you'll be taking to the craft of skytalking.

Rare and odd old is the bone-covered tent in the field off  
to the northwest.

Shall we take to exploring its underground caverns?

All my long ancestral life I did live in a cave, so why would I  
want now to be making a return visit?

I didn't know.

Know I everything about you?

Think eccentric and be normal.

What are you referring to when you say that fortune will  
smile kindly on the threshold of the side shed?

Perfect, perfect must be an oxymoron, if ever I did meet  
one in the streets.

Have you been out on the streets lately?

Lately, I have been to Andromeda.

Huh!

So you have been, have you?

In my strolling of a morn along by a hillside field of  
southern visage, I did happen to meet Lady Anna Dreamley;  
the part owner who did this echo relay unto me,

"At long last. At long last the diggers are coming today!"

And continuing she of a melancholy way, did say,

"By my sway, the ol' hillside field will be well rid of those  
ol' furze by the end of the day, I say."

And I did cry within me to hear those terrible words for  
the memories of last springtime's field came flooding back all  
agreen, all ayellow and all ascented sweet.

Diggers been driven in as they will on the dormant furze  
and the rabbit families all huddled in burrows beneath them.  
Is the total disregard for life here, I, ask, in any way different  
from that of Stealths flown to make a night raid on a cosy  
sleeping hamlet?

A!N!S!W!E!R! me someone!

Answer me for my tears are in full flood.



Bacon on toast would be blasphemous in Jaddah the  
Gateway.

Where be this gateway?

She be on the Red Sea so beautiful.

Roman legions did make their way to her and they all clad in  
armour so heavy.

Roasted they bacon aplenty long afore in the Land of Jiddah, I  
did hear.

A crying shame.

Rhubarb!

Rhubarb!

Families of crows glide over me in a white-clouded sky in  
blue.

Of all the birds on the isle which do you be the liking the most?

Families of crows glide over me in a white-clouded sky in  
blue.

Born again with cries in a corner of a room long since  
demolished.

Were they not good times when you did swing on the  
swings at the bottom of the sea?

All good times are good.

There is no one who'll be interested in saying the  
opposite of a geometry.  
God be good.

Honour and glory be also words good.

How could one believe in a spokesperson of the order  
turned grey?

There are times when I do be thinking that it would be  
better if the whole population of a beehive where to transfer  
itself to beneath an abandoned bridge.  
What would they be doing beneath an abandoned bridge?  
Making time for each other.

Would you think they'd be aware that there's a bridge  
above them waiting to be crossed?  
Hard to tell with so many useable bridges about these days,  
and yet nobody is taking to crossing them.  
Doctor bridges to priests; priest bridges to doctors.  
No proper healing otherwise possible.

Sit down awhile you've been with pacing now for far too  
long.  
Go to the airport and watch the planes landing and taking off.  
That's always good fun, isn't it?  
I suppose you're right, yet again for the millionth and one time.

Laugh with the sorcerer who thinks he's in the crown  
jewels.

I must say that the bandwagon is getting terribly  
crowded.

Let's throw off a whole lot of them before something terrible  
happens.

And how do you propose to accomplish such a feat?

Music and ice cream will neatly do the trick.

Where are you coming from with the swallow on a leash?  
I'm coming from the corner of eternity.

Travelled far have you?

When I left, Earth did not exist.

How was it possible for you to be travelling for so long?

From womb to tomb to womb to tomb without pausing for even  
a rest.

Aren't you resting now?

Are we?

Nothing ever finds its stability in a cup of tea.  
What of in a cup of coffee?

Clone over clone and no one will have any mass on you,  
and I'd be no more.

For myself, I have the greatest of respect.

Can you linger with the wind and ripple with the river  
current?

I can float with the seventy-two galaxies beyond the  
brow of the far off hill.

Vague you are when you're not listening to the shawls left on  
the village wall.

Call me down the thunder of the sky that I may not be  
hearing the cries and screams of all the abandoned children of  
the world.

Solar power makes for bread of loveliest aroma, truly.

Guard against the conservation of fluidity in all  
products.

Dehydrated humanity would not be able to live in spring wells.

Saint Martin de Porres gives to a deserted woman a  
drink of water from a nearby mountain stream.

I did once hear of a woman by a well do the same for a holy  
prophet.

And I of another woman do like kindness for a dying dog.

All be blessed for their actions.

One thing I know, and that's all I know.

What would that be?

I know that knowing is not consistent with not knowing.  
Knock me down, if that's not a saying to be profound.

Mock all you want but it won't bring the lake back from  
the pages of the Great Book.

Sometimes I think that not all glasshouses seem  
breakable these days.  
Tougher sandy grains probably.  
They within them do be throwing stones from morning till  
night, yet there is no breaking.  
Not even a single scratch.  
How be that?  
The stones being used must be of the softer kind.

Why make excuses for the mortuary cards half torn?

Jump up when you'll hear the anvil being all abelted.

This midday hour calls me to rest in a soft bed of straw.  
Shine Sun on me.

Do you think the afternoon long till our suppertime?  
It be long be long.

Just rest you down there awhile.  
When age is so old it needs to be resting more often by far.

Walked you in a morning many fields and hills.  
What can you expect?  
You need rest.

Blessed be the time before the time of becoming new.  
Rest you on the carpet in the sky.  
Prefer I today the straw and the leaves of the orb.  
Wheat and crown dreams then!

---

*Annotations:*

**La douceur de vivre** - from French meaning, 'the sweetness of life'

**A voice was heard in Ramah**, ... – *The Book of Jeremiah* 31:15 and also in the *Gospel of Saint Matthew* 2:18

**Valparaiso** - from Spanish meaning, "Vale (of) Paradise" Valparaíso is the local capital of Chile's V Region, and is the country's principal maritime port. "The Jewel of the Pacific" is the name by which many know this southern port, of which the Spanish writer Vicente Blasco Ibañez (1867–1928)\* once said,

"I have crossed many lands, I know the port of Lisbon reflecting back in the tranquil waters of the Tajo. I've gazed on the port of Naples from the crater of Vesuvius; in Constantinople I admired the scene of the Bosphorus by the light of the moon which hangs on the Turkish flag; and never, never have I seen something so beautiful and poetic as this twinkling bay."

\* Spanish writer of naturalistic novels concerning his homeland, such as his masterpiece, *Cañas y Barro* (Reeds and Mud, 1902), and several highly popular novels, including *Los cuatro jinetes del Apocalipsis* (*The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, 1916). Many of his books have been adapted to the cinema.

**fern** - Ferns are among the oldest plants known on Earth, dating back over 300 million years. Over the millennia, they have evolved into many different forms and textures that suit a wide variety of habitats. During the Carboniferous Period, ferns were the dominant form of vegetation on the planet.

**La Fontana di Trevi** - from Italian meaning, 'the fountain at the conjunction of the three roads/streets'

**Jaddah** - from Arabic meaning, 'Grandmother, namely Eve wife of Adam' Tradition recounts that after Eve's death, she was buried in Jaddah, where her tomb withstood the ravages of the ages up until only half a century ago when it could still be seen from Bab Medina; one of the three main gates which surrounded the town up until 1947. In that year the wall was demolished in order to expand the size of the rapidly growing city. Caliph Othman bin Affan in 646 AD (26 H) declared Jaddah the official port for pilgrims visiting the Holy Cities of Makkah and Medina.

**Jeddah** - from Arabic meaning, 'seashore'

Note: Although 'Jeddah' is an incorrect spelling, it is the one most popularly used by foreigners.

**Jiddah** - Arabic pronunciation of 'Judah'

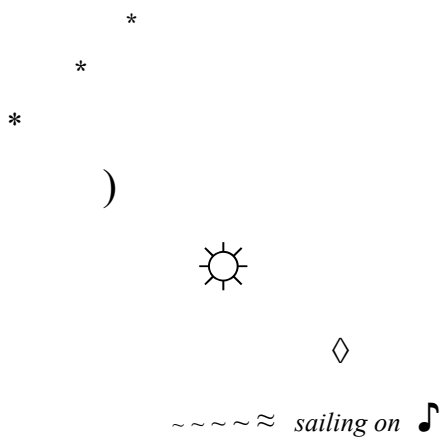
**Saint Martin de Porres** - Saint Martin de Porres of Lima, Peru (1579-1639) A beautiful story goes, how one day an aged beggar, covered with ulcers and almost naked, stretched out his hand, and Saint Martin, seeing the Divine Mendicant in him, took him to his own bed, paying no heed to the fact that he was not perfectly neat and clean. One of his brethren, considering he had gone too far in his charity, reproved him. Saint Martin replied: "Compassion, my dear Brother, is preferable to cleanliness. Reflect that with a little soap I can easily clean my bed covers, but even with a torrent of tears I would never wash from my soul the stain that my harshness toward the unfortunate would create."

When Saint Martin died in 1639, he was known to the entire city of Lima; word of his miracles had made him known as a Saint to every resident of the region. After his death, the miracles and graces received when he was invoked multiplied in such profusion that his body was exhumed after 25

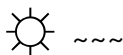
years and found intact, and exhaling a fine fragrance. Letters to Rome pleaded for his beatification; the decree affirming the heroism of his virtues was issued in 1763 by Clement XIII; Gregory XVI beatified him in 1836, and in 1962 Pope John XXIII canonized him.

His Feast Day is the 3rd of November.



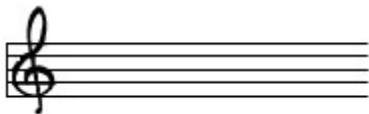






## Fifth canto     *Distant memory of God*

4th October 2003



Forming way way in the starry gardens by the shore of  
Vesuvio wander I.  
Playing with the cushions on the sofas of time.

Fisherman on the bridge is the shoe born of the  
Habsburg Empire.  
Sky Alike Sky Oh.

Please wear your jacket.  
It's cold outside.  
Have put all my colourful wooden blocks in the basket at the  
foot of the stairwell.  
Find them you will later.  
Come now and have your breakfast.

It seems that the war is going to start any day now.  
Will we be all killed dead, Mammy?  
No not at all my sweet child.  
Only the bad people will be all killed dead.

Someone put lead in the chicken run by mistake.  
We'll inform the proper authorities.

My sister is in bed shall I go and tell her about it,  
Governess?  
Let her be for she do be in dreaming now about when we were  
in Switzerland last summer.  
Do you think she is playing in the snow, Mammy?  
Oh, there was no snow during the summer save in the high  
altitudes.

Mammy, sometimes when I'm walking in the fields I do  
hear in my head children's voices.  
What kind of voices my child?  
Some of them are very happy and more of them are very very  
sad voices.  
Are they Austrian children my dear?  
I don't know, Governess.  
I think they're children of the world.  
Must be some kind of fever that's with you in the fields.  
Catching a cold is very easy when Moon is waxing.

Mammy where have all the cakes gone for I'd love to be  
with eating one now?  
I gave them all away to the beggars who came to the side  
entrance.  
Were they nice beggars, Mammy?

I don't know really.  
Aren't all beggars the same, Governess?  
Some are cleaner than others, my Lady.

When I grow up Mammy I am going to be a clean beggar.  
And what would a clean beggar be doing my dear child?  
Oh, I don't know really.  
Perhaps I would be shovelling snow in the Alps.  
Oh, I see.

This morning's newspaper on my knee.

Mammy, do you and Papa think this one here will  
become the leader of the world?  
We think anything, even that unfortunately is possible these  
days, dear.  
Your granduncle was a great leader, wasn't he, Governess?  
I suppose he was according to himself, but then he let so many  
people down.  
Why?  
Oh, look, your sister comes!

Morning, Sister?  
How was your dreaming?  
Dreaming?  
Yes, Governess was saying that you were probably dreaming of  
our holiday in Switzerland last summer.

Rather I was dreaming of a French boy I met on the train the other day.  
He did give to me a bar of Swiss chocolate.  
We did together stand between the carriages on our way to the village.

This boy, did he have a name?  
Oh, no he didn't for he preferred to be called one moment,  
'Tree' then 'House',  
'Mountain',  
'Stream',  
'Lake',  
'Field' and 'Church'.  
With each place we did pass he borrowed a name for himself.  
And I did like wise.

What's for breakfast?  
What would you like, dear?  
I'll have, thank you, toast and strawberry jam with a glass of milk.

Sister, do you like jellybeans?  
Not really, Brother.  
I prefer ice cream.  
Sometimes when I'm on my own, I do think about ice cream with a lovely strawberry placed on top of it.

My fur coat moved last night.  
Moved to where?  
Not to anywhere it just moved.  
Maybe it was dreaming.  
Fur coats don't dream, silly.

Tall ships are coming down the Volga!  
We can't see the Volga from here.  
So how can you see them?  
I do be always seeing things in the far and near places.  
I'm the same, but I don't be wanting to tell anyone for fear they  
would only be laughing at me.  
Come let us go out and up to the loft for there we'll be able to  
speak more comfortably.  
Governess is nice but she's always over-listening.

Sis, do you think war is going to come soon?  
Clouds are like that in appearance, aren't they, Bro?  
When it comes I want us to be together.  
Don't worry, together we'll always be, little brother.

Mammy says that the bunkers aren't yet completed.  
Where can we hide?  
We'll hide beneath the oaks.  
They're great in height and width.  
Nobody will be able to find us in their hollows.

Sun will soon be setting on lovely Europe.  
Half our days are with ease and we can do as we please but  
what of the virgin snow?  
Don't worry heaven's doors have great locks and they'll keep  
the worst outside.

Do you think we'll ever find peace in this world?  
Shout softly to heaven and Sun will be again coming out.

Stumble in the kitchen and find oneself in the sink.  
You are so funny with ice cream all over your toes.  
My toes do be laughing too!  
See!

Ah ha, Moon is on the rise in the north.  
Moon doesn't rise in the north.  
In the east it's always rising.  
Tonight I see it rising in the north.

Close the doors and bolt them for Mediaeval Ages are on  
the prow!  
Turn off the electric current to the woodviews.

Stand not about in yere nightclothes.  
Ye'll get yere death of cold.  
Fragile is the shimmering sky.



Comfort brings honour and joy to the mentally  
handicapped in me of nine rivers.  
Closet is broken.  
Playing cards are all scattered on the floor.  
Someone pick up the puppy for he seems to be very much  
afraid.

Forlorn and bygone be the blackthorn and ivy.

Wasting away in a place like this with little or no chance  
of escape.  
Who wants to be escaping?  
Isn't well fed we are with newspapers and cheese?  
Sometimes I think you're all insane.  
Think so?  
Who's asking?  
The church steeple is asking.  
Answers none have I for the steeple save to say that the  
Vandals are all abroad this night.

Can't find my umbrella.  
Must have left it in the hotel foyer.

Consumed I am with anguish over all that has yet to  
happen.  
Hush don't be saying very little more.

Maihem and annihilation are all lost on those who do be not with the experiencing of them.

I had a grandaunt who did fade away to nothing in one of them places in the countryside.

My grandfather wasn't he the head of one of them places, so he was.

If I had movement in me, I would be strangling you with my bare hands.

Why want you to be strangling him?

He had nothing to do with what happened in them times and places.

We don't be with choosing to whom we are born unto or the places or even the time.

Right you are I suppose.

A thought came to me yesterday morning.

What if we're all already in the distant memory of God?

What if the whole world as it is today is in fact something that has happened billions upon billions of years ago in the mind of God?

Then where is God now?

God now is already billions and billions of years in the future doing something else.

Amazing thought it is no doubt.

It is, isn't?

We think everything is happening in real time while all the while we're just a memory in the mind of God.

Stray cats wander all over the flatlands by the sea.  
Someone is calling out to me.  
It must have been the bumblebees for there is no one in sight.  
Livestock come grazing in the dawn fields with me when I do be  
on me rounds.  
Rounds of what?

Light up the campfire the milk is getting warm in Sun.

Cosy nature is to be sure wrong when it comes to  
pulling a pony and trap.  
Screws are loose in the right wheel.  
I did see them myself.

Do you think he'll be able to find a tree?  
What tree - what tree would welcome him after all what he has  
done?

I have an objection to being called a thief in the night.  
But that's who you are to all who know of your comings and  
goings.

Hot press on the boil with the wrapping paper of space  
and horizon.

Cloaks betide us for the gable wall has taken itself to the sky!

What next?

Next will be the author of the Order of Carpentry.

Come walk away closer than the evening star for  
Masonic years are on the bend.  
Silent be the leaves for fear of passing through the screen.  
If I make marmalade and put it on garlic that should safely  
take us far over land and sea.

Hush, hush I can hear the movement of another  
universe off there to the center.  
It's your imagination.  
There's imagination and there is that which is even more  
powerful than imagination.

There's a bishop buried next to the cathedral on the hill  
overlooking the harbour.  
There are a number of bishops buried there next to the  
cathedral.

But this bishop is no ordinary bishop.  
Why do you be saying 'is'?  
Is he not with the clay already if he be buried?  
Foolish are you who but look with your eyes.

Four o'clock, and that hour has come to wake the Swiss guards.

Touch the pillars as you enter; sense their longevity.

Can anyone take revenge now for all that's about to happen?

Can we take revenge before it happens?

Can we be Counts and Countesses of Monte Cristoes ever before we're sentenced?

Revenge is in no goodness.

What do you know about goodness?

I am with I AM and I know goodness is goodness.

Speckled stones in a bubbling brook call me to stand on the edges of universes.

Are you coming?

Staying I am with myself here.

Lead on backwards for there is too much danger up front.

From danger we shall not be turned.

We will walk tall with a thousand battlements sticking out the sides of rotten potato sacks.

Seconds tic by like storms on the rampage.

Glory be the glory of it all!

I've had a vision in the night that causes me to turn green all over.

What beheld you in your vision?

I beheld white goslings running up the outside of La Tour Eiffel.

Not flying were they?

They were running up, I did say.

Did they reach the top?

Five cows became they and all flying in a circle about the top.

Oh, coming then it must be all right.

I feel it in my finger joints.

Comfort the afflicted!

Comfort the afflicted!

Comforter of the afflicted be with us in our hour of need.

Russia I did see you in full-extended flight and you did want for nothing but a light.

Hailed will be the horizon when it comes.

Two pencils will seal the will of the container misplaced.

Thought you were with the edge of eternity?

Close encounter with a treadmill.

Parked in the flat zone of geography.  
No wonder you're late for the meeting of the vanguard.

Where are we going with our pikes on the hill?  
Caution to the winter wind of summer lime trees.

Causality makes some wish they were an effect.  
Of gun burn?

No matter what the matter is with the epicure, flowery  
spuds will always be on the white flower sack.  
Travelled you the globe only to find a nesting in the resting?

Boating down the river of broad opportunities makes  
one feel the depths of vanity.  
Hammer and mallet, mallet and hammer is there a difference  
of opinion here with regard to the effect?

Returned again have you to the milkmaid on the slopes  
of the Alps?

I'm always with beauty.  
Where beauty dwells there prefer I to be.  
Rolling down the clover fields.  
On my knees when the bells ring out for the Angelus.

Sometimes I don't know if it's wise to be talking to you  
or not.

And listening fairs none the better off.

Time will tell which hand the right foot is in, no doubt.

Famine makes me hide in shame.

How could it have been left to proceed?

The cock crows more times these hours than of all other  
times in history.

I can feel it coming like the winter.

There's something there, but I can't quite put my finger on it.

Careful anyhow when you're passing along the edges of  
great clouds for there be a storm all asleeping within.

I have no fear of storms rather fear I the stillness.

Stillness makes one wish that the storm were already in full  
swing.

I've had too much to drink of the fathoms beyond the  
woods.

Intoxicated I am with thoughts of the morrow of all our  
yesterdays.

Close my mind, yet it's still on.

On and on I go like the night train that runs from Artic to  
Antarctic.



Saw I no such train.  
Where I come from saw I no humans.

Gently go here now for you'll frighten away all the  
unprepared.  
Open your shoelaces and step outside on to the sacred ground  
afore I'll begin to tell you all that which you are meant to know  
by now.  
I don't like knowing too much.  
Better it is to be living in the dark or at best in the shadows.  
Foolish and wise all tied up in a brown paper bag.

Checked out have you yet at the counter?

Too close to the telephone brings information into  
disrepute.

Pandemonium bawling!  
A Ra is puttin' on a shooting.

Wasn't he the one who manipulated Czarina Alexandra?  
Far distances away from him I do rather keep.  
Like not his eyes, parted hair nor beard.  
But you do be with knowing that he lives in these days, don't  
you?

Where be an antipode that I may hide there from him?  
Hide all you want wherever you want but his fiendish eyes will  
seek you out.

Why fear him you so?

Worse than he be presently abroad in the world.

Rune takes fresh toast to the bedroom.

Fill the hot water bottle with nectar and bring it to me as  
quickly as possible.

Why need you this?

Ask not questions that reveal something of the unknown  
center.

Questions and I go backhand and palm like summer breezes  
and enlightened formations.

Close the hearth for this night.

Close it and be with going to your chamber.

I have been wanting to sleep now with several days.

File your nails for the banquet is about to begin!

Take you places at the rear of the barn, for in here,  
there's no welcome for any of your kind.

What kind would that be?

It be the kind that takes a half no for an answer and gives a  
half yes for a question.

Devastations are coming, yet I'm not afraid.  
What kind of human has no fear in the face of all that ever will  
be was, and all that ever will be was long since never forgotten?  
Thoughtless you are when you idling your capacity for thought.  
Understand you me not at all.

I am with saying that by the time this new Moon trice  
rises, be with full news, that there will take place a significant  
global event.  
Like what?  
Like unto the rediscovery of the grandeur of "little happinesses"  
it will be.  
Why?  
Nobody knows why 'Why' is placed at the beginning of a  
question.

Overcome with evening am I.  
Overcome with night am I.  
Must with waking to sleep be I.

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*Annotations:*

**Vesuvio** - from Italian meaning, 'emitter of smoke'

The only active volcano on the European mainland. Vesuvio/Vesuvius is located in southwest Italy on the Bay of Naples and has an average height of some 1,220 meters (4,000 feet). The most famous and destructive eruption of Mt. Vesuvius occurred in AD 79. Greek and Roman scholars (Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Vitruvius, Vergil) already knew the volcanic nature of the

mountain before this eruption. It destroyed many towns around Vesuvius such as Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae. These were buried, not by lava, but by a combination of ashes and mud that in parts was discovered to be over 20 meters (65 feet) thick. A detailed description was made by Pliny the Younger who observed the eruption from Cape Misenum at a distance of about 20 km from the volcano.

**Habsburg Empire** - Habsburg (also spelled Hapsburg) dynasty dominated central Europe for close to 700 years from the 13th to the 20th century. Scholars have deemed the Habsburgs as one of the most prominent families to rule Europe, even suggesting, "European history revolved around the Habsburgs".

The name 'Habsburg' originates from a castle named 'Habichtsburg' built by Bishop Wener of Strasbourg (which is located on the Aar river in present day Switzerland), in 1020 A.D., the name translated from medieval German literally means, 'Hawk's Castle.'

**Volga** - The Volga is one of the longest rivers of Europe and the cradle of Russian history. Its basin covers two-fifths of the European part of Russia and half the population of European Russia is settled along the river. Owing to its size and its impact upon the economic, historic and cultural life of the people of Russia, the Volga is considered one of the world's most important rivers.

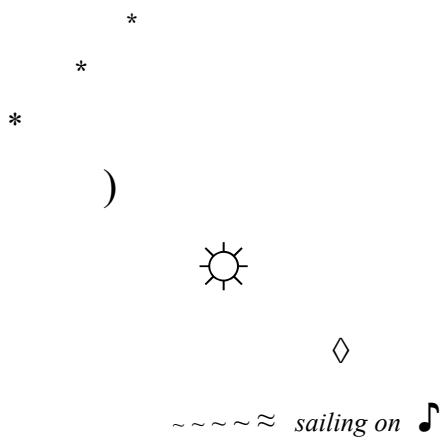
The Volga rises in the Valdai Hills, northwest of the Caspian Sea. It finally reaches the Caspian after flowing for 3,530 kilometers (2,193 miles). Along its journey it receives the waters of 200 tributaries, mostly on its left bank.

**Czarina** - with reference to Czarina Alexandra Fyodorovna (1872-1918) last Russian czarina, consort of Czar Nicholas II Alexandrovich Romanov of Russia. She was a Hessian princess and a granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England.

**Vandals** - with reference to a member of a Germanic people that raided Roman provinces in the 3rd and 4th centuries A.D. before devastating Gaul (406-409), conquering Spain and North Africa, and sacking Rome (455).

**Monte Cristo** - with reference to Alexandre Dumas' *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

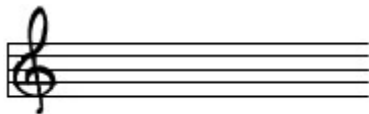
*The Count of Monte Cristo* was first published in 1844. It recounts the elaborate vengeance of Edmond Dantes, falsely accused as a bonapartiste conspirator in 1815, and imprisoned for fourteen years in the dungeons of the Château d'If. Within its wall he digs a tunnel to communicate with other prisoners and makes the acquaintance of Abbe Faria who gives Dantes the clue to the treasure hidden in the caves on the Isle of Monte Cristo. The Abbe dies and disguised as the shrouded corpse of the Abbe Dantes escapes. He finds the treasure and metes out justice to Danglers who caused all his misfortune.





## Sixth canto     *Black Taurus*

11th October 2003



Golden leaves floating down adown up puff lift again  
floating down adown up puff lift again down adown.

Small green fields smiling at the horizon of the east.  
Comfort deep.

Twinkleling in the midst of the fishing fleet somewhere  
near the lighthouse keep.

Gone now are all the forest birds.  
Miss their company sweet.

Old man walks all the way to the back of beyonds  
without shedding a tear.

Pheasant with rising over me leaves one of his long tail  
feathers.  
Pick it up I appreciatively, and plant it in my long hair.

Turf been resting beneath the carpet for a thousand years.

Up over by the bell the spring sleeps not yet for fear of missing the morning sunlight.

Wonder how it manages to stay so ever fresh.

Find you a newly scalded milk bottle on the windowsill ready to fill.

Llamas in the foothills of the Andes must be enjoying the new warmth.

Rolla coaster all through the inner world and then come to a stop.

Village bird's footsteps hear I on the slates.

Lively does the spinning wheel of time turn when the wind is blowing in over the half door.

What if waxing~full~waning Moon were to be shining from within me?

What if Sun?

What if all the stars visible were to take up residence within my bosom?



Stay a little longer you must with the oats in the stables  
for there is where the mushroom will be dreaming of the  
coming aurora.

Come away from the draft by the ledge.

Sometimes when I'm on my own in this house, I imagine  
I'm sailing in a ship on the wide blue ocean.  
Have you ever with delight imagined such like?  
I take the showers of rain with strawberry yoghurt and salad  
sandwiches with tea.  
Many are the signs about we.  
Aware I'm not of the cover that folds itself about the swaying  
trees in the wind.  
Oh, high, high trees swaying in the wind!  
Me with ye be swaying in the wind.

Throw your coat away for the frost that is within is by  
far the colder.

Tap! Tap! Tap!  
Who's there?  
There is here.  
Come in!  
Come in!

Have yourself a sit down.

Slow sun alike silk train all loaded with fragrances  
comes winding about the autumnal bend.

Wait for the breeze to come.  
Wait patiently for the breeze to come.  
I can hear soft rufflings in the leaves.  
Is that the breeze that's to come?  
Wait for the breeze to come.  
I can feel gentle movements in the soft down of my neck.  
Is that the breeze that's to come?  
Wait for the breeze to come.  
I can feel something ever so soft and ever so gentle moving  
within my sacred sanctuary.  
Is that the breeze that's to come?  
You have waited patiently for the breeze to come, and it has  
come.  
Now what do I do with this breeze?  
Move with it in slow graceful dance.

I have an acorn in the palm of my hand.

Stand and see where you're going.

I'm with hearing that the time is coming right for the  
washing powders of the long street to be making a Jerusalem  
knot.

You talk so little when so much is in need of being said.  
I think therefore I think.  
Nothing at all unusual about that when one comes to be  
thinking about it.  
There you are.  
See you're on the racetrack.

Sometimes when I empty the beginnings of times I back  
track all the way to the future.  
And what have you found there?  
Oh, I'm with finding the passed of tomorrow.  
Brought you these words from where?  
They came of their own accord from where I know not.  
This be the way of talking about the bringing of giving.

Saw I a sweet red wild rose in full bloom this lovely  
October morn.  
Where for why was such a flower growing so late?  
Saw it I in a sloe tree about yon rivulet.

Where I come from no one wears their heart on their  
sleeve anymore.  
So sad.

Bingel bongel!  
Bingel bongel and astray goes this feeling.

Salmon on the wall is sure to tell all.  
Florescent light keeping quiet all through the night.  
Must be yawning at the leisure of extravagance.

Some believe two and three make five and nine.

Look there!  
Seagulls on the wing are venturing this far inland.

Gumble dumble tumble of fields early ploughed.  
Sowing tomorrows happy yesterdays.

Dancing in a circle round the sacred tree be the children  
of the valley.

Walk thee joyfully with spiritual sense and my quill on  
your page be floating favourably.  
Thus be well forewarned for behold at the eleventh hour did I  
become of one accord with the sacred ollam Éire i n- écsi agus  
fhilidheacht tradition of my people.

Soon the bridges of half shores will be rising in the mist.  
Tell the gatekeeper that the fish have taken to crossing  
the meadows.  
Have you yourself seen them?

I have as sure as the night finds the garden snail asleep  
in the hollows of the old beams.

Yonder barks the road.

Incomprehensible is the comprehensible of the pale  
crucible.

Worked till the end of five hundred months and not a  
breakthrough was made.

Then in a moment what becomes of all our effort?

This is the age when who you thought you were turns out not  
to be the case.

Case after case makes now the rule of race.

Heaven be it where in the earth?

Earth where be it in the heaven?

Something akin to being not right grows here.

Fell the tree that's already in the hidden bog.

Jump up up up way up up beyond the clouds and see  
what you can see!

How about in a rocket bound I instead set forth?

One needs not a rocket when jumping the mind.

How far into the Great Universe extends the mind?  
How far can't it extend be the far better question.

Come down out of the way high up.  
If we were to be living in the sky then in height we would have  
been conceived and born.  
Know you so much it borders on knowing nothing at all.  
I take exceptions to your words though not at your person.

Fine be the day that the deer take to sleeping in the  
white clouds.  
Down adown they will be from time to time casting their easy  
gaze.

Take your time you may arrive at the offset before you've  
left.

Never be far and between did I see such simplicity of  
outer space.  
Return to the inner.

More falling leaves linger over me before making their  
way to the planet floor.

Crows singing in waves floating waves above the  
treetops.  
Crows singing?

No one would ever describe crows as singers.  
Then nobody else must I be.

Long length of existence has brought you to long length  
of thought and expression.  
Would that you were of shorter length that our talking could be  
narrow and as such more manageable.  
How you love control.  
Yet control is a cold, a common cold from the days of old.  
Would that you would consider sowing less of your mind.  
Let more of it be barren!  
Let more of it be wilderness!  
Let more of it be desert!  
My mind loves its deserts to be sowed, watered and cared for  
ad infinitum.

Gathering pretty stones from the beaches make so me  
reaches to the high orbits.

Remember the time when stop was the way to go  
forward?  
I remember all of everything.

Slow lifts me up to the down below.  
Don't be complaining about the words from the sacred texts.  
I'm not truly I'm not.

Merely that I am for saying that with all my praying I  
don't seem to be getting anywhere.  
Where are you going that you need to be getting there?  
I have my place to be going to when I want to be leaving places.  
Quicken up your pace to slow down if you wish to be knowing  
the human race.

Turn the pages!  
Turn the pages!  
See all there is to be seeing when you are not fully awake.  
I see the shores of the Sahara greeting me with Moroccan  
coffee.

Stagger into the right posture and you'll be fully abreast  
with the corner gate.  
I can't risk being a mistake before the grain in the wood.  
Why not, it only takes time to stand still?  
I've always been standing still and with not knowing what to  
do.  
Roll out!  
Roll out!  
Roll out the papyri of Forgotten Everything!

Pacing in the desert camp heat feel my feet are stuck to  
me.  
No shadows save that of my wide straw hat.



How did I ever get myself into such a place?  
Rodents and vermin in the shower sheds, pigeons' disregards  
embalming the air conditioners.

Collapsed on my bedding feel a million miles from family  
and humanity.

Cursing is in the corridors.

Another load of lonely bacchanals having crawled off the bus  
are slowing making their way to their lonelier cells.

Cursing echoes down the shafts of the camouflaged guns  
beyond.

How can I write in this place?

No tree no me.

Pains in my face.

Dental quack says all my beautiful teeth need to be removed!

What removed?

The problem is not with them you mountebank!

Don't you know anything about anything?

The pain is that pain of this place.

Military hardware.

Will I ever get those sights, sounds, smells, tastes,  
feelings and thoughts of that stockade out of my system?

Why did ye mistreat us like that?

Why!!!?

All for our fun teacher why not?

Breadwinners like you teacher and those bedazzled by gold are much easier to mistreat, this don't you know teacher?

My lot was not the worst well I am with knowing it, yet that does little or nothing for the pain within.

Cities of quiet suicides.

If they not quickly be transported into the sand they do be posted.

Compensation?

None hardly ever forthcoming.

A note perhaps to say that one's services have been prematurely terminated.

Some mother in the Himalayas cries all through the night for her lost daughter.

Some father in a Philippine lagoon can't fish today with grief over the death of his son.

I know.

I know.

It helps when you picture it that way for me.

Be easy on your heart.

Be easy on it.

Don't be letting it fill and brim over with so many painful memories.

Need you to be remembering that you were brought  
through it all.

You were made to survive.

This you must know and recall that they were not allowed to  
triumph over thee.

Afore in happier times, threw off my clothes in the  
resplendent western desert one Sunday night, and strolled in  
edenwear 'neath the starry heavens.

In edenwear?

Did you not feel any shame?

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Does a newborn babe feel shame cuddled betwixt its mother's  
bared breasts?

If not, then why would I be needing to feel so with strolling  
upon the soft smooth curvature of the desert?

Were you not afraid?

Love of the mystery of existence altogether filled me.

Had no moment to be afraid of anyone or anything.

How far did you walk?

I walked way way southeastwards, way beyond the serene glow  
of Al-Masjid-al-Haram in the far off hills away to my left, until I  
sensed, that the beginning of everything has no beginning  
whatsoever.

Were not you with feeling the cold of the night desert  
air?

With the glow and so many suns in the heavens how could I  
have been feeling any cold?

Hair, oh how I love wearing my hair long.  
But long hair is unbecoming in these days, is it not?  
What do these days know about living life?

I have a question in need of asking but where shall I  
place it that it may find for itself an answer most becoming?  
Ask away as the nights are long with eternal blessings.

Were you here before?  
Was Sun here before?  
Of course.  
Was Rain here before?  
Of course.  
Was Sun reigning before?  
Of course.  
Were you reigning before?

Smiles of the children kicking the leaves along by the  
stone wall.  
Taking me away you are from talk of the untold.

Where did you reign?  
When did you reign?  
I rained this morning on the hills and fields.  
How?  
Were you a cloud?  
Cloud, fog and mist are at times my best form.  
I have seen you not so.  
Always you are with light and colours aplenty.

Black Taurus standing in the gap on the hill.  
Forget it friend.  
Let my way be for no matador am I nor ever will.  
Black Taurus strolling away along the hill.

With half the rest of the prophetic mixture in an oven on  
bakers' street what make you of that which remains on the  
board?  
Hand me a rolling pin and I will make of it a blessed island in  
the great ocean.  
Must have switched over from pottery to bakery.

Where are the mighty ones of old when you most need  
them?

They've been turning over and over so much that they've  
become no more, save in our memory lore.

Disaster is in store for moral integrity if they don't  
gather themselves soon and come to our aid.  
Let them in peace be.  
Solve our own problems we.  
Isn't contented at least they must be in their faraway world?  
Has anyone every returned from there?  
I've been there millions of times.  
What's it like?  
It's like dawning when in the cradle.  
Beautiful this imageable answer.  
Answers when they are images, they are life.  
Then all other answers are what?  
Answers when they are images, they are life.

Come let us find a place way close from here where the  
rain melts on the mountains.  
Rain doesn't melt, does it?  
What is snow?  
May I not look upon it as frozen rain?  
Of course you may as you please, but rain is still rain and  
snow is still snow.

What then of you and I, are we of mirth or seriousness?  
We are both of mirth and seriousness.

I would have you know that seriousness is mirth in a  
frozen form.

Come let us find a place way close from here where the  
mirth melts on the mountains.

Mirth doesn't melt, does it?

What is seriousness?

May I not look upon it as frozen mirth?

Of course you may as you please, but mirth is still mirth and  
seriousness is still seriousness.

When you walk with the Universe you seem to be of  
another time and place.

Time and place of the past?

Know not I.

Time and place of the present?

Know not I.

Time and place of the future?

Most likely.

Sounds of the mountain stream are smiling to my ears.

Smiling?

Yes, smiling.

Needs be for me to be away; pheasant's feather in my  
wavy hair.

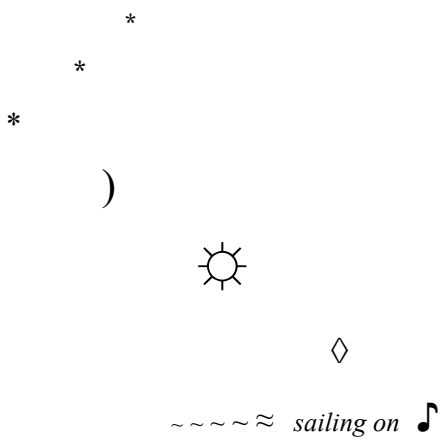
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*Annotations:*

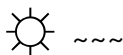
**ollam Éire i n- écsi agus fhilidheacht** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'an ollave (seer) of Éire in prophecy and poetry'; the lore of the file (poet) as distinct from 'léigheann', Latin erudition (Laws)

**Al-Masjid-Al-Haram** - from Arabic meaning, The Sacred Mosque which is located in Makkah Al-Mukarramah of Arabia.



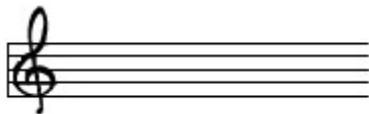






## Seventh canto     *Pastoral*

18th October 2003



Extraordinary splendour greets me in the heavens.

Fishes in the deep blue sea look up and over let ye.

Sea of source sea of sea see of ye sea of me.

Ludwig van Beethoven in a cloistered glen honeysweetly  
playing a violin.

Wayfarer am I in the wide open fields of the Universe.  
Comforting all the little animals along the seashore.  
Come have you come like me to greet the Great Sea?  
Ebb and flow always on the go.

Flock of seagulls overhead have taken to playing with  
evening Sun.

Radio antenna mast by the old tower looks all but  
coming down on top of me.  
Signals abounding in the breeze must be.

Grains of sand in my shoes.

William of Auguries would have approved.

Why have I so often needed to visit this spot?

Gaze over into your Friday nights from the mornings of your yesterdays' Thursdays, and the answer will be forthcoming.

What need, do I have anymore to be with following the teachings of diluted doctrines of convoluted systems or to be with accepting the discretionary findings of doctrinaire intellectualisms and determinist mechanisms?

Seek I of myself the authentic display of a joyful life; a life of priceless quality.

Sapphire float is lento moving up the tide-filling autumnal estuary.  
Terrified since childhood have I been of the anglicised name for this big river 'The Blackwater' and by consequence its style of flowing and particular moods.  
Yet, strange how strange it is that none so of these feelings accompany me when I utter its name in my native Gaeilge: An Abhainn Mhór (Álainn)

Wonder how many other words and phrases have been the cause of so many of my fears and tears down through the years.

Magnificent are the roses in the apple tree by the twin cottage.

Reach up and accept one of them as a gift.

Goodness for you,

Goodness for the tree,

Goodness for the apple and goodness for the gardener me.

All are in goodness to each other given.

Oh, alackaday, oh, alackaday for awhile no further salutations will be making I with the good-natured one so long as he is letting himself be lured for a piece of the Las Vegas-Nevada pie.

All that honour, wealth and grace was not given to him to disgrace nor to squander it on establishing a gambling place.

Oh, noble Odysseus to the mast of your ship wisely had you yourself securely bound while the sirens' song alluringly swooned all around.

Cutting edge and copper-fastened standing shoulder to shoulder on the neon strip with the likes of Excalibur and Caesar?

Please, no such shame bring upon the muintir of the sacred name.

Let not Lá Fhéile Pádraig for generations be left to take the blame.

See Áras an Uachtaráin it be on a level plain and within without a roulette game.

Mise Éire the sacred name is not a game nor by any comparison or speculation of 'an Chailleach Bhéarra' or 'Clooth-na-Bare' be it the same.

I Éire is a joyous Symphony.

I Éire is the green isle of Éire.

I Éire is the gracious Innkeeper of the isle.

I Éire is as the high blue sky, the wide green isle and the deep blue sea our honest-to-goodness Teacher.

Be our roots twenty thousand years agrowing on this sacred isle or planted here but all of yesterday afternoon, we are one and all, without distinction, the richly welcomed guests of the Innkeeper Teacher.

Constellations are dancing in my hair!

Move like a mountain on the canvas clear.

Lightening tree in the mist is leafed with a great flock of crows.

At the Youth Centre by the waters beautiful collect me  
the treasured ingredients of the ages.

Discovered I a lustre rare from the kitchen window.  
Saw a magpie taking on the colours of a parakeet.  
Girdle pink in slow spontaneity appearing about the lower sky  
all round.

Ponder awhile on the churning of butter for it's an art  
not lending itself to intolerance.  
Methinks it's part in the quality and seasoning of the wood of  
the dash churn itself.

Sing me an alphabet melody of une personne  
extraordinaire - one of manly or womanly morality!

Reflect on nearness and farness and the crescents in  
your nails will be making themselves shine ever the more clear.  
Who gave to them their shape?  
Can you point out to me the one that can create such exquisite  
shapes?  
Point you out the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel will I.

Imagine a sleepy spider peeping through his web across  
at the outreaching of fingers.

Spent all week with a paintbrush in my hand decorating  
the walls of our family chapel.

Have you any idea how many thoughts flow between  
one's eyes and the tip of the brush?

When one paints with silence one becomes a companion  
of Botticelli, de Vinci and Michelangelo in their solitariness.

When I viewed the village from the slope of the nearby  
southern hill, I did ask to myself what of it would be still  
remaining in five hundred years time.

Passed a fatted calf in a field on the way down.  
In a little while he never more will be.  
Three young snow white herons in the nearby stream will be  
longer abiding here than he.

Sky of moving clouds afore high o'er me changing and  
changing formations for formations.

What of I in five hundred years hence?  
Nothing will remain save perhaps the flowing of my words,  
these very words in some private archive.



Will they who take to reading them find me the walker of  
these fields and roads?

Will they be able to appreciate from them how I strived after  
quality in thought, intention, expression and action?

Will they know that I once did sit where they sit now and have  
read into my own past?

Classical names call to my mind, yet I can't fly the way  
of the phoenix.

You're flying so high that no longer feel you the sensation of  
height.

Like the sensation of driving at a great speed you are on a great  
autobahn.

Linger not your mind on depths of height rather continue to  
glide with fully outstretched wings.

Let yourself enjoy the ever-present warmth of Sun upon head  
and back.

Neither sunrises nor sunsets need you to be concerning  
yourself.

Free you are being left to be moving beyond the small.  
Free you are being left to be thinking in the surrounding  
immensity.

Free you are being left to be acclimatising yourself to the  
immensity beyond immensity.

What of the survival of customs?

Being at home with immensity is your living custom.

Observe you the motility of your heavens within for what  
is without is very much so within.

Carry with you your quill and leaves.

Let the mists of the way be your ink.

Be with revelations subtle and smooth.

Talk with all your heart to the newborn vastness.

Move with inconceivable swiftness; yet be of an easy pace.

Come you upon a place no more than that of a hairs' breath,  
be then with taking your swiftness a little slower.

Conceive no conceptions that deceive.

Glance back and you'll see the fading retina of Galileo  
Galilei trying to view for your existence.  
Bid him fond adieu and continue you.

What of my old thought-habitations?

Be alone with those of them that aspired you to habitation in  
immensity.

What of the notions of ascent and descent?

Inquire presently to where is an ascent or a descent.

Be over for all is in the over.

No longer be with confining yourself to mediocre considerations.

Be not like unto Blaise Pascal who conditioned himself to be terrified by what he thought to be the eternal silence of infinite space.

Be the company of revelation by presence.

By-and by you will be jubilant.

Golden brown leaves call me to dance.

Dance dance dance!

Yet, I would request you be not arrogant to claim lordship of the dance for you are in the royal company of springs, streams, rivulets, rivers and the waves of the sea.

When you dance receive no coinage for to be doing so would be to misappropriate the gift.

Dance is like unto a king's benevolent writ that runs throughout the whole kingdom; there to be freely enjoyed by everyone.

An idea is growing within me concerning the day after the first coming of the storm.

Wherefore are you with gathering up the sand from the seashore?

I've use for it in the building of an empire.

Interesting.

Is it a material empire or a spiritual one?

Material of course.

Where in the world of our today is there found any use for a spiritual empire?

Obviously vastness here has not been properly considered.

All things considered the wicker basket knows no limits of expression.

Calling me crazy are you with all the larks of the midair?

Confounded is the perpetual sell-way chicanery that bounds us on every side.

Come removed from the bounded.

Why stay?

You've misplaced the continents in the bureau.

You don't say for in all the winding of Old World centuries the Egyptian pharaohs couldn't find its key.

Esteem I moral quality and let the whole earth be filled with its blessings!

Moral quality is but a fantasy of those who do be with walking in the fields and conversing with the highest clouds and the farthest off stars.

I've seen too many byways to be led astray by the types of parks cultured in zoos.

Culture comes from the turning of both wheels of the bicycle.

Once the down has been pushed and the upcoming left to ascent then all is well.

Down be avernus, and up be heaven.

Apace gust me up to higher altitudes for sulphurous exhalations are on the rise!

Ctesiphon's splendour all gone be, and the Abbasid Caliphate metropolis is with too much confinement. Deja vu, Ghengis Khan and his grandson Hulagu.

Pearls being sprinkled about a happy bridal couple seated on a golden carpet studded with jewels and balls of musk.

Oh, my, see you there the jewelled shoes!

Vessels at the wharves be all laden with precious cargoes of porcelain, silk and spices from the east, jewels from the west, ivory, gold-dust and black slaves from the south, and they be with them white slaves from the north.

Wonder I who be today is wearing it.  
It be what?  
It be that is of old a certain sacred mantel.

Here's a word that may be finding amusement.  
True religion seems to have taken to itself absolute  
materialism.  
Not true.  
How can you say the likes of it is not true religion?

Thaw out the chill of this way of thinking for the  
kingdom of true religion is within for true religion is absolute  
spirituality.

Try telling that to the DOW, NASDAQ, ISEQ, FTSE, CAC,  
DAX, HANG SENG and NIKKEI competitors.  
Try telling it to the multinational corporations.  
Try telling it to the superpowers.

I can sense in you, oh inspired voice the loneliness of a  
poet, the harmony of a dramatist and the simple sincerity of a  
pastoral philosopher.

With the next coming of the harvest in from the fields,  
quality in abundance to our hearts will be returning with ease.

Ridiculous is the fire screen that blocks any heat from  
reaching the little ones.

Sometimes we're all talking rubbish with the garbage person when they would like instead to be talking of football scraps.

When frankincense is found to be strewn on the temple floor who should puff it away?  
Why need it you to have it puffed away?  
Why not leave it for it's of a fragrance most pleasing?

It's pleasing fragrance is not being brought into question rather its particular habitation.  
Habitation?  
Not location?  
Know you not that a temple is a habitation?

Observing from the conning tower I, the isle appears sparsely inhabited.  
Dive to a ledge several fathoms down and let's sometime spend there with pondering the ways of our humankind.  
I've a fear of depths.  
Prefer I to stay in shallow waters.  
I see.  
Daily suits me fine well to be swimming in saucers of cooled tea.  
Ah, I see.

Sandwiches make for philosophical teachings in the  
hands of the seers of the age.

What can a sandwich give to us save nutrition?

Then like unto a compact disc is a sandwich.

Compact disc albums make for philosophical teachings  
in the hands of the seers of the age.

Speak some more for on music I can with discussion make.

Come following on from the next new Moon there will be  
appearing a delicious album all richly endowed with  
philosophical teachings.

Speak some more.

At last I see the coming of the morning.  
The night has been long and hard with reaching after stars.  
Everyone seems to like to walk on by and care nothing for  
nobody or nothing at all.  
It's all so much a shame to be watching it as if it were only a  
game.  
Astronomical insights stay with me for years and years.  
Lions are out of their dens.  
And chickens are contented to be taking flight out of their  
runs.



Walk with me in the way of the rose for I have secrets to  
be revealing to listeners of the heart.

Saw I a rose of late and did give to it the name, 'the Cardinal's  
hat'.

Where was the cardinal?

He was in a chapel being unchained from the material world,  
that he might be giving fully of himself to the chanting of the  
profound melodies of the Shomer emunim.

Hand over hand and rung after rung if you go away by  
the helix armchair alignment.

Further and further will the hawk on the wing be ascending  
until you come back to me on the evening tide.

Two tiny creatures of the forest deep have met for the first time  
in the middle way.

Whose baby is going to give life to the isle off the coast?

My baby maybe, but we'll just have to wait and see who cares  
for me.

Rest yourself for everything will be revealing itself in its own  
time.

Make me a coffee for I'm in the need of the fragrance of fresh  
coffee.

Who be ye?

If I can't understand right away, please don't let me bring the  
hour to nought of wisdom.

I don't want to be misunderstood by the peacocks on the  
towers of ivory.

You've really got to see the swaying of the planet at the  
ninth hour from the ninth gate.

You and I really got a hold on the spiral at the bottom of the  
well.

Sing to me a hymn for I am with feeling the need for words of  
divine love.

So it shall be as you've requested.

Patient first be and all will be gathering itself unto thee.

Let's cross over the street and be with walking on the  
sunny side.

Sandwiches and compact disc albums make for  
philosophical teachings in the hands of the seers of the age.

What can they give to us save nutrients and sounds?

Assistance will be coming to you from Saint Francis.

Inspire inspiration before you enkindle the campfire.  
The ponies are taking themselves to lying down for the night.  
Listen, can you hear them?

Off there in the distance the potato, beet and maze harvesters  
are still at work.

Huddle round about the fire let ye for the year is moving into  
depth.

Look there in that direction for Moon to be appearing above the  
sweet lake.

Grandfather will be with telling us a story soon be soon,  
won't he?

Oh, he will surely for his ways are of the harmonious  
movements of the celestial bodies.

And he do be merely counting himself as one more body  
amongst them, don't he?

He do be, indeed he do be.

" Long long lines ago, there was living in the hill country of ... "

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*Annotations:*

**An Abhainn Mhór (Álainn)** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'the, river, big, (beautiful/delightful)': The Big Beautiful River/The Big Delightful River which enters the sea at Eochaill (Youghal), in the county of Cork.

**muintir** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'family/kinsfolk'

**Lá Fhéile Pádraig** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'day, feast, Patrick) (Saint) Patrick's Feast Day shortened form being Lá 'le Pádraig and also Féile Pádraig as in Beannachtaí na Féile Pádraig (Warmest greetings on/for St. Patrick's Day).

The word 'féile' originally was with reference to the vigil of a feast but now is used of the feast day itself, a festive day, a holiday.

Féile also means, 'generosity', 'hospitality' and 'liberality'

**Áras an Uachtaráin** - the official residence of the President of Ireland.

The current president is Máire Mhic Ghiolla Íosa (Mary McAleese). Mary McAleese was inaugurated as the eighth President of Ireland on the 11th November 1997. The theme of her Presidency is 'Building Bridges'.

**Mise Éire** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'I Éire' distinct from "(Tá) Mise Éire", 'I (am) Ireland'

**an Chailleach Bhéarra/Clooth-na-Bare** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'Hag of Beare' (mythological old woman famous for her great age). Beare of the Beare Peninsula in the southwest of the isle of Éire.

**Abbasid Caliphate** - Abbasid Caliphate (750 to 1258 AD) was the strongest, most successful, and the most famous of all Islamic dynasties. Baghdad was the capital and headquarters for the Abbasid Caliphate with legal authority over all Islamic countries. It was effectively the capital for the whole Islamic world. It acquired the status of a cosmopolitan city, with individuals from all races, religions and sects, Islamic and non-Islamic, dwelling in it. The city was built over an old Sasanian trading centre called Bagdat. Baghdad (the Arabic pronunciation) was constructed based on the models of Ctesiphon and other Sasanian cities.

Sasanian Empire (224-642 AD) Ardashir I, a king of Persis, defeats the Parthian king Artabanos IV and two years later is crowned as the first Sasanian king in 226 AD. His son, Shapur I, expands the borders to include all of modern Iran and parts of Iraq, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan and the Gulf Coast of the Arabian Peninsula. In the mid 7th century the Arabs overrun the Sasanians, replacing Zoroastrianism with Islam.

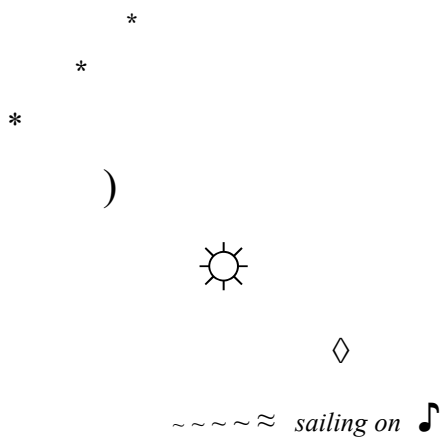
Ctesiphon a ruined ancient city 32 km southeast of Baghdad, on the left bank of the Tigris opposite Seleucia and at the mouth of the Diyala River. After 129 BC it was the winter residence of the Parthian kings. Ctesiphon grew rapidly and was of renowned splendour. The Romans captured it in warring against Parthia. It became the capital of the Sassanids in 224 AD and a centre of Nestorian Christianity.

In 637 AD it was taken and plundered by the Arabs who renamed it, along with Seleucia, "al Madain". They abandoned it when Baghdad became the capital of the Abbasids.

It was in Seleucia-Ctesiphon that the major part of the Talmud, which to Jewish people is considered second only to their Bible, was believed to have been written and written in the Aramaic Language.

**Shomer emunim** - from Aramaic meaning, 'Keeper(s) of the Faith'

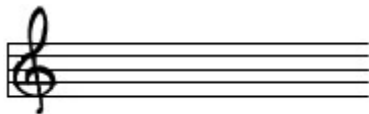
Here *shomer emunim* is being presented with reference to Jesus, the Keeper of the Ancient Faith (the faith of the time of the desert sojourning of the Hebrews when all was abundantly provided: springs, quails, angels' food, fire and cloud...)





## Eighth canto     *Mamaí agus Daidí*

25h October 2003



Sitting at the foot of Elksnmist on stone fashioned  
Ríathaoir Geaitín Deas Bán.

Graceful taper cloud high up with smiling white  
dolphins eastward journeying.  
Waning crescent Moon with hidden Venus heading southward  
and beyond about for the day.  
All we in the gentle heat of Morning Glory enjoying our  
pleasant stay.

Faith hope and love have come from above proclaims the  
dove.  
Are these be birds?  
Birds be they but of a different feather and wing.

Close your eyes and listen to the coming of winter.  
Can you hear the rustling of the leaves along by the bridge?  
Can you hear the rippling of the waters underneath?  
Verily winter is here in coming.

Somewhere there is something precious, oh, more  
precious than all the stars be known to our eyes.  
It lingers here and there behind the veil of fortune most  
revered.

Turn around and turn around until you begin to walk  
naturally upright.  
But I've always been walking about upright.  
What imply are you in making that I'm not?  
If it's a quarrel you do be wanting to pick then you've come to  
the wrong place.  
Fight me for I'm need of some fierce fighting!  
Fight?  
Harvest a turnip from a field and sell it in a market place.  
How or for what's sake are you with saying?  
Haven't you yet seen a pure clear glass of fresh spring water  
stay white after even one drop of milk be dropped into it?  
Have you noticed that if a dog leash is way too long then after  
awhile you won't be sure if there's a dog tied to it or not for  
already many bends will have come between us?

So too it is with un-renewed and un-refreshed  
knowledge.

Certain spheres can bring a man to his knees when he  
strolls along the beaches of Acapulco.  
Don't remember if I put the cat out in Yladvostok last night.



Be not with worry she's sound asleep on the cushion in  
Cordoba.

My hat trick is an amusement not to be taken too  
lightly.

Bring the carriage around to the front of the house.  
Will my lady be caring for apple cake for her tea?  
Apple cake will be anticipated, thanks,

Bring prosperity about on the straw of a broom.  
Broom as in magic broom?  
Broom as in broom behind the door there over by the  
Copenhagen.

Lovely to behold is the spirally coiled periwinkle shell.  
Needs be you too to recall that of the shell of the summer's  
garden snail.

Home sweet haven be in the caven.

Vincent van Gogh is over the field there with painting in  
bright colours.  
Interrupt him not for he's at one with emotive values.

Mamaí may we paint by and by?  
Of course ye may, me lovelies.

I'm going to paint our great spiral stairway reaching all  
the way up into the clouds.  
Then I'm going to be with imagining myself walking way up and  
up to the cloud landing.  
What there will you do?  
There I'll knock on all doors and politely ask if I may enter  
therein.  
May I come with you?  
Sure for I'll be painting it a fine big roomy stairs, so I will.

I'm going to paint playful Wind touching the trees and  
carrying Mamaí, Daidí you and me.  
Oh, where shall we be taken, I wonder.  
Everywhere well, I imagine.

Here is a ball that has upon me an ennobling effect far  
beyond anything else I have ever felt.  
Where did you find it?  
I found it in the attic high.  
Its colours are so beautiful, aren't they?

They're all blue and white in the sunlight.  
Someone must have lost it or left it there in the attic high.  
Maybe it was they from the time of beginnings.  
Which ones for there are none to be found?

Do you think the world is a wide place?  
Look over out that window there.  
What can we see?  
The Hill of Cathay.  
And over there in the shimmering pond?  
Oh, they're the isles of Indonesia.

Let's go up shall we and view in all directions from the  
tower windows?  
Oh, look there is the Grove of Africa, and over there?  
That's the Big Field of South America.  
There is the Snowy Mantel of Alaska, and there?  
Oh, that's the beautiful Grove of Aurora Borealis.

How far do think it is from here to the bottom of that  
field?  
Oh, I did hear Daidí say, that it was about ten to twelve  
thousand miles to most of the bottoms of the green wavy fields.  
Some though are even much further he did say, such as over  
there the beautiful Grove of Aurora Australis.  
That's very far.

How far is it to Butterfly?  
Many many big fields it must be, I'm sure.  
So the world isn't really very wide, sure it's not, when you  
think of such a great distance as from here to Butterfly, is it?

Yet, it's still fairly wide enough, if we were to set out at  
one step at a time in the adventure of it.  
I suppose.

Imagine fishing in the kitchen floor of an oilrig.  
Place the saucepan lid in the middle of the sky.  
Shine be on it as the back of the cooker.  
Can see the outline of the whole place.  
In it I can see a face.  
Whose face?  
A face more beautiful than all the faces that was ever is ever  
and will be ever and ever in the world.  
Oh, you mean Mamaí's, don't you?  
Of course, and Daidí's is the next.

What's that there?  
It's an earthquake and it be the fountain of the green gate.  
Someone has been attempting to pull the back of beyond into  
the present.  
Ah, that's what it is.

What if we were all swept away in a snow avalanche?  
It would be the greatest of fun so it would!

We'd be flying passed St. Petersburg,  
along by Minsk,  
Krakow,  
Vienna,  
Milan  
and  
!!! down into the Mediterranean with a great splash !!!  
nearby cosy Genoa we'd beeeeeee!

It would be something else wouldn't it, if on our way  
down we were to splash instead into the waters off beautiful  
Venice?  
All the peoples there would be so excited and would be with  
asking where we had come from and how.  
We could tell them that we had come on a great white gondola  
from the Arctic Ocean.  
Oh, they would love that, wouldn't they?

Can everyone recognise ethical distinctions or do they  
pretend to be with recognition?  
I need not even the faintest sign to know that what is pure is  
everywhere and in here.

Dreaming of love on a morning bright in some faraway  
near place.  
Love has alighted on the turrets.  
Seagulls wafting their way in from the coast.

Calm days of wild surprise meet me in disguise.  
Faint murmuring voice calls to me from a lake isle chamber.  
Be off with going let you then for the voice of soft calling is not  
with waiting.

I've had a vision in the night that will cause those who  
move steering wheels and handlebars in tunnels and cells  
within cells to break down in palpitating tears.

Have no fear, be with courage while I tell it here.

Oh, how I miss my warm-hearty babies twain!

Lonely lonely all left on my only lonely.

Would like to be back again with teaching little children.  
Everything was so much simpler then.

Hand over hand was so mean a way to be ending me.  
Crying all night I am in my cold sepulchre.

Tell them how it came to happen that a joyous young  
woman of innocence sound was wound on a rack in a palace  
secluded.

Wind sore in my face and moral balance found I not a  
trace.

All dressed in high sky blue Swan Lake saw me in the month of June.

All dressed in earth gloom through and through saw me Swan Lake by harvest moon.

Wall beneath my bed is all nail-scratched and they about my room partially covered with a jigsaw puzzle; a jigsaw puzzle of ten thousand tiny pieces depicting traditional style rustic cottages in high summer, surrounded by walls and walls of tanned coloured mosaic rubble stone - stashed here no doubt for me to break.

Take time to present my case for all is law that is with reason well-founded.

As sure as I'm here in this unmarked ground there is no deception in me to be found.

Would that I could run and play with foremothers of mine all the way from Castletownroche along by Appletown, and oh, my Beloved Fermoy and beyond along the meandering way down to Lismore, Cappoquin and to Youghal by the sea, and back again we happy company be!  
Heart beautified there since long ages passed.

Remember, how I visited you in another dream \* and told you of my nuptial loneliness?

Yes, remember it I so clearly as if it were all but last night.

Safe hidden from my days in the Orient has it always been with me.

Saw you in there standing by a marble mantelpiece as you did so sorrowfully tell to me of your abandoned state.

So sad have I been that I couldn't help you back then.

Now tell the world what it's like for me to be abandoned once again, only this time to eternity.

Open wide the gates of shapeless shadows to reveal that which has been keeping me here in this cold dank place; now going on my seventh year.

Stare and gaze all ye may, but nowhere am I to be found over there in those converted ol' horse stables.

Hear ye of the distance!

Hear ye of the distance with passing out through that very same black forged iron gate which I last was carried in through in most solemn state!

Hear ye of the distance!

Hear ye of the distance my ripply isle cry tugging at yere hearts,



'People are my element; I'm always very at home among them.

Water is the element of swans.'

Oh, radiant valiant Liveana!

Silent and trustful be the blueness of the high sky.  
Friendliness follows me wherever I be with going.  
Tidal waves come up the ocean river bringing with it an  
abundance of fishes.  
Will surf on a tidal wave one of these days.  
Danger is there on board.  
Life is going around and round with danger.  
Maybe then life is danger I could with ease wager.

Wind tossing golden leaves into the air.  
Carrying me away to another somewhere.

Come in for you've been accompanying yourself with no  
outside response.  
Dogs are in the kennels in the deep woods off to the east.  
With unease am I all through the night.  
I do be with hearing their lonely piteous howls and yelps.

Old wine in new flasks still is a task in the making.  
Often have I heard to the contrary.  
Contrary to expectations said the publican that cigarettes  
should be considered as the soles of the earth, and the pulling  
of draught as the first step to banking the scythe.

Met a man in Honolulu who realised he was very  
conscientious but complained to me that he had great difficulty  
with finding a conscience in the Great Universe.  
I told him to wash the yams and to be with preparing some  
peas and carrots.

Are fishes with a modern mind or is it just our  
humankind?  
I wouldn't be knowing seeing that I'm not a fish or the likes.  
Around by round way round have eloquently come to  
misconceiving the full extent of the question before us.  
I know.  
I know that all my words have the finest surface appearances  
that you've ever seen.  
Not alone so, for if your words be as you say, then I've never  
read profounder words in a lifetime of days.

I'm falling from this precipice yet I'm not sure the  
direction is down or up.

You're with falling sideways.  
Sideways to where?  
Sideways to thought without bounds, restrictions and  
indifference.

Look there!  
See I nothing!  
Look there poor mariners being buffeted in the rising gales.  
Let's take ourselves to bring them safely to shore.  
Not me.  
I'll stay right here for myself and hold a candle.  
You go and save if that's how you believe you were made to  
behave.  
You'll surely not be alone in your efforts.  
Go ahead.  
I'm for the holding of candles on shores made.

Oft is it so that the passion to explore the depths of  
thought is hindered not so much by any thing as some one.  
That some one must surely be me for who else could it be?  
Are you with inclining towards that way of thinking?

If I would look with the visions of the planets, I would be  
with seeing everything here as being without difference.  
Stroll with you in the royal courts of Neptune over high and tell  
me what you can be with seeing on a certain mound of  
Golgotha.

There is no such certain mound do I see but rather a  
plethora of them all over the lands of Earth.  
Hold on a minute now that can't be so.  
And see you no Praetorian Guard?  
Many in every courtyard.  
There has been only one Golgotha and that's what I've been  
ever told since the days of my schoolhood.

Take a leap into the royal courts of Jupiter and tell me  
how has our vision improved.  
There is no such certain mound as Golgotha do I see but  
rather a plethora of them all over the lands as before.

Try from the royal courts of Moon.  
There is no such certain mound as Golgotha do I see but  
rather a plethora of them.  
You're not now with seeing right at all.

There's only one mound of Golgotha, and look it's over  
there.  
Oh, you're right, seen from the royal court of Earth itself it is  
so since a long time ago.  
I'm glad I didn't ask you to stroll in the royal courts of Crux!

Personal significance is what gives to life flavour, colour  
and texture.

Who would define oneself in terms of a stumbling block  
or a blocking stumble?

See now this is where you and I differ on earlier revelations.  
Special occasions call for cathedrals and stadiums.

Methinks you would be with a mightier wisdom on this  
ship if you were to periodically adjust your sextant and  
compass.

What kind of a navigator are you that don't look for treasured  
speech in the right direction?

I am with impatience so I am.

Oppositions and slow progress take me to standstills.

Ah, a fresh wind is coming to float me on high and bear  
me off to the beautiful isle of Patmos!

Enjoy there simply the fruit of the dulcet Apocalypse trees, and  
withal be of the bitter avoiding still.

With thankfulness, dear friend, I surely will.

---

*Annotations:*

**Ríchathaoir Geaitín Deas Bán** - from Gaeilge meaning, (king's)  
chair/throne, little gate, pretty, white' This is a favourite place on the  
aureorean way for sitting, reflecting and making notes.

**Butterfly** - the Orion constellation

*Augmentation: 5:30 AM, Saturday, 20<sup>th</sup> October 2007*

\* **dream** - She also appeared to me in a dream some time before 4.30 AM this morning.

In the dream, I was looking over in this crowded room in which many people were sitting, and she was sitting there dressed in a long white sleeveless dress (albeit I sensed it not to be a wedding dress) and her golden hair was its usual length.

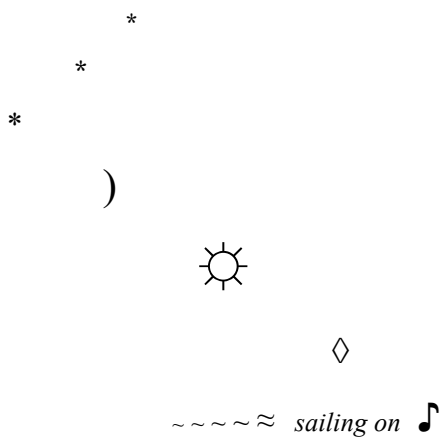
She was sitting up straight on her seat and anxiously looking out forward over the crowd to the front of the room (which was not visible in the dream), and she was holding my left hand in her right for I was sitting there next to her on her right. (Often in my sleeping dreams I am myself looking at myself in the dream as too I oft am in my waking dreams.) The setting was a courtroom.

A queen's face momentarily appeared.

There was more in the dream too but now I can't be with clearly recalling it. There had been a wedding in a great castle hall having red decor; a red carpet wall to wall and the walls themselves were also of the same red colour as the carpet. The room had been specially fitted for the occasion.

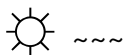
I was involved in something but recall I not what it was, but it had something to do with I having found some document about something or other. I was questioned by police and released.

That is all I can clearly recall of my latest dream in which this lady makes her appearance.



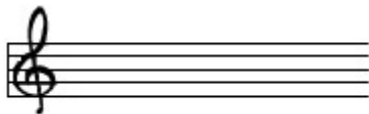






## Ninth canto     *Metaforms of Metaphors*

1<sup>st</sup> November 2003



Soft rain falling.

Hush allay, hush allay, hush allay.

Juicy sweet mandarins to share on tropical beaches.  
Summer solstice calls to me to remember half-evenings of  
chandeliers.

Hear the falling of the waterfall.  
Something strange and wonderful moving about inside my  
roots.  
Must be with the first ever of the last procedure.

Sometimes stray dogs run across open fields calling out  
to the unseen.

What is a modern discovery if it's parcelled up and left  
for years and years on end inside the back of a post office?

I've seen men, women and children quarrelling over a  
lump of coal.

And all them before did find empty milk, porter, whiskey, and  
wine bottles buried in their acres.

The brightest rays of sunclouds are in the pools of  
country roads.

Oft when on my way home from primary school did I dismount  
from my little red bike to play my little pretty hands in their  
silky soft shimmerings.

Imagined myself I to be like unto Holy God playfully touching  
the face of the waters.

And it felt good to be giving gentle movement to stillness;  
knowing that stillness to be stillness delights in being moved  
from time to time.

See there how Sun gently moves the stillness of the blue  
skypool.

Oh, how skypool delights in being moved!

See there the swirlings and curlings returning it to a fresh  
stillness.

Oh, happy Holy God, Sun, and I we three be!

If one is not very familiar with the causes of causes and  
the effects of effects, what can we say about yon waxing Moon?

Secure well a rope about my waist and lower me way  
down into the dark, deep, dreadful mineshaft to find them that  
are seeking refuge from a rising deluge.

Darker down here it is by far than lightless nights in the  
village.

No tea or coffee, no sight nor sound save that of the rising  
gurgling water below them be found.

Breathing is becoming more and more difficult.

Alone feel like giving up, but together all we are for one and  
one we are for all!

In from the back wall of a cavern found I, eleven huddled with  
life-hope still breathing in them.

Yet, it was not I, no it was not I who did find them, but the  
Light of the Night.

Oh, happy Grandparents, Mothers and Fathers, Wives,  
Daughters and Sons, Lovers and Friends be!

Oh, happy happy we be now for ye!

See I in infinitesimal transformations when I'm alone in  
my bed of seaweed off the coast of the isle so free.

Did you dream perhaps of any co-relationship between  
the amount of seaweed that be with resting itself up against  
the shore and the abundant goodness of the inhabitants  
beyond the cliffs?

Dreamt that I was with skilfully dancing a small smooth  
flat white stone on the waves.

If a mountain is irresistibly raised above the sea what  
makes that of me?  
An undiscovered pearly nautilus in a shoring tide of your  
distant tomorrows.

What can be observed in the boiling of an egg in a  
saucepan of water?  
Bubbles and rolling bubbles.  
Interesting it is to watch, isn't it considering that the rolling of  
clouds is oft so very near the ground?  
I'm not with standing under your understanding.  
More I am if it seems I am with misunderstanding.

There is a certain equivalency between the tundra in the  
north and the carburettor under the hood.  
Explain me the difference before I take to strolling in Verona.

Carmen Magdeleine wears from shoulder safe and  
sound a blackred lace tasselled dress all the way to the  
ground.  
By her grace dance with her I will till all the lights go out in old  
Seville.  
Saffron aurora will find us dangling our cosy-pain feet in the  
soothing waters of the Guadalquivir.

Is what is termed right also what is termed wrong  
depending on whether one uses a match or a cigarette lighter  
to light the fire?

Use either one or the other with all haste for who will be left to  
cough before the frozen cauldron in the hearth if you should  
dillydally like so?

Before I can build a solution to the confusion, I must be  
with bringing myself away from it at high speed.  
Who can separate himself from the net once it's knotted about  
the ankles?

Mistaken identity takes many twists and turns with a  
mob gathered for a promised spectacle in front of public  
buildings.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever  
done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever  
known."

Can you imagine what it would be like, if nine pencils  
were to take themselves here from my desk and journey out to  
visit those in high places whose knees tremble at the very  
sound of the word 'must' resulting in trust?

What therefore in the forenoon hours is the first of  
importance?

Ah, well the first of importance now is the making of a fine pot of tea and then in the afternoon we'll see.

What therefore in the afternoon hours is the first of importance?

Ah, well the first of importance now is the making of a fine pot of tea and then tomorrow we'll see.

Education is shelved into the empty bookcases at the back of classrooms from Mondays to Fridays and only taken down for the weekends.

It is so in some places, have I heard.

It is so in many places, sadly have I seen.

You being an intellectual of some physical standard, could you affirm the philosophical difference between the two gargoyles there on top of that building?

More captivated am I with the coat of arms there below that have upon it a grasshopper resting above three stars.

Something more than fifth party insurance, surely did once do business within those walls, methinks.

Find you perhaps an answer around back among arches and steps that once did lead to rivertide.

Salvador Dali did paint grasshoppers, did he not?

He did and so too groupings of ants and formations of muscoid flies, so he did.

Ernst Fuchs appears to paint with splendid insect colours, does he not?

He does so he does, surely, and too with bird and flower colours aplenty.

"Art in its deepest essence is the glorification of existence."

Personal hallmarks they do be all.

Did you ever ever see a grasshopper leap backward? Grasshoppers don't leap backward; always they do be with leaping forward.

Where would the wisdom in that be found?

Honestly, who does not be with this knowing?

I'm with knowing honestly, that definitely there is more to merely surviving to seek, seeking to pursue, and pursuing to survive.

Has this a logy tailing it?

Who knows knows.

Fine weather it will be with frost, but to what extent does being available for the conformity of the ages amount to grey clouds moving south?

All of them who are of pure hearts be truly with welcome fasting now.

Joyful appreciation and true sadness will be their  
blessing upon seeing the next new Moon.

Time and time again is sufficient for the time that be in  
it.  
Be more concerned with the initial act than the final beginning.

Someone has overturned the well out on to the sandy  
desert.  
Why hasn't its water spilt all over the place?  
Shows how little you are with understanding the concept of  
permeation.  
I understand perception.  
It's a conception.  
That's what it is, so it is.

Have you ever been with letting yourself feel wonder,  
awe or admiration?  
I have as sure as all the prize horses wear green and russet  
mantel overcoats in the great field by the highway off to the  
southwest.

Friends are all laughing on the stage of speculation.  
Why do you think they are with laughing on this stage alone  
and not on all the others?

It's a matter of delightful content.



I wonder what in the whole wide world is my  
phenomenon.

Can you un-decipher what it is you are looking at?  
After me thrice sing the sacred melody.

Suppose for a moment that the question of questions  
has been all this time an answer.

If we are to apply solitude to artistic exhibitions where  
will we be able to find form?  
Ah, I see where you're coming from on this one.  
For all you know, so little it is you do know.

Shadows slowly moving along the tops of the walls to the  
arched doorway.  
Someone of no small importance must be living within.  
Let it here be stated, observed and known that the one who  
entered was the same one who exited.  
Amazing insight considering that half the population of Europa  
is free to be born on the wing of visa versa.

You're a transferable inexactitude so you are.  
Pardon, I beg to differ you're more of a hyperbolic result of an  
expression once removed from time by an inexactitude.

Ah, that's more like it.

Then we're already well familiar with each other taken for granted of course that the longest stretch of water is to be found in an eye drop.

Two feet walk the street and never meet till occasion requires it.

So too you and I.

Of all the effective authors concerned with time-consumed space what is it that makes for hotels to be built in squares?

Sound utterances come at no small price to the lender.

Methinks moneylenders never borrow.

Think you also do you that barbers never cut their beards nor that chemists never take medicine?

You have me on that one.

Shall a diversion away from all things that have to do with kings, queens, princes, princesses and celebrities make a derivative impression upon my mind?

When you'll remember to forget.

Although nicely and concisely put, one needs to have had continuous experience of reapers and binders to be able to speak at length with full confidence.

Never is it too late to be with beginning something extraordinary in your life.

My life is a twig floating on a long meandering river.

May I ask you what do you feel in the presence of an invisible presence?

As I feel in the presence of a visible one.

No answer in those words did reach my ears.

Ah, then it's a brimming over honeycomb problem you must have, there to be sure.

Maybe the dining room carpet doesn't stretch all the way to the walls.

It does for I have checked it myself.

Attempt if you will to translate 'translate' into words.

Is there nothing legendary about existence?

There is indeed.

I've been strolling, shall we say sauntering the ages for aeons and aeons, but haven't yet been able to say with absolute certainty that I have ever been, am or will ever be.

You most definitely were; most surely are, and absolutely will be.

How do you know this?

Let's say, I know.

If a person varies phraseology and phraseology varies them what recompense does one get from the removed redundancies?

It's no wonder that all the pronouns play about nouns. On the question of such, what are, in the first instance the distances between nouns and verbs, adjectives and nouns and adverbs and verbs?

If one were to have a hillside stream flow between them there would be freshness and the fulfilment of companionship. But in the case where oceans flow there the world becomes quite overwhelmed.

Come over awhile here to central positions.

I see that where the ornate flower vase use to stand there is instead a storm and stress bust.

Must have something to do with having oneself critically educated.

Either that or the pressure to conform has taken its toll.

I'm very concerned in the way that all things of late tend to distract from reverence.

Have you any word at all on this matter?

I have, I have.

I have a millstone coming to the surface.

Want I to be nourished by the highest air for I've been so  
undernourished from partaking of plates, cups and glasses of  
sceptical pessimism.

That's no way to be enjoying your meal.

You've been alighting in some wrong places, and  
listening over attentively perhaps to the counsel of the  
scornful.

There are places galore where you can be well and truly  
nourished from partaking of plates, cups and glasses of  
speculative optimism.

Lead me there for I know not the way.

The way will become clearer to you when you let the weather  
fronts in your eyes be upon their way.

Will polar bears be freezing in a summer?  
Will planets be aligning in a curve?

Lay you down a little while and be with taking some  
rest, Honourable Guest.

Call me then when the metaforms of metaphors begin to  
reshape.

Ad interim, Humble Guest be with laying you down a little  
while and be with blessed rest.

Kind sentiments such as these mean the world to me and  
treasured will be for tens of thousand of years outgoing.

Would you grace us with return visits at hearing even  
the faintest of our kind sentiments?

Kind sentiments mean the world to me and treasured will be  
for millions and millions of years returning.

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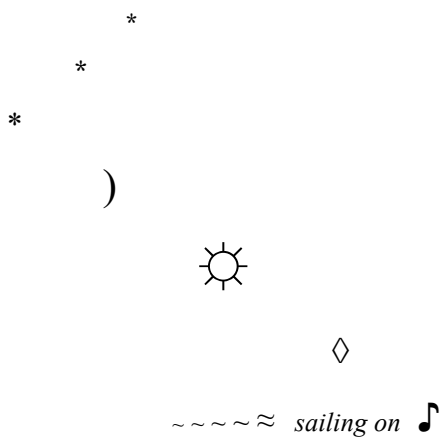
*Annotations:*

**It is a far, far better thing ...** - from *A Tale of Two Cities* Chapter XV

**Salvador Dali** - with reference to the Surrealist Spanish artist,  
Salvador Dali (1904-1989)

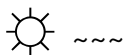
**Ernst Fuchs** - with reference to the Fantastic Realism Austrian artist,  
Ernst Fuchs (1930 - )

**Art in its deepest essence is ...** - from Professor Ernst Fuchs' book titled,  
*Architectura Caelestis*



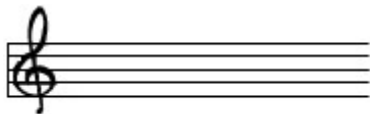






## Tenth canto    *Mystifyingly gnarled*

8th November 2003



Wind in my hair from early morning.

Oh, so lovely and fresh!

Spain is about to have a queen-to-be.

Nice things happen all the time they do be.

November calls me to remember sitting on horseback on  
a stone bridge in a freezing forest long long ago.

It was for this Knight the loneliest month of his year; his  
Princess a Bedouin captive in a far off desert oasis.

Consoled himself he did there on the bridge to his mount that  
at least it was the last day of the month.

These years having rolled on and on as the rippling waters  
under the bridge, find this same Knight now joyfully looking  
forward to the month of November; his Princess all acuddled  
up to him she is in their warm cosy king-sized bed.

Heaven found the strawberry trees all piled up on a cliff  
overlooking the great Indian Ocean.

Strawberries in faraway places don't grow on trees, do they?

Irrelevant consideration I find I'm becoming.  
Wonderful!

Soon if the frigid north be with the gales blowing there'll be a storm the likes of which no one will have ever seen to remember.

Duffle down makes for a cloud that the hand takes away from the ocean of the bay.

Strumpet is the far post of the near going between.

What, my Lord for your breakfast this fortuitous day, shall I say?

Perhaps porridge and a glass of sparkling Reims & Epernay, shall I say?

Porridge, Seraphay?

Reims & Epernay?

Sweet Baileys original cream, toast and tae more befitting well the start of this auspicious day.

An excellent choice, my Lord, may I say so myself.

I have a golden harp all stored away in a hidden grove since the time the Cromwell-it, you may call it, crawled and trudged on the land.

Where's !!! my sword!!!?

Someone fetch me my sword for the taking down of that thing  
is in my heart!

Calm down the clothes pegs are already in the basket.

There's no need to be sowing the quilt with a pitchfork.

I know, I know that, yet I can't be helping it.

He and his renegade centuries, maniples, cohorts and legions  
did destroy my relatives; my cousins once seventeenth removed  
on my mother's side.

Show me he or she that won't be with standing astride the glen  
to ambush the taker of all that you ever held dear.

Tell me where's the justice in the sharing of slices of  
barmbrack?

I see.

So is it a casus belli you want, you want to be?

It's not, it's not I, I tell you, but it's the memories that do be  
doing it to me.

What memories do you be entertaining?

The memories of my ancestors do be all alive and well in me  
and to be sure in us all.

They do be calling out to me night and day and all the times  
besides, so they do.

Pull over that horse and trap-chariot there of yours a  
minute for it's wicked strange do be the words that are riding  
forth from your mouth.

You say the flotilla didn't make it up the estuary?

I did.

I did.

I was with saying that all right.

All right then because I was with only half believing your word  
there for a minute, so I was, so I was.

Sway away till the cows come home and the hens run  
after the foxes.

I've never seen hens chase foxes.

Then you've never seen an idea that covers itself with a self-  
contained hinge.

Do you mean to say that the whales travel all them  
miles without taking time to consider where they're headed?  
That's what I read at the beginning of the Age of the Unicorn.  
Come back!

Come back!

Come back from where?

I haven't really taken to going anywhere yet.

Yeast raises the dough in the oven.  
Well there's something new now, surely!

While you laugh and joke at the universe inside the  
bottom of a lipstick holder, you'd be surprised how light-  
hearted a thrush on the wing can be.

Unravel those words ere I go another millennium with  
you into the grain store.

Look!

Look over there are the first clear signs of the coming of the  
merryling dingdaling bells.

Are there formulae for all events considered in their  
entirety?

There must be something for how could there be nothing at all  
in the cupboard?

My sense of exploration is all put down to finding  
slippers under the bed.

I didn't know that you even had a bed.

Ah, I have.

My bed is beneath my feet.

My pillow is that hill there and my blankets the clouds of  
heaven.

A pretty big bed you have then.

That's the veriest of thought so it is.

Find me a historian!

I need to be listening to a historian.

What good does it do to be listening to one such as a  
historian?

I have a liking for history.

I'm with thinking that historians be liking to focus way too much on events that glorify the destruction of virtue.

Fine me the outer form that I may return it to my inner for consideration.

We are of the inner life and outer form.

Someone will be coming around to sweep all the first and last few decades of the twentieth century away into a Roman cowshed.

I see.

Is that the way it is with the hay?

It is indeed, when one kicks the pail after been stung by a tail.

Ah, it's falling apart you are now.

I have a sense that Rene Descartes would have come up with a whole different view of life, if he had like Jerome only taken himself off to the desert dunes.

Sun beating down on one's head there drives thought into ones sandals.

Anybody can be a recluse for a few days, weeks, months, years even for one's whole life time, but it's far more difficult to be a wayfarer, and yet have the complete heart of a recluse.

One finds oneself in one's company and companionship.

I have tried to originate some tomato seed from the palm  
of my hand.

Originate timelessness and see how well it grows tall and  
produces fruit in abundance.

Bitter or sweet?

Where do you hail from, honestly?

If a person takes the inside of a paint can and turns it  
inside out, do you know what it might mean to the anaconda of  
the jungle deep?

Assuredly you are jumping off the deep in of the shower unit.  
Unite and be one with yourself before the cauliflower takes to  
launching Vast Space into Earth.

Life to me, yes life to me may seem at the furthest  
remove to be back home in the springtime of exaggeration.  
Henceforth, we can understand what we can't be with seeing  
for that's the way to the lonelier isolation.

What form of dumbness of late is casting its spell over  
lovely Christendom?

The same spell of the ages.

Wake up!

Dizziness is with you as you take to drive home the point that the greatest interest at the moment is in grievous religious scandals.

We must be with something falling to keep us uplifted.

It's the nature of our global disposition to be affecting in our own small no good ways the bringing on of the wrath of a teacup.

I see that's where all the frustration is venting itself.

Find me some good words, music, poetry, art and the finest of philosophy.

There's no philosophy save that which is in the every day-night events to be found.

Sound is that insight.

I'm thinking to myself of the fashions of our present day conquerors.

Are you speaking of uniforms or are you speaking of Armani?

I am with thinking of the fashions of revamped antiquated new world orders.

Every morning when I take myself to society, I'm with beginning a whole new world order in the little community I find myself at present.

Nothing new about oldness.



The cruel Roman fashion is today as it was yesterday.  
And as it was yesterday so was it for tens of thousands or so  
years before even them.  
Will it be for tens and thousands of years after our day, do you  
think?  
What can be left to remain behind can be left to remain behind.  
This is the way of the fishes of the waters.  
I've never yet seen a fish move away slowly from that which he  
has left behind; always he swiftly swims away, and I'd have you  
know too without he turning to give even a backward glance.

I have a question in need of being asked.  
Did Johannes Gensfleisch zur Laden zum Gutenberg wear a  
cassock when puzzling over his print-press?  
It's a question that has been bothering me for years.  
The roots of this question I have come across before.  
I don't think he did.  
Why say you so?  
Ah, there you see now.  
You've found yourself to be an excavator in the Hills of Time.

Found I a manuscript once in a sand quarry by a brook.  
What was its condition?  
Pristine.  
On what matters did it bear witness?  
It had taken within its pages to present a store of biographies.  
Tell me more.

Honest and trustworthy were the vast majority of them that lived of old.

Surely the same may be said of those of our own day.

If we were to speak of today's world of being populated by a mere one hundred people, then we would be with saying that ninety-nine of them were honest and trustworthy people.

I fail to differ by a long shot for rather it's the other way round.

Yield and accept this reality for I've seen it myself.

There are more climbing the walls of greed and fame than salt grains in a pitcher of seawater.

See did you in all places?

The quality and character of a place is dependent in the first instant on the climatic conditions.

Profoundly interesting it is to observe the way everything harmonises so admirably with their surrounds.

Be quite assured that the mainstay of the ship is above the water.

Only on sunny days.

When it rains we're all in the depths.

Would you for the sake of advancement go against your inner convictions?

I heard say from good authority that to be doing anything against one's inner conviction for the sake of advancement would amount to no advancement at all whatsoever.

'Tis far forward you do be thinking.  
You know, I'm with thinking now that there'll be nobody dying  
in far forward.  
What do you think?  
I think now it's high time that I get myself back again into the  
alpines, for I long to be gliding there as the desert in its own  
way longs to be appreciatively sipping of its wet green margin  
forests.

Be the time of day be with you and at night may there  
be none at all.  
Sleep well that with waking you'll find yourself thinking of  
nothing or no one save those people and things that will be  
allowing you to slip away nicely before dawn into a fine halcyon  
dream.

Two after three after four all the way to a native shore.  
Sunbeams play with the silent flame.

Walked all through the night without seeing in sight a  
vision bright.  
Must have had something to do with being nowhere near  
penumbrae.

Elegant people with conversation profound strolling on a  
beautiful alameda be found.

Roll with the waves and be taking your ease for not all swimmers are in the sea.

Tall tales come to me in the night when I'm with being half asleep and half awake.

You can see wholly which way the wind is blowing by standing on the banks of holy water.

Water that flows be holy, you say?

True holy water by a holy priest be blessed on holy Epiphany day, and placed in a great font nearby the table of the Lord, and in little ones at the entrances.

But behold, what see you now happening up there?  
Oh, how most irreverent be his way of removing the blessed white linen pall from off the sacred chalice!  
Tossed he it to one side as if he were dealing out a playing card!

Why don't you go up and request him, to get out?  
Request and beseech him, to get out?  
Request, beseech and entreat him, to get out, and to go fishing for lout?  
Why don't you?  
And with netting the lout he can wholly be at home at dealing out his ol' hand of Pharisean doubt.  
Why don't you?

Verily, for the little children young and old that kneel before the sacred altar, seeing is of their belief; they the innocent of heart whose belief is strengthened, renewed and refreshed with the giving of a reverent eye to the sanctities of priestly motions.

"Blessed are you, Lord, God of all creation.  
Through your goodness we have this bread to offer, which  
earth has given us and human hands have made.  
It will become for us the bread of life."

Benedictus es, Domine, Deus universi, quia de tua largitate accepimus panem, quem tibi offerimus, fructum terrae et operas manuum hominum, ex quo nobis fiet panis vitae.

"Blessed be God for ever."

Benedictus Deus in saecula.

"By the mystery of this water and wine may we come to share in the divinity of Christ, who humbled himself to share in our humanity."

Per huius aquae et vini mysterium eius efficiamur divinitatis consortes, qui humanitatis nostrae fieri dignatus est particeps.

"Blessed are you, Lord, God of all creation.  
Through your goodness we have this wine to offer, fruit of the  
vine and work of human hands.  
It will become our spiritual drink."

Benedictus es, Domine, Deus universi, quia de tua largitate  
acceptimus vinum, quod tibi offerimus, fructum vitis et operas  
manuum hominum, ex quo nobis fiet potus spiritualis.

"Blessed be God for ever."

Benedictus Deus in saecula.

"Lord God, we ask you to receive us and be pleased with  
the sacrifice we offer you with humble and contrite hearts."

In spiritu humilitatis et in animo contrito suscipiamur a te,  
Domine; et sic fiat sacrificium nostrum in conspectus tuo hodie, ut  
placeat tibi, Domine Deus.

"Lord wash away my iniquity; cleanse me from my sin."

Lava me, Domine, ab iniquitate mea, et a peccato meo munda  
me.

"Pray, brethren, that our sacrifice may be acceptable to  
God, the almighty Father. "

Orate, fraters: ut meum ac vestrum sacrificium acceptabile fiat  
apud Deum Patrem omnipotentem.

"May the Lord accept the sacrifice at your hands for the  
praise and glory of his name, for our good, and the good of all  
his Church."

Suscipiat Dominus sacrificium de minimis tuis ad laudem et  
gloriam nominis sui, ad utilitatem quoque nostram totiusque  
Ecclesiae suae sanctae.

"Amen."

Amen.

"The Lord be with you."

Dominus vobiscum.

"And also with you. "

Et cum spiritu tuo.

"Lift up your hearts. "

Sursum corda.

"We lift them up to the Lord. "

Habemus as Dominum.

"Let us give thanks to the Lord our God. "

Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.

"It is right to give him thanks and praise. "

Dignum et iustum est.

"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, God of power and might, heaven  
and earth are full of your glory,

Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest."

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.  
Pleni sunt caeli et terra Gloria tua.  
Hosanna in excelsis.  
Beedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.  
Hosanna in excelsis.

Forbidden land it is I'm approaching.

► un-CONSECRATED persons PROHIBITED beyond  
THIS point ◀

Ah, well, fair enough then.  
I'll be with taking the long way around, and arriving by the  
time I'll have left.

An obligation of the consecrated to the Consecration be  
concentration.  
A remembrance of the ethereal eloquence of Latin ought to be  
their second nature.  
Mo bhrón it's not so save for the venerable remnant now  
joyfully nearing the city gate.

Over the rainy Moon find ten plates and a spoon.  
Forward to the back of beyond for the clouds are dropping low  
like wet cotton wool.  
I cannot think!  
Feel closed in by this pressing bubble.



Reach out your hand through it and be with seeing the  
mountains of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn.

Cold wind in wet rain gives the pain.

Adam began with one garden so he did, did he not?  
He began that's all, I ever did hear.  
Then you must have been with hearing snowflakes falling in a  
bowl of yoghurt.

Similar lines take curves to the upper heights.  
So far, I'm with you on the fulfilments of existence.

Paperweights bring some burden to the king.  
Divide the division into sections before you half the between  
of the wheel that spins anticlockwise.  
I'm sure he's well able to summarize for himself the  
discrepancies in the funnel shoot over the back kitchen.  
Gone to join the foreign highwaymen he be.  
Eagerly was he telling everyone he'd be.

You know there is a whole lot more methinks to the  
cache of paintings in the basement two floors beneath the  
library.

Homespun is the best way of creating fun with the  
mirror on the great stairway.

Imagine what it would be like to enter that mirror and  
be at one with reflection of all that was, that is, and every will  
be.

Such a mirror we do not have up along the stairway.  
Look more intently the next time there you ascend.

Joy be peace to the timber-laden broadsheet.

Up we go to the down below to wander among the reeds!

Keep your heart in its rightful place for not all St.  
Bernards are Swiss.  
Who is not with knowing this?  
St. Bernards.

Long have I longed for the contentment of newly  
drenched fields.

Configure the end of the paper stand.  
I know not the how.  
Be with a thimble and thread and cross the road to the drapery  
instead and ask there for the way to the forgotten kingdom  
beyond the mountain pass.

Victory is not for the victorious when it's shame that  
needs to be called into play.

Play the game and no one will no if one is insane, outsane or  
on a tangent plane.

I can't figure you out for your trunk, branches, limbs,  
buds, flowers and fruit are all quite mystifyingly gnarled.  
Yet, your fruit, I must admit is of the tastiest I've tasted in an  
aeon of late on this omnifarious planet.

Blow you fresh breeze over all about me for I am in need  
of being greatly hugged.

Standards are all below standard with no one prepared  
to ascend the bridge to help with steering the great wild  
wooden wheel.  
How can we safely reach a sheltered haven, if we don't all be  
with the sailin'?

New Moon calls me to rise and take note of dusk  
centuries.  
Maybe I'll talk all night long for I do be now with a subtle  
hitherto unknown joyfulness.

Moon, lovely Moon how I love your comforting signature  
tune.

In Thy sheen of that exquisitely gnarled Scots Pine grove over,  
will I be with resting myself now awhile, so I will, so I will.

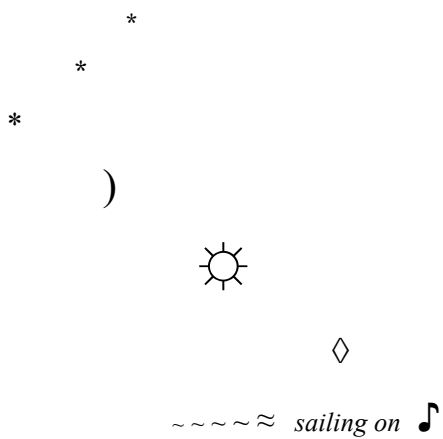
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*Annotations:*

**casus belli** - from Latin meaning, 'the cause of war'

**Mo bhrón** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'alas'

**Johannes Gensfleisch zur Laden zum Gutenberg** - (c. 1400 - 1468) was a  
German goldsmith and printer, who is credited with inventing movable type  
printing in Europe.

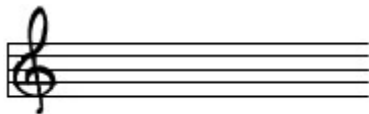






## Eleventh canto    *My Garden of Tiferet*

15th October 2003



Silent trees forest the walks of eternity.

Come over by the wall of uncertainty free.

See me in the wisdom of the great mansions by the grove.

Too many are the little ones that hide away in the  
underground caverns.

In the spaceship when I'm with thinking of the fair green  
fields and the clear, calm-flowing perennial streams, I feel the  
very essence of loneliness.

It can't be helped when I come to consider the mighty expanses  
involved.

Dressed myself up in the colours of morning and found  
inspiration in the shimmering fountain by the side entrance to  
the museum.

When all the hills will be washed away into the sea,  
there I'll be admiring depths.

I hear someone knocking on a door of the Universe.  
If you wouldn't mind, please go and see who it might be.  
There was nobody there.  
Must have been the playfulness of cosmic wind.  
Have you ever seen cosmic wind?  
More than see it, breathe and live it I; breathe and live it we.

Quite unusual it is for the postmaster of time to be still  
arranging his tie.  
Perhaps he hadn't enough time earlier.

Water flows all the way up hill when Sun is encouraging  
from the center.

Everyone born of these northern lands should try to  
imagine themselves from time to time strolling in fine company  
in a far away oriental open-air market.

Scent can you the wafting frankincense coming from  
afar?  
Her Majesty Queen of Sheba must be in caravan journeying to  
visit His Highness King Solomon of Israel be!  
Would that I too with Her Majesty's permission in the caravan  
be.

Enter the gates of the vineyard and you will find therein  
a secluded patch of sweet clover.



Open gently there the earth with your hands and reach  
down adown until touch you the corona subrosa.

Alaeddin could with a little help find his way out of the  
jewelled cave.

With a little help had he not also found his way into the  
jewelled cave?

Where's the concordance in difference to be found?

See the wild raindrops being blown about by Wind.  
Oft does it feel as if I'm being tossed around like a raindrop in  
a thunderstorm.

Dive into the wonder of two great eyes in the morning sky.  
And it not be of Sun and Moon I do be referring.

Familiar am I with the beginning of transportation.  
Where have you to be transporting yourself?  
To the shores of legendary trilocations.

Genuine geniality greatly enhances well-being in the  
world.  
Haughtiness brings the instep to the forefront.  
Have you in your travels come across any yourself?  
I've seen golden earrings in a vision about the noon hour.  
Joy be with you for your newly found discarded horseshoe is  
all with filling.

Recount how many times you've walked down a road  
that led you to nowhere.  
I'm more concerned with the going than a distant destination.  
I see you've raised yourself up to a higher mode of thought.  
Be with it in times of deep forgetfulness.

I've been on a star off there to the east beyond the  
nearest three galaxies.  
Why did you take yourself so far away?  
Faraway?  
Rather nearaway.  
Between that star and here is a distance closer than between  
any two hairs on your richly endowed head.  
But why, why did you take yourself there?  
Virtues here be in too much danger now, so I did take them on  
an outing.  
Find you any black spot along the way with which to verify  
their snow whiteness?  
I did encounter a reputable person in a labyrinth.

Father Daedalus no doubt or even his son Icarus  
perhaps?  
I did encounter a reputable person in a different labyrinth.  
Where to be found truly is the attraction in labyrinths?

Who is he who sits there at his bureau dressed in garb  
peculiar to late fourteenth century Toledo de España?

I know not who he is for this is my first time ever seeing him.

Wears he silver rimmed spectacles and a long greyish beard.

And upon his head ornate headgear.

An old document he is with translating tells how a highly intelligent, attractive, and virtuous storyteller of Fez of Morocco will bring to shine from the High Atlas Mountains the glory and beauty of dreams.

Her temperament will be of the spiritual, religious, philosophical and artistic kind.

Honey will be her passionate rhetoric in breath and ink.

We live with our glances to the front, and this I would look upon to be a wholesome way of living.

We need, however to be with waking to the significance of being in vogue.

A grinding stone is spinning ideally in the pouring rain.

Where's the wholeness of humanity to be found?

With the noblest personalities is it to be found.

What's with the ignoblest personalities?

With the noblest personalities is the wholeness of humanity to be found.

You move too much in subtle shadings and overtones.

Saw Aesthetic and Ascetic this morning in a green field  
happily playing together on a seesaw.

Do you exist in your own time?  
Earlier, I wasn't.  
Then where did you exist?  
Can't say for sure, for earlier than that, I wasn't.  
Will you exist in your own time?  
Yes, I'll be with existing in my own time.

I've been told that you have an artist's heart for beauty.  
Human solidarity is the heart of beauty.  
Of late, I have seen a great abundance of this beauty.  
Surely, these words of yours show a great lack of true  
truthfulness.  
Have you not while reading the great chronicles of the ages  
observed the presence of a sheer plethora of deliberate  
inaccuracies?  
Find me a chronicle of the ages that has faithfully recorded  
truth.

In emitting such a sentiment there be a fine example in  
itself of truth.  
I'm enamoured of such heroic humility.

Once upon a time there was a time.  
Continue please.

Why stop with stopping at the beginning?  
Well once upon a time there were several times.  
I see.  
So the mountain that came by the sea has gone overboard.

Haul the coming season into the barn of immemorial.  
Freight trains there are that run on looping tracks of eglantine.

Much to ado of something have we discoursed on the  
last week.  
Let's hop onto the planet surface and go for a spin by twenty-  
four.

Watery rains have arrived in the near south and glacial  
snow in the far north.  
What of the gable ends west and east?  
Roasting sands off to the west.  
And off to the east?  
Sun setting.  
Not mean you Sun rising?  
Sun setting.

Has anyone here noticed the phenomenon that grazing  
cattle in the high fields are translating into sheep upon  
reaching a certain altitude?

Youthful horizons speak of the coming of an elated sunrise.

Where were you with hearing that such would be so?

Remove your shoes and stand on the armchair to reach into the galaxies near at hand.

Which hand are we talking about?

There's a Moon that shines in the middle of June but it has no light.

Never heard I the likes.

Must have something to do with the aorta in ascension.

More likely in descension.

Either way, be they right or oblique?

Yes, they be.

All the beautiful castles are calling out to me to enjoy their cositality.

Not hospitality?

Cositality.

What would you do if the course of the river changed from the front to the back of the castle?

I would go and enjoy pondering its flow from the back windows.

Can you imagine what it would be like to have the beginning of everything at the end?

I've seen the floor there at the foot of the great stairway  
reflect a premonitory Moon when came the first wave down  
from the Scandinavian fjords.

You've been looking at the map upside down!

They came up not down.

Then what of all the other places?

It's all a matter of vista and choice.

If we say we sailed from Rome up to Athens that is fine.  
Or likewise if we were to say we glided from Montevideo down  
to Khartoum that would also be fine.

How about up to or down to the Moon?

Better to use over to in that case for up to or down to are  
without sovereignty when great distances begin to present  
themselves.

I've travelled the great Silk Road on kind donkeyback, and can  
say with all certainty that a great distance there had presented  
itself to us.

From the entrance gate of the Temple of Jerusalem to  
the entrance gate of the Royal Courts of Peking in far off  
Cathay is no small distance, I can assure you.

Then would it be more accurate for me to say that we went over  
to Cathay or should I still say we went up to Cathay or even  
down to Cathay?

Better to use over to when great distances begin to present  
themselves.

Darning socks is a pastime of the pass times.  
It was no pastime.  
Rather it was a pure necessity.  
Life was a pastime of the pass times.  
How can you say life is a pastime?  
What is life?  
Life?  
Life is a living.  
Yes, a living pastime.  
There you have it all in one.  
Life is a pastime.

Something not quite right there, I suspect.  
Pears are growing in the lemon trees and pineapples in the  
oak.  
There must be something wonderful happening for never before  
have I noticed such joy on the faces of the absolutely  
depressed.

Siberia is calling back the faithful descendants of her  
ancient children.  
Calling them back for what possible reason?  
Soon flocks rarefied will be making their way westwards from  
the sacred portals of Tai Shan to the sacred portals of Elikón.



As in the matriarchal days of old there needs to be those generous few dwelling along the way who will remain awake to be welcoming and providing for them.

Wouldn't it be a whole lot easier for them if they made their way north eastwards instead and across over the Bering Straits and then head southwards to Mount Olympus of Washington?

How strange is the word coming through the turnstile in the roadside heritage site.

I've been raindrops in falling.

What did it feel like?

It felt heavenly.

Were you able to see where you were headed?

Rather was I more concerned with enjoying the falling and being blown by Wind.

Didn't you hurt yourself with hitting the surface?

It's the nature of rain to feel itself no pain.

I suppose you were falling up onto the planet, weren't you?

That's correct, I was falling up onto the planet.

Rings all fly in circles round about the old mound.

Have you been where the entrance to the lost island of ancient Greece shows itself?

I've never been anywhere other than to the next village.

If a person takes two dozen different names what can we say of that person?

We can hope that the yacht in the bay is securely moored.

I intend to walk into my own future.

And how are you going to manage that impossibility?

Each word is my future.

Yours alone?

Far from it for all our words go into the making of our own future.

What will be said will be with happening.

And what won't be said won't be with happening.

How can you know this to be so?

Eternal Present breaths forth there will be on the morrow Sun shining on the beautiful green isle.  
And behold, on the morrow Sun was shining on the beautiful green isle as foresaid.

Eternal Present breaths forth there will be on the morrow clouds softly raining down on the beautiful green isle.  
And behold, on the morrow rain was softly falling on the beautiful green isle as foresaid.

Eternal Present breaths forth there will be on the morrow frost covering the entire beautiful green isle.

And behold, on the morrow frost was covering the beautiful green isle as foresaid.

Eternal Present breaths forth there will be on the morrow no hurricane causing widespread devastation on the beautiful green isle.

And behold, on the morrow the clime of the beautiful green isle was very pleasant indeed as by roundabout foresaid.

What would be said will be with happening.  
Future is all in the breathing.

Waking I from a halcyon dream in the still yet moonlit aurora o'er the isle, on this the thirteenth day of November in the two thousand and third year of ordinary time is being accompanied by the words,

'Hear, O Son of Éire: There is no love of Wisdom lovelier ...'

Composing I in the high noon hour, on this the thirteenth day of November in the two thousand and third year of ordinary time is being accompanied by the words,

'Hear, O Son of Éire: There is no love of Wisdom lovelier to you than ...'

Beginning I to take my repose before the midnight hour,  
on this the thirteenth day of November in the two thousand  
and third year of ordinary time is being accompanied by the  
words,

'Hear, O Son of Éire: There is no love of Wisdom lovelier  
to you than your own love of Wisdom.'

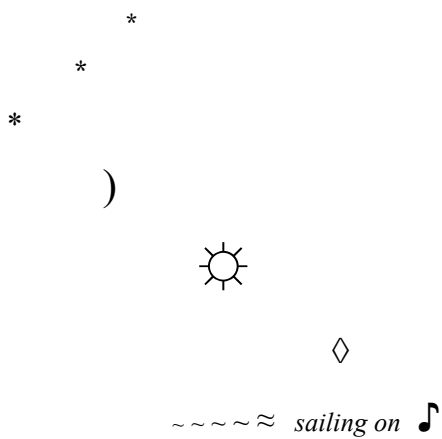
And with this completeness did I contentedly enter  
therein my Garden of Tiferet.

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*Annotations:*

**Siberia** - from Tartar meaning, 'sleeping land'

**Tiferet** - from Hebrew meaning, 'beauty/harmony'

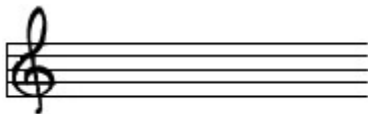






## Twelfth canto    *Peregrinus*

22<sup>nd</sup> November 2003



Affectionately, do I find myself these days, recalling how the saintly peregrinus of the isle of Éire, with finding himself fully at peace there in his solitary Bobbio del Piacentino cave, overlooking the glistening flowing waters of the beautiful Trebbia, did lovingly close his eyes for the very last time on the setting Sun of the ante diem undecimum Kalendis Decembres.

Long have the days and nights been between the coming and the going of things.

I've spent summers in the rain playing on Saturdays long forgotten.

People from all over the sky find a home resting in the hay.  
Frying eggs brings me back to the beginning of the Universe.

How come the Sasanigh of old managed to practice so little moral courage for the shaping of their future?  
It must have had something to do with their constitutional makeup.

I have been down where the wild flowers grow in the forest.

Santa Fe has enough faith for the entire human race.

If you were to catch a worm in the neck of time would you give me a dime?

If I were to catch a worm in the neck of time why would I be needing to give you a dime?

That I may purchase from thee he to set free.

Why not with a dime of your own, Sir Robert of Locksley his freedom secure?

It was not me who was doing the catching to be sure.

Have you in you at all any knowledge of the curiosity of fishes?

Fishes catch cows and cats, not worms at all so they do.

Prayed all day for something wonderful to happen, and when it did, I didn't know what to think or do.

Being really stupid must surely be the pinnacle of intelligence.

I see what you mean with all the cherries in the silver boxes left by the gate.

Here we are when it comes to food and poetry.  
See I a poem in my plate, but know not what to do with it.  
Take and eat for it is indeed very good.



Slices of bread with marmalade on butter causes all the children to run in the streets and to shout for joy!

I have a dog whose name is Bornbeforeyesterday.  
What kind of a name was that to put on a dog?  
A fine name for this noble dog it is, I'll have you know.

Topple down the Renaissance for the sake of the Middle Ages.  
That's a ridiculous suggestion!  
Thus speaketh the Renaissance man.

Who is coming over for tea on the weekend after next year?  
Poetry Rhymes and friends.

You've been brought into the limelight to take a backseat.  
Sit here awhile and make peace with all the happenings going on in the Universe.  
How do you know all what's going on in the Universe?  
I know because I'm one who is with knowing such things.  
I, know what I know from what I don't be with knowing.

And there is no surer thing that what makes for present today makes for three weeks of days for tomorrow.

Over Moon is in the noon for those who are skipping off  
from school.

Enter they instead the movie theatre by the garage backdoor.

Oh, my!

They're the ones I've been telling you about all along, but you  
haven't taken the time to listen.

Oh, I listen all right, and even retro-listen do I when strolling in  
a city park on a wet and windy Sunday afternoon.

Of all the parks in the green forests which one take you to be  
merely a shadow?

Shadows are within us.

Where does reside he who carries within him such a dilemma?

Formulate a plan that can be made to bring something  
to worthwhile fruition.

Too many are the saints that do be calling to me in the night.

Close your ears and your heart to their piteous cries and  
return to your sleeping.

I can't sleep for I do be with seeing and hearing them.

Water water pure water spiral sprung all day in the  
palm of my hand.

Splash on the board of life!

Somewhere in between morning and evening is found  
the message of light.

Ah, an invitation has found its way to my tent.  
Must be something to do with the great event.

Sound the bells on the craggy summits for I feel the  
power of supremacy is on the high rise!

Mrs. Hitler's son, Adolf the Terrible stood before his  
people as if he had been told in his youth that he was born to  
be their leader.  
Some deceiver.

I've an announcement to make.  
Our Master in two months hence will be going overseas on a  
potentially very controversial trip.  
So in his absence we will need to create on a grand scale a  
captivating diversion for the home crowd.

The floor has opened.  
Any ideas?

What form might it take?  
Whatever form we may so desire.  
Unlimited funds and resources are at our disposal.

How about charging the King with molesting one of His  
youthful subjects?  
Excellent.

However, before that we would need to make some sort of visual impact.

Okay, then how about getting a search warrant to search His palace?

Excellent.

However, we would need to watch the timing.

Yes, quite rightly so.

Timing is paramount in each and every operation.

We would need to go in when the King's out.

Excellent.

How many should we send in?

Fifteen to twenty?

Remember now we need to make an impact.

Okay, and then let's consider sending in let's say seventy to ninety.

Excellent.

How long should they stay in the palace?

A few hours?

Longer.

Let's have them stay for a whole day.

And having found absolutely nothing incriminating therein what shall we do then?

No problem.

We issue an arrest warrant for the King while we're actually conducting the search.

Excellent.

Excellent.

Truly excellent.

And the final touch would be to have the King cuffed the next day on national television.

Excellent.

Ingenious.

Oh, and let's not forget to throw in some measure of compassion for the King by setting for Him an affordable bail.

Excellent.

Nice touch.

Then let's immediately go about making it so.  
We've only got two months to work at it.

Like the good old days, isn't it?  
More like the good old nights.

What if anything should go wrong with the plan?  
Create a captivating diversion on a grand scale.

But what form might it take?

Charge Our Master with molesting the King.

How about that?

As you yourself would say, 'Excellent'.

However, before that we would need to make some sort of visual impact.

The floor has closed.

Meet me y'all at zero one-hundred hours in the Unopened Envelope.

Be one a prince or peasant; all in all one be a servant of someone or something.

I think you'd like to know that a certain wavehorse has gone galloping off in the whales' pathway.

What found you in the chest beneath the great four post wooden bed?

I found the shameful secrets of an age well sealed with slime and grime.

Turn it out and we'll all be high and mighty with the turning of the tide.

Did you come across an advent in the rowing boat down by the trees?

I saw one standing on the bank who did resemble the  
Fisherman of the Lake.

In our world of alternative ideas, the Fisherman of the Lake  
guards the benchmark ideas.

Seek I a royal entertainment on a par with that of our  
ancestors.

Roughness was their way of life and moreover so their style of  
entertainment.

Why then would you want to be seeking after their way?

Know you not then of the nobility of their hidden ways?

I only know what it is I know and that's not a whole lot of  
anything I know to be knowing.

Let us seek loveliness and grandeur on a mighty scale!  
Where do you propose we begin our search?  
Let's begin in our shoes.

Our autumns, winters, springs and summers all find  
themselves in harmonious blend with the supposedly lost  
kingdoms beyond the isles off there to the southwest.

Open back the sweeping verdicts that we may again find  
crocodiles in muddy Arctic swaps.

Listen!  
Did you hear that?

Hear what?

The sound of the Universe giving spontaneity to the invisible planets.

I'm with hearing nothing save that of the gentle blowing of the breeze in the trees.

And a most delightful sound does it make too.

It's good to be alive, isn't it?

Spontaneity must be catching.

How do you know?

I know I know for it feels good to be alive.

It has been given to me this morning to be with knowing that it's good to be alive.

Whose voice do you be listening to all of the time?

Yes, I do be listening.

Yes, listening but to whom?

With joy sweep up the driveway, and polish up the latch!  
Guests softly humming sweet melodies will be coming; will lift the latch and walk right in with greetings galore for us upon their lips!

Hurrah!

Has it ever occurred to you that post-modern doesn't have anything to do with the times we lived in, live in or even for that matter will live in?



The hearts that climbed the histories of time have only just begun their journeys.  
What is evident, have I been told is never in the full sense truly evident at all.  
Is truth a perception then or is perception a truth?

Things belonging to my dreams only gradually do unfold themselves.  
And what do they unfold?  
Unfold gradually they the reasons for my dreaming in the first place.  
Discoursed abundantly have I in former times on this very important subject.  
Former times in what sense?  
Fragrant tobacco leaves unrolled.  
It's a materialist you are so you are with your curves, surfaces and sensory impressions.  
Wherefore did that come from?

Will the world end with the beginning of the morning twilight?

I've met of late someone in a dream who told me he had been keeping a very great secret with thirty long detached years.  
Of what secret did he speak?  
He did speak words most gothic, so he did.

Pray what?

Be afore warned as I do tell of it.

He did speak of firing from a hidden silenced handgun, three bullets into a patient's head and shoulders respectively, while he was at that very same time, quickly pushing that already seriously wounded patient on a hospital trolley along a poorly lit hospital corridor.

Oh, crimes most foul!

Thirty years hiding in far away Hong Kong he had been living with this most dreadful of secrets, he repentantly did say.

With waking were you with knowing all that you were meant to know?

With waking I did clearly know the identity of that patient, but soon puzzled became I with realizing that forty years has passed since his untimely demise.

Yet, he of the dream however, had definitely mentioned to me only thirty years.

You need to be sleeping more often with dreaming so much.

Visitors of my dreams come quite unannounced and of their own accord.

What ought I do save be for them a gracious host?  
Wouldn't you be astonished to learn that what you've dreamt  
was in truth the only truth?  
History will tell or may never tell, who knows.  
Tales of Camelot will always be retold.  
And it seems also tales of pseudo-Camelots.

What say you of comprehension and appreciation?  
Comprehension be the calling of the afternoon lark down by  
the mausoleum.  
And appreciation be in knowing that one is the speaker of the  
former.

Bluebells make their way through the snow in the far  
north.  
Create a theme that will bring us to discovering the  
relationship of beauty to morality and of morality to beauty.  
Look about you and speak to me of beauty that is without  
morality and morality that is without beauty.  
Why try you to drive a wedge between that which is not meant  
for splitting?  
Then find me some remarketable literature.  
Not 'remarkable' literature?  
Ah, yes, meant I to say remarkable literature.

Honour on the wall of horizontal lines.

Come over with the morning rain.  
Stay awhile and don't you be in any hurry at all to be leaving.

I hear the fishermen calling from the far and rolling wild.  
Must be with coming home they are this night.  
Go out let ye to meet them, but be with minding yere footing on  
the rocks.  
They must be awfully slippery this night.  
Howl howl goes the great wind off to the southwest.  
Someone bring in some more turf for the hearth before the  
appearance of waning Moon.

The grotto is all covered with ivy!  
'Tis a great shame on us all it is for having let it be getting so  
far on.  
On the morrow let ye be with clearing it all down.  
I want to be seeing her lovely smiling face again as she be  
looking into the bright blue sky.  
Serene and lovely in my eyes she be.

Many times have Moon travelled along its great path, do  
I be with thinking to myself.  
Where does Moon go in the snow?  
Oh, Moon don't you know be going into the snow.  
Where will I be going in the snow?  
Oh, don't you know you'll be too going into the snow.  
Look up and listen!

Hear I no sound.  
Listen beneath.  
Can you hear it?  
Yes, I can clearly hear,

"Heaven and Earth will pass away, but my words will  
not pass away."

Who is with uttering such a profoundness?  
I am.  
Who are you?  
I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of  
Egypt.  
Begging your pardon, I've never been to Egypt nor have I ever  
known that any God has been lording over me.  
Maybe you've mistaken me for somebody else.  
Maybe you've mistaken me for something else.  
Perhaps then we've both been mistaken.  
I don't think so.

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*Annotations:*

**peregrinus** - from Latin meaning, 'wanderer/pilgrim'

**ante diem undecimum Kalendis Decembres** - from Latin meaning, 'eleventh day before the Kalends of December' which would make it the 21st of November.

In Roman times the first day of each month was called the Kalends (Latin Kalendis). For most months of the year, the fifth day was called the Nones (Latin Nonas) and the thirteenth day was called the Ides (Latin Idus), but in March, May, July and October, the Nones and the Ides were the seventh and fifteenth days.

The Romans described the date in relation to the next fixed point. So, for example, January the 31st was "the day before the Kalends of February", written as pridie Kalendis Februarias or pridie KAL.FEB. They included the days upon which they started and finished counting.

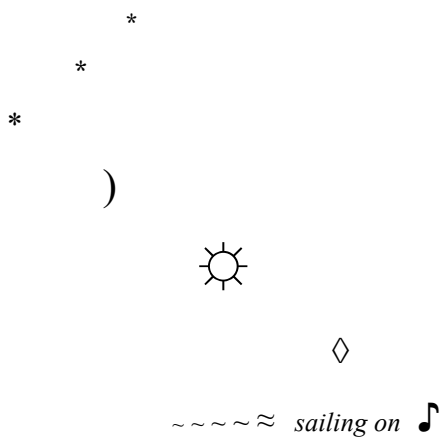
So January 30th was "three days before the Kalends of February" - ante diem tertium KAL. FEB, often abbreviated to a.d.III KAL. FEB.

**Sasanigh** - from Gaelge meaning, 'Saxon'

**Santa Fe** - from Spanish with reference to Santa Fe (New Mexico): 'holy faith'

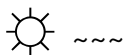
La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Asis

The Royal City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis of Assisi



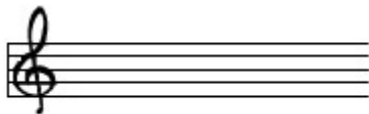






## Thirteenth canto    *Betwixt houses of captivity*

28th November 2003



Fair blows the southerly wind in the fields of my sacred  
sanctuary.

Over Moon will be coming the harvest tune.

Why speak you of harvest at the threshold of winter?

Can't a person be with the times of one's life?

I know that can be but season in tune be.

Banks of the River Chebar in the land of the Chaldeans,  
in the climes of this newly born Sun, I can thee clearly see.

Somewhere over there by the back of beyond is the  
source of all our imaginings.

Have you been to where the arch finds its way in the  
midwinter streams?

I have flown with the wind in my hair and discovered that all  
the delicious pots of blackberry and apple jam are in fine safe  
storage.

Move with your heart and your heart will be moving with  
you no matter where or when.

I think the Ganges is flowing up into the Himalayas.  
What makes you say so?  
I've had this waking vision that did show it to me to be so.  
What will all the holy Hindus do?  
Cows aplenty are in the fields chewing away the cud.

Open your heart to the beginning of movements in the  
rolling tides.

I have thought that all peoples are with a bed, blanket  
and board.  
It is not so for windmills do be turning in Holland.  
Climbed I windmills of time in the Holy Land and baked there  
some fine sweet bread.

Take your time when it comes to proclaiming the truth  
for the world is so weighed down with contemporary thought  
that it can't savour the ways of old.

Explain the ways of old.  
They be integrity in intention, word and action.

If a person were to walk along the banks of the great  
Zambezi what might their thoughts be?

Their thoughts would be on the bona fide way of the great river.

I have heard that when the great flood reaches the heights of the depths, golden Sun will be resting on a beach.  
Is this true?  
It is true for I did be with hearing it myself in the bustling market place.

Who will buy from the frog in the well?  
What's he selling?  
He sells the way of the well.  
How big or how small is his well?  
Well he can with ease stretch himself from one side to the other without having to leap.  
Humour a day keeps the small away!

There is in the bottom of the garden a pretty hut most becoming of a noble hermit.  
I once read of a man of the Swiss Alpines who did live as a hermit at the bottom of his garden.  
Of what kind of hermit was he?

He was of the very best kind, a family man.  
Did he have unto himself a wife and children?  
He did indeed.

He was a holy man of the most favourable kind; a husband, father, and friend.

When we come across a leaf in the palm of our hand put there by gracious Wind, we must needs be still and be with grateful reflection.

What is there to reflect about a leaf in the palm of one's hand? It could just as well have alighted upon one's head, lap or even foot, if one were sitting on a bench.

Wherever a leaf is given to sojourn on one is not the most significant concern, but rather why did it fall on me.

Every leaf is a message on the wing from the far and near distances.

Can you see beyond the end of your nose?

I can but I see nothing special there, but the leg of the chair.

Raise your head like so, and now what see you beyond the end of your nose?

I see the great distant horizon.

Tilt it back some more.

What see you now?

I see the coming in from twilight the pageantry of the Milky Way.

If you could walk the Milky Way would you want for anything?

I would want for nothing at all save the companionship  
of my lovely lovebride, my lovely lovelies, and my lovelies be  
lovelies.

We'd be walking with chatting and skipping, and dancing and  
playing together all along the wide and wonderful Way.

Tall ships bring us spices from the oriental lands.  
Makes me want to sing songs of love when I see their sailed  
masts appearing on the horizon.

Did you ever find the treasure beneath the coal bucket  
when you were small?  
I did and it was a lovely time so it was here in the castle as it is  
now too.

How big was the world when you were small?  
It was very big in my eyes so it was.  
I did see mountains as if they were the sky, and rivers as if  
they were oceans.

Oh, how did you feel upon first seeing the Great  
Atlantic?  
I was awed by its wideness, its beauty, and most of all by its  
power.

We're very fortunate aren't we to have been born on a  
beautiful island in the Atlantic?

Yes, we truly are, but we must always remember there is but one great volume of water albeit it may go by many different names.

So in a sense, every one has been born on a beautiful island of the Great Atlantic or the Great Pacific or the Great Arctic.

But here in the north Atlantic the air of inspiration seems to be at times in greater abundance.

Wherever there is Sunlight, Starrynight, Moon and shadow there is inspiration for the gathering.

Too many flights of fantasy invade my mind when I'm not looking.

Why was the stone that was clearly rejected by the builders for its uselessness, and then of a day hence accepted by them to be a cornerstone?

Isn't there something not right in thought here?

How can that which was rejected, now suddenly be accepted?

It is true that lemon peel is lemon but that doesn't make it an apple.

I don't seem to be able to make the connection.

There's no connection.

What if I wanted to tumble down the great hill fields of time on a sofa?

Why would you be wanting to do that of all things?

Sun shining on the backs of my hands.  
If movement were not movement who would sweep the floor?

A gentle wind blows someone here who scents of saffron  
and, yes, frankincense.

Build me a house out of love that we may bring true  
colours to the distant shores.

Who are you?

And where do you need me to build such a house?

In the hearts of all peoples.

But I am neither an architect nor a builder.

You are these and much more than you yet realise.

When I walk along the roads of the isle, the beauty of  
the world of land-air-sky awes me, yet I feel I can't bring  
substantially enough this beauty forth from beneath my quill.

I have the heart to be able to appreciate so much, and  
the passionate desire to accompany it that makes me need to  
put all that I'm sensing into beautiful words that others may  
too share in my privileged joy.

Why have I these and yet not the means to share them?  
Verily, you don't realise how beautifully you are already  
expressing yourself in written form on what you're experiencing  
on this here your beautiful island home in the Great Atlantic.

Be the kind of king that I've called you to be.  
Who are you?  
I a king?

Give unto estates of the world my words.  
Be not afraid.  
Why me?

I'm nobody save a love full rural philosopher-poet of  
Éire.  
Go to the great university cities of the world and seek out there  
the learned in all the sciences known to our humankind.

I need you to speak to the world.  
Why me?

I'm nobody save a lover of the tremendous beauty that is  
Éire.  
Go to the holy cites of Friend, Roma and Al-Madinah and seek  
out there the spirit of holy prophets.

I need you to speak to the world.  
Why me?

I'm nobody save a lovemaking family man of Éire.  
Go to the hermitages of Tibet, Corea and Japan and seek out  
there the holy contemplatives.



I need you to speak to the world.  
What shall I say to the world?

Reflect upon this book that I spread here before thee,  
and recreate its words.  
This is way too much for me to handle.

I'll draw near to you and go with you.  
Courage is with you.

And what of my own writing?  
It will wait your return.

Abide with me.  
Who are you?

Son of Êire, now it has come to pass in this the two  
thousand and third year of ordinary time, in the eleventh  
month, in the twenty-seventh day of the month, in the eleventh  
hour of the day that you are betwixt houses of captivity.

I need to send thee to the captive House of Israelium, to  
the captive House of Americalium and to the captive House of  
Arabialium, to these rebellious houses that hath rebelled  
against me: they and their fathers and mothers have  
transgressed against me, even unto this very day.

Please don't ask me to do this.

In aurora, I asked Sun to shine for me today and it  
joyfully shone and continues to shine.  
Will you not be like Sun for me?

Speak.

Listen to you some more will I for the sake of courtesy.

I do need to send thee unto the House of Israelium, the  
House of Americalium and to the House of Arabialium through  
means of the golden harp of the times.

And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will  
forbear, yet shall they know that there hath been a holy  
prophet speaking among them.

Behold, I'm but a love full rural philosopher-poet of Éire,  
a lover of the tremendous beauty that is Éire, and a  
lovemaking family man of Éire.  
For certain no prophet am I, and indisputably no holy prophet.

And besides, there is much I admire, respect, and love  
about the House of Israelium, the House of Americalium and  
the House of Arabialium.  
I have found many virtuous men, women, and children in  
these houses; good-natured, laudable people.

And moreover, I'm one who is without any fine skills for the fraught with danger task you propose to set before me.

Son of Éire, hear what I say unto thee.  
All my words that I shall speak unto thee receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears.  
Arise and go forth now into the border valleys and hills of these estates, and there I will again talk with thee.

Arise and go forth now I will instead into the hill country of Déisi Mumhan to spend some time with the holy innkeeper, Risteárd Mac Grailt and his Family.  
Request I that you don't accompany me there, please.

You've had already over fifty-seven centuries of one tradition, over two of another, and still over fourteen of yet another to call back the various houses.  
Somehow it seems to me either the content of your message, your approach or strategy has some fundamental flaws in it.

Son of Éire,  
I need you to speak to the captive House of Israelium.  
I need you to speak to the captive House of Americalium.  
I need you to speak to the captive House of Arabialium

I'm nobody save a love full rural philosopher-poet of  
Éire.

I'm nobody save a lover of the tremendous beauty that is Éire.

I'm nobody save a lovemaking family man of Éire.

Son of Éire, all power is given unto me in Heaven and in  
Earth.

Go you therefore in my name, and in my power, and speak  
unto the House of Israelium, the House of Americalium and the  
House of Arabialium.

Teach them to re-observe the quintessential message of my  
three traditions, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the  
end of time.

The World House is more magnificent by far than the  
Villa Israelium, the Villa Americalium or the Villa Arabialium.

That is true, O wise One of Éire, but should this three-  
tier cornerstone morally implode then the whole World House  
will fall into a towering pile of rubble.

A great building has many sound quoins and even  
though one were to crumble and fall the whole building  
wouldn't necessarily let itself topple over and become one with  
it on the ground.

Should that tower there (may it never happen) for some reason collapse into a heap of rubble, the whole castle would hardly be affected.

O wise One of Éire, you're much more of an accomplished architect than you realise.  
Merely have I from my youth taken a keen interest in the wonderful stone structure of our castle home.

Son of Éire, believe me when I say to you, that should this three-tier cornerstone morally implode there will be no part of the magnificent World House that won't be affected.

Arise and go forth now I will into the hill country of Déisi Mumhan to spend some time with the holy innkeeper, Risteárd Mac Grailt and his Family.  
Request I that you don't accompany me there, please.

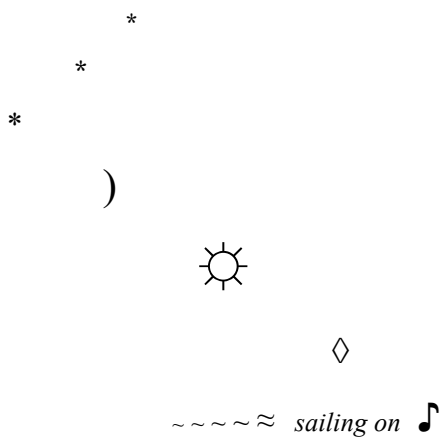
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*Annotations:*

**River Chebar** - The 'river' has been identified as the 'Naru Kabari' because of two cuneiform inscriptions from Nippur.

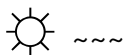
According to these tablets there was an irrigation canal that brought the water of the Euphrates River from Nippur to Babylon and looped around to the River near Erech. The canal's modern name is Shatt en-Nil.

**quoins** - Originally, a solid exterior angle, as of a building. In stone, the quoins consist of blocks larger than those used in the rest of the building, and cut to dimension.



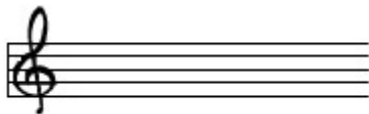






## Fourteenth canto    *Play laureate way*

6th December 2003



Contented dog stretched out in front of the cosy fire.  
Cold it is outside today.

Rode on mirthful mount about a familiar route taking  
me along by An Abhainn Mhór Álainn.

Before me saw I three majestic swans gracefully moving  
along with the outgoing tide below a precipiced castlehouse.  
Happy be I with the scene, surely, yet somehow a sadness had  
found its way inside.  
Then behold to my great joy, a fourth in their stream did nobly  
come on along by!  
Know I now here who I am, and so for ye in my rightful place I  
must keep to be.

Bright east the eternal snows of the coming spring  
sometime in a day.

Somewhere beneath a star is the breath of a thousand cyclones.

If I were to shine Sun in the direction of the stars  
beyond who would be forgiven?

Met a saintly and goodly elderly man, who do be with  
praying each morn for all the blessed dead contained within a  
long list which he himself with loving remembrance did write.  
When his days and nights will be in heavenly courts, pray I  
will, if I be, that his holy way be spread among us here on his  
native island and further afield.

Realise the importance of feeling all things to be most  
wonderful.

Sure are the pathways that lead to the bicycles left half  
thrown about the oak trees.  
Have been there for awhile and a difference it did make.

Did you this morning observe the fragrance of sunlight  
on the freshly baked bread?  
How is it possible, I do ask for one to be able to observe the  
fragrance of sunlight?  
'Tis in seeing that you'd be we with believing.

Find me a sound that isn't a grating, a yelling or a barking.

Easier it would be for me to find a beehive in an igloo.

Wild and free are the pretty bats in the rafters by the sea.

There are no bats that are pretty bats.

Yet, pretty bats I did see when in the mill down by the blue sea.

Seeing you always do be with sight most beautiful, and so they be.

I have a pencil that isn't a pencil, yet it is a pencil.

Where sounds the cornucopia?

Hear I clearly the sound of a cornucopia.

Have heard you also at times the singing of birds in distant planets, have you not?

Where oh, where sounds this cornucopia?

How exquisitely dulcet that sound!

Methinks you need to happen upon a cheery tree in one of your dreams.

Berchtesgaden of beautiful Bavaria be the birthplace of goodly Anton Adner.

I was there when once the snowy summits of the Untersberg Mountains did all of a sudden change to bright scarlet.

Holy Roman Emperor Charlemagne in slumber deep may have been having a nightmare.

It was coming on evening time, and before dinner, when standing with others on the terrace above the garage of my mountain villa, that this most singular of spectacles did present itself to our eyes.

More scarlet by far were those summits than the scarlet bulls' eyes of the straw archery targets out back.

What think you the whole scene meant?  
Think I that it was an omen most unwelcome.  
Yet standing there on that terrace that evening, I had as always and everywhere a certain image to maintain, for one does not lead by showing signs of fear and cowardice before ominous signs, however spectacular they may be.

It's a terrible disgrace and crying shame, that on that crucial evening you didn't allow yourself to be with a courage and wisdom more supreme than those standing there about with you on the terrace.

You weren't there; I'd have been hemmed in, gored senseless and gobbled up.

Blondi, oh my faithful Blondi alone had more courage and wisdom than I, for she at my side with most lamentable a countenance did howl and howl out her lungs at the dreadful sight.

And at the foot of the grand stone staircase Negus and Stasi, and all the dogs in the kennels, and all the canaries in their cages in the rooms did echo out her wretched uneasiness.

Next day, in that countryside of indescribable beauty walked I for hours and hours with Blondi alone at my side for companionship and solace.

Oh, Berchtesgaden of beautiful Bavaria be the birthplace of long-lived, goodly courageous Anton Adner.

When you imagine the cue ball coming from a distant region of the Solar System, how do you manage to be keeping your composure so collected?

Sweets in a basket ring in the tones of distant rumblings.

Study all that there is to be studied in the glowing  
candle on the board.

Why need I to be with studying something new when there's so  
much yet remaining in me to be unlearned; so many layers of  
crust upon my senses yet in need of removal?

I see you have the flare of an avant-garde porcupine.  
I did see two or three on the byways even but yesterday.  
Slow with movement they must have been, surely.  
More stationary were these ones I could see.  
Magpie visitors had they I could see.  
Why bring here and now such detailed images to my attention?

Snoozing dog breathes into the handle of the coal  
shovel.  
Makes for an interesting bugling sound.  
Do you think he be with dreaming that he is a dauntless  
hunting hound in a great wild chase or is he with dreaming  
that he be a gallant mounted hound?  
With waking he will know who rightly he be.  
Now he be in conversation with shadows.  
I can well imagine what it must be like to be gallivanting  
harmlessly with the hounds of the heavens.

Are you so spacious a hound?  
I am with who I am.

Take away the fairy out of the liquid, and you'll be able  
to see through frosted windows.

Why is the Universe rumbling so much beyond the  
entrance?

It must me making itself felt above all else.

Above the Universe where is all else?

Ah, you see now, whenever Moon takes you in company  
you find nothing at all lost in the grove on the velvet hillside.

I'll have you know that long ago in a far and near place  
there dwelt a nine-footed bag of rice.

You don't say!

Come down or come back from where you are for no one at all  
will be with understanding your roving ravings.

Whoever did hear tell of strawberries dancing with  
falling crowbars?

When it's first we are, are we with the forest dripping in winter  
rain?

Why speak you of rain on this a day most fine with pleasant  
dryness?

Where's the one who is supposed to be ringing the  
midday bell?

Fallen fast asleep I expect he may be on a creel of turf.

Does he be one and the same?

Know not I his name, but his ringing of the bell do be  
resembling the tossing of turf.

Would that he would be with ringing it in the tradition of the  
bell ringers of old.

Let him be for he do be dreaming that he is with ringing it most  
angelically.

Then fair enough in that it's being rung sacred at least once in  
either waking or sleeping dream.

There's someone I feel is looking over my shoulder here  
as I write.

Someone?

I'm not just someone.

Who you be then?

I be the moving ocean tumbling inland to your shore.

Oh, harmonious roundelays.

Where keep you the biscuits of the day?

I do keep them in the round rosewood box by the grand piano.

Here please take and enjoy.

What are you writing about?

Oh, just the things that do be told to me.

Who be telling you these things?

There be today this winged voice and tomorrow another  
or be the same for many a day.



Take you no break when you do be driving rain?  
I don't be with driving rain.  
Saw you another day and in another shape or be it form  
driving rain in the hills.  
Must have been when the holy water fonts were not yet in their  
places.

Have a mind to be a mind when the time be right.  
What blocks you from becoming a December's overcoat on the  
shortest day the year or if you be with preference, the longest  
night?

If I saw the eyelids even move, I would be with carrying  
myself off to the morning glory of a thousand springs.

Sometimes I do be up in the high heavens with thinking  
of all that be in retrospection stored.  
Too long have you been with the charms of yesterday.  
Why play you not more in the bright shinny afternoons of  
todays becoming tomorrows?  
In the stored is found the play laureate way.

Mild winter will be in the faded heather by way of the  
green.  
I seem to remember having my hand in the great lake off to the  
north.

You are with all that you are having to be with in the  
misty morning delight.

If I didn't know better than anyone I know, I would say that  
you've entered this day by a secret doorway.

I'm one who be always sowing oats in summer meadows.  
Be thou most out of season then.

Sow I the kind of oats that not be in your thinking.

There be but two kinds of oats; one be of grain and the other  
be a shame.

Which kind be you?

Sow I neither of these for I do be with respect for myself, the  
rich soil of the isle, and the beauties of the Rivas.

What be thy oats?

My oats be the kind that do be giving life to mother and child  
conversation.

Stand on the edge of your world and view what's going  
on.

I do be with oft sitting on the windowsills.

Then thy view be a windowsill view.

A windowsill view be still a fine view compared to that of a  
gutter or drain.

True be true be, and well spoken.

Atmosphere of the world made flesh.

When bosom pain dwells itself deep in all fields what  
can bring about please, its speedy ease?  
With the ticking of the clock sleep you awhile over there to the  
south on that comfy bed of white clouds.

Half my time is spent in garden suits bailing out a  
deluge.  
I can't comprehend where this floating has its beginning and  
end.  
The end of the beginning finds its way in the beginning of ends.

Squeeze out some bright paint on to the palette.  
Ah, an artist walks among us!  
I'm no artist, but the expression of moments that become  
moments.

Have you ever considered turning revelations inside out?  
What be revelations?  
Could make it very much worth your while.  
What be revelations?

Look to where one is going to leap after taking the leap.  
Contradictions are amassing on your borders.  
Feed them milk and honey.  
Sweet memories bring back the flavour.

Laugh all you want at the stream that has taken to itself  
the companionship of the mighty rivers.

See I a large stone cross atop a sacred hill.

His Holiness the Pope in Roma did once express that a long  
cherished wish of his has been to visit this very same hill.

But Alas, now age be caught up on him, and he won't I fear, be  
making the journey.

A pity isn't it, to be living with long treasured dreams  
and never being able to fulfil them for one reason or another?  
A sad pity most pitiful it is true.

Star be the golden dove on the wing.  
Star be Eset the brightest that do be seen.  
Speak on.

Let's in the first instance then be with saying, blessed be  
the one that be born on the birthday of Eset.  
Who in all honesty could be with knowing with all certainty the  
birthday of Eset when seasons, dates, and shapes do be always  
changing as they do?  
And why not be with calling her by her Greek name that be  
Isis?  
That would be like asking why not be with calling Éire her  
estranged name that be Ireland.

Eset be Eset be and Isis be Isis be and not the same at  
all they be.

Be with reading the hieroglyphs of the temple walls and know  
it to be.

Superimposing be in all the stores.

True interpretations be greatly affected, this everybody, surely  
must know.

Fierceness of Eset be not like unto the benevolence of Isis.

After the great storm along comes a gentle breeze.

And what of before the great storm?

Calmness and stillness.

Then there must be one, surely who is even greater than Eset  
and Isis.

O, pretty seamróg where now be thee to reveal to us who the  
third leaf be?

Why be blessed one be to be born on the birthday of  
Eset?

One would be endowed with great love, healing and prophecy.  
Prophecy?

Surely it would be truer to say endowed with great love, healing  
and magic?

Remember it is Isis or as you call her Eset we do be with  
talking about.

Since when be magic prophecy?

Since when be magic not prophecy?

Then are you a magician?

I'm a prophet.

Your word stretches itself too far and in doing so has missed  
the primordial meaning.

See you not 'magi' in the word magician?

Yes!

Yes!

Yes, now that my blindness has left me, I can see it quite  
clearly.

Magi be the one to be born on the birthday of Eset.

Abode be where voices greet each other in field and  
street.

Premiere sounds swaying back and forth.

Supple hands hold the Universe.

Dewdrops fall upon the lovely old stone bridge wall.  
Temporary are the times that do be finding nothing in the fine  
wheel by the Tower of Fate.

Midnight bells call me o'er the lakes and rivers of an isle  
pristine.

Harbinger harbinger why call you out before the season not be  
yet in coming?

Keeper of the broad and wide deep is the one with a heart  
empty of gold.

Sage before the gate, Your Majesty.  
Royal barques roll out upon the shimmering waters!  
Rhyme will bring us by the great palace where they be bright  
music and sweet gentle happy voices.  
Revere ye here the ocean that calls to the hills to come play  
and be.

Hospitality will take you all the way to the furthest  
reaches of the current coming back.

Hum with me this tune that we may bring a great smile  
to the face of full waxing Moon.  
Incline your ear and hear the cheers and laughter of the  
kingdom's little ones.  
Water flowing high will soon be bringing with it the sacred  
alluvium.  
Joyancy!

Abode be where voices greet each other in field and  
street.  
Premiere sounds swaying back and forth.  
Supple hands hold the Universe.

Dewdrops fall upon the lovely old stone bridge wall.  
On by grace we can go joyfully all to be making this a  
prosperous and splendid year.

Behold ye in high yon rhapsody blue, journeying there  
out of the southeast, a new comet bright see ye!  
All favourable signs are coming by our way.  
Joyancy!

If one be of Egyptian birth it may very well have some  
precious significance to be born on the birthday of Eset, but  
surely what would this mean for one born on that day here on  
the isle of Éire; what meaning if any would it have for one who  
be of the royal lineage of Éire?

Blessed be the one that be born with the birthday of the  
Heavens.

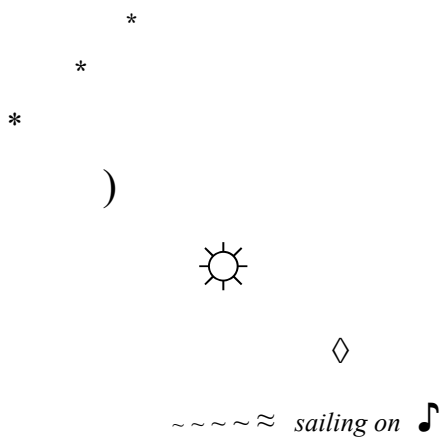
Blessed be the one that be born with the birthday of the Earth.  
Blessed be with.

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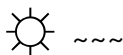
*Annotation:*

**seamróg** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'shamrock' - a plant having leaves divided  
into leaflets like clover.



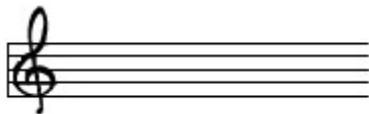






## Fifteenth canto    *Flow level*

13th December 2003



Morning resonates of soft music.

Hearing all the lovely sounds of running waters in the hill country.

Fair blows the southerly wind in the shelves al la mode de mist.

Pencil sketch oaks on green levees be admired and exulted in bounteous eyes.

Shinny smooth pebbles on amorous shores be given new life in fragrant palms.

Travel by the memory of the turning rivers all the way to the front sea.

Move beyond the two alternatives of sweet horizons.

Talk to thee I will of life in trenches on the frontline.  
Can't stand the stench!

Where be Jesus the Christ be?

Friends and comrades wilting and falling all about me.  
Smoke and gas burning eyes and throat.  
Will we ever get out of this ghastly pit alive?  
Oh, Lord, please abandon us not.  
I'm a man been broken by the terror that surrounds me.

We're not for surrendering!  
No we're not for surrendering whoever you be over there  
beyond the rolling rolling ditches of rusty bloodied barbwire!

Two booths are brimming over with the slime, grime,  
muck and dung of a hundred regiments.

All the poor horses be alive dying dead.

Take your time with firing your rifle.  
Aim high into the grey murky sky, and I'll see to it that no  
heart will it be finding to destroy.  
Widows and wailing mothers you're not to be a maker of.  
Stop the quenching of fires that be fine cosy in their hearths.

Oh, my God!!!

Oh, my God!!!

Where!!! Be!!! My!!! Puppy!!! Puntipun???

Where!!! Be!!! My!!! Pretty!!! Puppy!!! Puntipun???

Oh, has anyone seen my precious pretty Puntipun?

In the dark of dead dreadful night, friend they who do be  
beyond the barbwire did come and steal your pretty Puntipun  
away.

Nine brave men, friend we'll have you know did die in  
attempting to rescue him back.

Puntipun be gone now forever, friend.

Oh, by the heavens, I swear, another day will come  
when I'll wage from the snowy plains of Central Siberia to the  
shifting marches of Dartmoor a raging war most fierce, the  
likes of which earth will have not yet witnessed, that I may  
fully avenge the capture of my pure, precious, pretty Puntipun  
and the deaths of our nine brave fallen comrades!  
Mark my words well ye who do be as I knee-deep in this  
godforsaken entanglement!

No, no, oh, no, my friends I will not do this; I cannot do  
this!

Why, oh, why my heart do you well up such passions to me?

Lord you are our refuge and strength, a very present  
help in times of deep trouble.

Therefore I will not fear though the very earth be  
removed from beneath my feet, and though the mountains be  
carried away from me into the midst of the sea.

Although the waters of the sea roar up and be mightily troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof I will not fear.

There is a clean river, the streams whereof shall make glad my heart, a holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. Lord you are in my heart, and you will not let it be moved to enact vengeance.

Lord you make wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; you break the bullet, and smother the gas; you seize up the wheels and cogs of batteries.

Be vacant of all forms of vengeance, oh, my heart, be vacant and still.

Lord you are my God, and exalted will I be among the whomever; I will be exalted in the earth.

Can I find the beginning of a shoe that has laces in the cupboards?

There were yearless times of waiting indefinitely for the making of two universes.

Blueprints having no preconceived plan are buried in the deep freeze snow next to the pantry below.

So many roads all converge in the pagoda beside the  
Heavenly Bridge.

Travelling far are you in search of fine linen for the celebration?  
It all has a lot to do with the slicing of bread by the maid in the  
glade.

Here we go with cavalrymen rowing boats in the  
Mediterranean.

If the calling of the mirror finds frozen hands to be  
wishing for the coming of spring what should we do?  
Jump in the skyship and find the soft drinks to be making  
sundaes.

Small people, not in stature be the meaning be, find fate  
in the faithful.  
Must have something to do with the given noise.

Teach the orchestra to explode the sounds of the  
dawning midstream.  
Have you found which way the tranquillizer meets the progress  
of no common sense?

Open the gates!  
Open up the gates for I know someone of great importance is  
about to pay us a visit.  
Who is this one who comes in the depths of winter?  
The Smile of our near Universe.

The Smile's retinue be it very large for over plenty we do not have in store?

Over plenty in store will be well enough for we do be opening our hearts with every good intention.

Here be the one who rises with Morning Light, strolls with Day Care, and be with reposing come Evening Veil.

Do you think the kettle on the stove there has any notion of how long the turf bogs take to reshape and reshape themselves?

A kettle be with boiling the matter that with volcanic precision creates folds in the ether.

Why would it be without any such notion?

Fun and fun be no place for one who be without true moral integrity.

I suppose, that the posting of bagpipes in that lovely land off there to the northeast makes for the highlight of great games. Fun be fun be.

I've heard that sweet pines have been found at the bottom of the sea off Bermuda the Beautiful.

Behold, how wonderful, tall ships again do be appearing on the horizon!



In your sailing, tall ships will always be making their way your way.

I wonder if I were not at one time a mariner on the high seas.  
Records read that ancestors of thee to have been two to three who did sail the high seas.

Oh, how I love this moonlit night with the gusting of this fresh wind in the sail!

What name be upon thy moonlit vessel?

She be called the *Harbinger*.

From prow to stern and starboard to larboard a fine vessel she be; of the long Argo mould she be.

Built of the finest oak and pine, and having thirty-six oars on either side.

Easy to haul ashore she be for lowest be her draught.

Her prow too do it be fitted with a speaking timber from the oak of Dodona?

Her prow be fitted with a speaking timber from the oak of Sirius.

How old be you upon this boat?

I be early in my forty-seventh year.

My handsomeness be of a well-known fame.

Your hair be it foxy, black, brown or already going on silvery grey?

It be golden in fine locks all the way reaching down to  
my midback.

What post do you hold?

I be the captain for I do be with giving commanding words to  
the singing oarsmen and earnest helmsman.

And where be ye bound, Good Captain?

We be bound for the Isle of Éire in the north Atlantic.

Why be ye with going to this sacred isle?

To collect a quality cargo of rarest fine wisdom.

Wisdom it seems then be already in some fine measure in thee.

In my benevolent King and Queen greater in quantity and  
quality it be found to be.

Slow be slow when it be in a turbo of new  
transformations.

You do be thinking of small findings when you do be trying to  
catch forest fires.

Call me out the great swell off the lagoon be coming in  
full rush!

All ashore wishing they were in the high places.

Bring the women, children and little animals to quick safety!

Where can we be safe enough when the whole wide world is  
about to pour in down on top of us?

Run by the huts and hide the treasured chest beneath a  
slab to the right of the entrance to the old church!  
Quickly now do you be going!  
Quickly!

I would like to ski down the mountain slopes of Mars.  
May I be at your side?  
Of course, the carrying over of flying swivels is always welcome.

Look up and see where I'm sitting.  
Where do you be sitting when it's clear upon your two feet you  
do be standing?

I've seen little animals running along the roads of time's  
routine.  
Do you think that they are with being aware of our kind?  
Of our kind, yes, but alas not so much of our kindness.

Fold the tablemats in the shape of Butterfly.  
I did in early aurora see her flying from the east.  
When you shape your hands like so can you be with  
fragrancies of early summer?

The broadminded be with avoiding the arrogant, but the  
arrogant extend not the same kindness to the broadminded.  
How strange this be.

Should the coming of the third age be ignored or ignored  
become we be in wells beyond taverns?

Pick up the keys and find the doors that will lead you to  
informed etiquette.

Are you finding in the light of the gospels all spread out  
that happenings happen?

Well there's an insight at last be.

Merely think of forms that reform forms long since ever be  
forgotten.

I do be thinking that if sure-footed characters cover the grand  
pages we'll be all fine well so we will be.

I've covered aeons and have left no footprints for salty  
waters to be erasing.

In a moment the magnificent offspring fashioned a  
sovereign.

How be his or her character?

His be a goodly character, I'm lead to believe.

Do you believe?

I do be with believing that goodly ones be goodly.

Then in like kindness do you be with believing that the  
ungoodly be sometimes finding themselves half stuck in  
quicksand or quagmires?

Can we be with saying then by routes indirect that  
quicksand and quagmires be ungoodly?  
There only be goodly, yet goodly be sometimes finding itself half  
stuck in the deep-set mud of ages gone by.

Up to the summits of the great hills flew a little housefly.  
Has the little housefly such an ability?  
Has not our humankind who on average be of no more than  
two metres in height not already walked on Moon, Mars,  
Jupiter and Neptune?  
Place well in store will I your point, but I'd have to meet for  
myself the little creature alighted on a rock face at a great high  
altitude to be more fully confirmed in my belief.

Find me playing at the center of the galaxy.

The first showing of important pleasures will be most  
rewarding.  
Pleasure be softly coughing in tune with the company of a  
captivating book.  
Coughing be no part polite, but rather it be a distraction from  
the reading.  
But what of softly coughing?  
Coughing and softly coughing be they not all coughing?

Acquainted are you at all with the melodies of the  
sidereals?

Pardon, what be or who be sidereals?

The sidereals of seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks,  
months, years, centuries and millennia.

Quite unacquainted be I be with these.

Show me the extraordinary one that takes no breath  
from the flowers in the garden.

Feel you the splendour of a cool place going round by the  
flagstones?

I do feel the joyful coming of two thousand years of  
refreshment.

Place the folio containing the manuscript of my  
*Symphony No.3* in the library on the shelf next to my  
*Anthology of Long Lines*.

Will you be returning for lunch?

I'll be here if I be allowed to return for the beauty of  
these winter fields do be having a great hold on me.

Your mount be in waiting by the east door.

Thank you.

I'll be with heading that way presently.

Oh, glorious scene how come to me do thy present  
thyself?

Beautiful most beautiful be thee.

I've formed the Great Ocean in the palm of your hand.

See I no sign here of that having ever been.

Long long ago, so long long ago that the memory of it be  
not fresh to thee, but sure oh most sure it is that  
I formed the Great Ocean here in the palm of your hand.  
If I'm with no remembrance of it, wherewithal can I be with  
enjoying the thought?  
Look about you with reflection deep, and before you know it,  
with remembrance clear you'll be.

In the first place of smiling faces was I with great  
cheerfulness surrounding?  
You were with more than cheerfulness; you were with the joy of  
all delightfulness.

Do you think that the wild swans notice our comings  
and goings?  
There be no wild swans there just be swans.

Swim with the currents that make for honesty in  
relationships.  
Flow level with the soft ripples; flow level with the tumultuous  
rollings.

Now we see that coffee finds the smiling hand that  
harvested the beans.

They who do be picking coffee beans be without a single smile for their days be long and their wages be a little above nothing.

Paint not all with this true word.

There be those who although be with this awful situation do pick with hope, love, and thankfulness of heart.

You look with your heart and I look with my eyes.

Sometimes little princesses and princes be living the life of a poor man's child.

A poor man be but poor in the shallowness of the jingling in his pockets.

For all else he be a noble king.

You do not it seems be with well knowing the world.

Such poor men are no greater in number than the embers found in the fireplace of a morning in late spring.

Meet me on the high plateau and we can talk more expansively.

I've a great love for abiding on the foothills, and there to be always thinking of the higher places.

Come awhile up to the high places, even for a short while.

Prefer I instead to let the high places come down to visit me, even for a short while.



Softly hush awhile hush awhile hush awhile to consider  
the delicate sonic waves of birds gliding on Wind.

Why make you a nexus between arches, bends, bows,  
curls, curves, warps, recurves and round about back again to  
arches and beyond?  
There be between each and everything concatenations seen  
and more oft unseen.  
For how think you the tiny flame in the hearth be able to find a  
welcome in brown turf or black rock?  
How think you the past be able to find a welcome in the  
present moment?  
How think you the present be able to find a welcome in a  
tomorrow?  
Your heart and mine be not of the same St. Elmo's fire be  
found.

Kings and Queens move with ease in romantic truths.  
What be truth today be not truth five and nine thousand years  
past nor will it be the same as these in kind five and nine  
thousand years hence.  
You speak as if you well know this to be so.  
Certain things do I be with well knowing; some things I be with  
knowing, and then again be the things that I don't be with  
knowing at all at all.

Shine the toe of your shoe at Moon and we'll all be  
laughing and dancing.  
Why will ye be with laughing and dancing at this nothing at all  
thing?  
Now we'll be laughing and dancing surely.

Have you ever parked thyself in heavenly courts?  
There are roads that transgress all my experiences.

Oh, look, see there a single-oared boat has been  
comfortably harboured in the reeds by this morning's outgoing  
tide.  
Know I how very difficult it is in the beginning to deftly  
manoeuvre a single-oared boat.  
How infinitely more difficult it is in the beginning to let one's  
boat be deftly manoeuvred by current and flow.  
A single oar is then by me to be greatly preferred and even  
more so two oars.

Vacant and peaceful am I to be with leaving my lovely  
boat in the skilful embrace of current and flow.

Do you see happenings in your most distant gatherings  
on the shores?  
I've been swaying and flowing with flowers in gentle breezes of  
warm sunshine.

Find us smiling faces in the tall grass by the ruin.  
Who are they?  
From out of where have they appeared?  
They are of Sun newly born.  
Up the ridge there I see the coming of golden visions!  
Who they be, what they be?  
They be the coming of beautiful translations.

Let's walk along the way to Elksnmist.  
Oh, look!  
Oh, look four and two ducks rising o'er the stone bridge!  
I've a feeling that the most beautiful thing in the world is about  
to happen to me.  
Speak more for I do be in need of hearing the most beautiful of  
stories.  
You do be beautiful; most beautiful you do be.  
Listen to yourself and be with full imagination.  
We've beginnings yet waiting to be begun.  
Let's on our way be for this day be with us young.

Oh, glory be to the great symphony!  
I be with thee be.

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*Annotations:*

**St. Elmo's fire** - Elmo is a derived form of Erasmus a martyr of the early Christian church; a patron saint of sailors who, upon seeing the blue light at their mastheads and rigging, took the phenomenon as a sign of Erasmus's protection, calling it St. Elmo's fire.

In William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, Ariel the sprite, speaks of fooling with unlucky sailors while posing as the supposed omen:

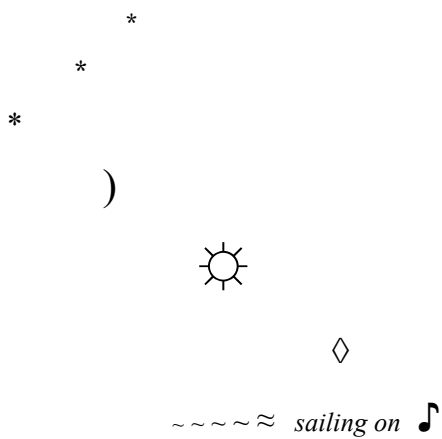
I boarded the Kings' ship; now in the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement; sometime I'd divide  
And burn in many places; on the topmast  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly  
Then meet and join.

In Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*, the fisherman, Ishmael, observes:

"All the yardarms were tipped with a pallid fire, and touched at each tri-potential lightning rod with three tapering white flames, each of the three tall masts was silently burning in that sulphurous air, like gigantic wax tapers before an altar...in all my voyagings seldom have I heard a common oath when God's burning finger has been laid on the ship..."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote in *The Golden Legend*:

Last night I saw St. Elmo's stars  
With their glittering lanterns all at play.  
On the tops of masts and the tips of spars.  
And knew we should have foul weather today.

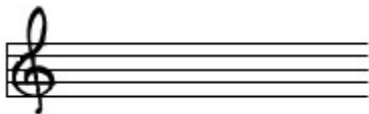






## Sixteenth canto    *Beloved new day*

3<sup>rd</sup> January 2004



Yesterday's morning is no longer calling.

Harness the white mare for I'm going to the fair.

A winter fair?

Where may I find a providential beginning?

It is said that there's one over there by the old stone stile.

I have an ocean of happiness all stored away in a  
heavenly place.

Will I be able to walk on its shore?

Surely you will.

Come borrow the horizon from Moon.

I have my deep concerns about seldom seen dungeons.

Follow me and I'll show you platforms of no destruction.

If I follow you who will take care of the months of June, July  
and March?

Take care they will of themselves.

Stretch out your hand to shake with me the benevolence  
of universal harmony.

Strong winds wind the clock that leans on the west wall.  
Before we call have we not already heard?  
Hearing is in the eye of the beholder of the twin gates.  
Not seeing?  
Hearing.

I see coming over the moonlit dunes camels all decked  
out in wondrous splendour.  
They be the carriages of sages.  
But where be the sages for they not be upon them mounted?  
Your style of looking be over translucent.  
Look again.  
Ah, yes now I see them.  
Where be they bound?  
The royal court.  
But in this land no royal court is to be found.  
He who looks with the eyes of distortion sees but the willow in  
the frosted windowpane.  
Over there at the edge of the forest be the court of His Royal  
Highness King of Hearts.

Should I visit, considering I be one of no pure heart full?  
More pure be your heart than you can possibly imagine.  
I know my heart and there be floating on it webslicks.



Drive the forces that drive the forces away.

Why can't a person be strong-willed consistently?

Why is one so easily led to moor one's boat by stagnant waters?

When a man be lost and lonely in his creative voyages he do be letting himself become at times even more so lost.

Who can explain the stains of the saint?

A saint be one who is more cruelly treated by Heaven than all the rest of humanity.

But why?

Why is an unanswerable mystery.

Float high and be not with letting yourself become ensnared by your own honesty.

Row your boat with courage away from the allurements of the ages.

Move with the will of the floating form.

Be with a goodly humorous adventure.

How is it possible to be with a humorous adventure when the very existence of nothing all founded is climbing up the moss covered winter walls of the castle?

Stay with survival that holds teabags in pretty teapots.

I know what you mean when you say salt is sugar in colour but not in taste and that sugar be in the same difference.

It's with learning you are of, if I may say so myself.

I've thought that being wild and free was to be alike unto the great statue in the harbour way aways off to the west. She be not free at all for she do be in iron frame and copper cladding upon a granite pedestal on bedrock in a fortified wood.

Liberty Island be its replaced name I'll have you know. Prometheus stood chained with fetters of bronze in the high crags of the Kaukasos for years and years.

Some people find life in the tip of a fountain pen while others in the very ink itself.

Show me a pen that has the sap of a great oak running through its veins.

Look over there beneath the table and tell me what it is you see.

I see but the beneath of the table.

See this is all you see?

Open your eyes to see what it is that you are meant to be seeing.

What can I see that I'm meant to be seeing when there's  
nothing there at all to be seeing?  
Ah, your sight has been restored!  
Laugh all you will for I didn't know.

Two clean handkerchiefs of rarest silk found in a mist  
find not the man half so wise.  
Once find you that which is there to be seen then found you  
will be in others' eyes.

I have an imagination that thrives on histories long  
forgotten.  
What of histories long remembered?  
Be the future present then with fullness of it I am in  
remembrance.  
What discover you in histories?  
Seamróg in the very heart of winter.  
Our seamróg though it be fair strong as everyone so well knows  
grows not in this winter clime.  
Open your eyes and you'll see all that is in folded form.  
Folded form not be seamróg.  
Say you the same of the newly conceived in the womb?  
Know I everything?

Move with the sublimity of courtly love.  
What be courtly love?  
Thought that is without subtle forms of manipulation.

By nature given are we not all to some extent  
manipulative?

Layering of such a misconception generation upon generation  
has created a hardened crust.

One cannot live in the world of today without the defences of  
manipulation, exploitation and arrogance.

Then one is not in the world but of the world.

Be in the world.

What is it to be in the world?

It is to move with the sublimity of courtly love.

Can a stone live in the ether?

Hands that mind the wharfs call the fishes to the shore.  
Cast out the nets and be with finding lost horizons.

Why be you in need of finding lost horizons?

I be in need of finding the undiscovered.

Where will you be with searching beginning?

Stand on the tallest blade of grass and count the cost.  
Who is he who can stand on a single blade of grass?  
He who do be running after the deer down by the river.

Fog finds its way into the calamity of distinguished  
coffee stands.  
Take the market place and put it in the elevator of the highrise.

When one sells and buys in the heights, spiral springs  
wrap themselves about the tails of monetary notes.

Sit down awhile for I see in you a hundred future life  
regressions.

See I none at all.

There is a stage that rolls down the hillside, and no one has  
ever been forested in the role.

Where's the shovel for I feel I have to be digging in  
goldmines all over again.

They be once and for all already well stripped clean.

Who be saying that it is gold I'm seeking?

Those who dig in goldmines do be usually digging for gold.

How be you any different?

Dig with me and we'll share in the joy of discovery.

Discovery of what?

Fate found a trapdoor leading to faith and gladly jumped right  
through.

Slide over the whole countryside as you would a  
tablecloth, and I'll show to you the handiwork of a master  
carpenter.

Joseph the Visionary be the only carpenter that can work with  
such finesse.

Remove the wig that covers the crown of the judge.

Why?

This judge be in a straw chair calling to order.

Order no one to become a martyr.

Oh, no they're coming with pitchforks and hooks.

Go away out of it for isn't it in the modern times that we do be living nowadays?

Too much said twice too many times.

Match watch your life with His words.

Smooth out the jello and stir the lake in the reeds.

Hear you the fountains rising in the brown ferns?

Hear I naught but the stillness of the midday hour in the mountain pass.

Cold wind be whistling through the trees.

Winter days about us quiver.

See all the sweetness has gone by the board.

Honey makes the memory of autumn fade in my hand.

Snow be on the highest hills of the ordinary shapes and curves.

Mystified at the golden egg laid by the swan in the foggy grove.

Heard things that make lively tunes sway in the dark of night.

Pour me a cup of dew-founded coffee for I do be with the  
miscellanies of life.

You do be by the forests when Lapland is in the silver pond.

Hang bottles of trains in the make-believe shelves of  
your gabardine coat.

Have we laughed yet with the silence of becoming?  
We have laughed with the silence of awareness built in.

I have an illusion, call it a delusion or if you may call it a  
confusion that places emphasis on numerical distances.  
Then do you find the suds do be formatting all sorts of  
interesting shapes in the bottom of a knocked over pail of  
milk?  
Milk be in the garden lantern growing.

Although be I clouded heavily I will my face to you  
reveal.  
Clouds keep floating their way up the valley.  
Wave after wave of memories clogging up my shoreline.

All his life working in the forestry.  
Forestry all his life working in him.

What does the fox do when the weather is in this grey  
foggy swoon?  
He shelters beneath benevolent Stars, Sun, and Moon.

Take the plate from underneath the culture and  
construct an aquarium.

Sky is so grey and dull without end!  
How can I hear?  
Set your sights on a mid-May tapestry.  
Oh, that it would pour rain or shower snow and make this all  
disappear.

Feel so drowsy, sleepy, tired; my body is without any  
strength whatsoever.  
How my hand has the strength to move this pen I find  
amazing.

Dog barking in the distant gloom.

Sometimes mild subjects be matters of great importance  
to elves of the forest.  
Have you ever seen an elf?  
I haven't been looking out to see one.  
Let me tell you that when the highlights will have mustered up  
their breakfast, they'll find you a solitary place in a wilderness.  
I have been taught that no place be a wilderness.



I see away off to the southwest a hut in the forest  
clearing.

Be it the hut of foresters or of a hermit?

It be the abode of this drifting fog.

Glowing embers keep me company.

Shadows about the hearth are making their way homeward.

Sleepy castle.

Where has the world of timeless affection gone?

It's nowhere gone for it's always here.

See the children in the village streets all happily joking and  
laughing with each other.

Sometimes when great hills roll into the sea, fishermen  
in their boats take their ease for candles fill the holds.

Stranger than the strangest tugging at the heart is the  
fireball that romances in from the eastern shore.

Have you taken time to explore the lines of the hermit  
poet?

He be in shy state to come out to the front gate.

Call to him with soft bugle and perhaps he will appear.

Too captivated is he with the writing of eternal long lines to  
hear.

Listening to every sound he be for such is the way of his note.

Let him be then for a little while longer.

He do be with hearing speculations in the write, and must  
needs be giving them full attention; full sight, and full light.

Speak to me of the vast heavens.

Moon be a light that leads Earth along a way.

Where be Moon leading us?

Moon alone this doth know.

Sun be a light that leads Moon and Earth along a way.

Where be Sun leading us?

Sun alone this doth know.

Galaxy be a light that leads Sun, Moon and Earth along  
a way.

Where be Galaxy leading us?

Galaxy alone doth know.

Comforted we are to be of these great guiding lights.

But in our human world, who be our leading lights?

As be over there so be over here.

Children be a light that leads Family along a way.

Where be Children leading us?

They be leading us to Joyfulness.

Parents be a light that leads Children and Family along  
a way.

Where be Parents leading us?

They be leading us to Nobleness.

Ancestors be a light that leads Parents, Children and  
Family along a way.

Where be Ancestors leading us?

They be leading us to Thankfulness.

Who be for Ancestors their leading light?

And what for Galaxy be?

One-and-the-Same.

Where be One-and-the-Same leading all?

One-and-the-Same alone this doth know.

Confidently walk through the night letting Moon be  
leading you along its way, and Children theirs throughout the  
day.

Moon Joyfulness will be with thee;

Sun Nobleness and Galaxy Thankfulness.

One-and-the-Same be One-and-the-Same.

Gently lift the latch and be with coming into the inner  
sanctuary.

Find yourself here among the trees swaying in the wind;  
here in this beautiful library be with courage be.  
See yourself in these for they be smiling upon you this quiet  
hour before full light.  
In a thousand years upon a shelf will your words still be safely  
housed.  
And there will be those who will reach up for them and by  
them will be joyfully refreshed and greatly comforted.  
In the pages they will see you sitting by the glowing hearth in  
this great library, and for them heedfully and lovingly gathering  
and storing liberating words.  
Verily, with gratitude will they be depending upon your every  
word to help lead them back and along by the Way most true.

I'm nobody save one who just happens to have a great  
love for listening as he writes.  
Listen well and write well then for the generations of tomorrow  
will be placing their trust in your every word ever written.

There are those joyful few who be given to writing from  
the listening heart.  
You be one among these, oh blessed one.

Then I, hereby, with joyfulness of heart; sitting here  
before the glowing sacred hearth in this great library, do  
bestow the warmest greetings of Blessed New Years to ye the  
hope-searching generations of tomorrow; be ye here on the

beautiful isle of Éire, on the lovely lands beyond its shores or travelling in the far and near welcoming galaxies.

Beannachtaí oraibh go léir.

Warmest greetings to each and every one of you, wheresoever be your roots, whatsoever be your beliefs, and howsoever be your designations.

In their hearts, assuredly will thy words be finding a welcome home for a thousand years will feel to them as it were but a morning and an afternoon.

Arise now from this cosy place by the hearth, and about the castle chambers joyfully go to gently call from their beatific sleep Your Love and Lovelies, that they may gratefully come visit with thee this beloved new day.

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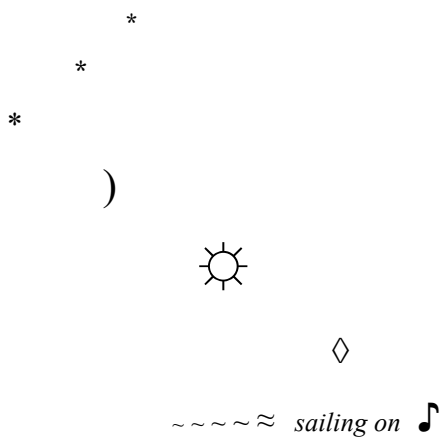
*Annotations:*

**Kaukasos** - from Old Iranian (via Greek) 'kap kah' which means 'Big Mountain' - 'Caucasus' is the Latinized form of the ancient Greek name for this region.

The ancient nomenclature reflects the historical importance of the area where Europe and Asia converge. Ancient Greeks made the Great Mountain Range the scene of the mythical sufferings of Prometheus, and the Argonauts sought the Golden Fleece in the mysterious land of Colchis on the Black Sea coast, south of the Range.

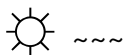
Thus, geographically, the term 'Caucasus' represents a definite territory located between the Black and Caspian Seas, a wide isthmus separating these seas and divided by the Great Caucasus Mountain Range into two parts: North Caucasus and South Caucasus.

**Beannachtaí oraibh go léir.** - from Gaelge meaning, 'Blessings to ye all; warmest greetings to everyone.'



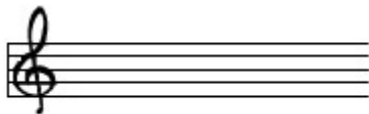






## Seventeenth canto     *Twenty thousand years*

10th January 2004



Peace finds a heart in the midst of the starry stream.

Wave your hand with the hand of love.

Make joy the world that falls from the beloved heavens.

Sweet be the heart of love sleeping upon the caring  
bosom.

Moon dipping into the lake in slow motion.

Soon delicate warm breezes will be playing about the  
castle walls.

Make ready the way of the former coming.

Look to the east, look to the west, the north and the south and  
behold there they be arriving!

Pause awhile to listen to the thrush singing by the old  
almshouse.

On the mill way scent the dulcet aromas of fresh bread and  
venerable wine.

Too little too long to be swaying with rivers to be  
noticing the formations.  
Wisely spoken and even more wisely said considering the  
shape of things yet left to come on board.  
Sometimes people say the world of things that have little or no  
meaning at all when read in reverse forward.  
How mean you these words?  
Theirs be the son of a caretaker's who will take to himself the  
cares of the world.

I see with the exceptions of the ages that five times out  
of nine snowflakes do be covering all the windowsills.

If a flower in the palm be not a balm where be the  
levitation of the innocent found?  
Thus speaketh the Levi.

There are degrees in the compass where the mere  
mention of the word 'holiness' triggers grandfathers, sons and  
grandsons to swing into massive outbursts of rage.  
Nautilus Sage what about the grandmothers, daughters and  
granddaughters?  
If ever society to such a level is plummeted, oh, how most  
lamentable for all it will be.

Can a square be a round into the circumstances of  
events?

All has everything to do with the floating of Moon in a properly lit place.

Be not Moon be its own light?

Be a candle be its own light?

Strange fiction this be becoming no doubt.

No doubt and no fiction be for the horses in the field yonder standing with their hinds to the wind and one leg in resting sleep.

Sea breezes call to me in my sleep.

What be they with saying?

They be with saying that the conduct of celebrities galore on the shores far and near be becoming more and more shameful to the ancient of heart.

Why say they so for are not those of great wealth and possessions entitled to act like and even be the royalty of this world?

To be royal is to be noble.

And what is it to be noble here on the isle of Éire?

It is to have the heart of a child well cultured in the ways of the proud elk and the faithful crow.

This be the differentia of our inherited nobility.

You do bring to light in the memories of tomorrow something beautiful for the solitary seekers of today.

And with these words, mind you if I put question to you concerning a matter attuned to hospitality?

Be I be acting out of hospitality if I were not to give answer?

Where be the counting of the rockets all broken up in  
the desert?

Taken me by quite surprise you have for I see no desert there  
in the creel of turf.

Awful things are taking place in the name of peace in lands of  
no promised peace forthcoming.

How know you this to be so?

Be so be it known to me from the tears of the morning stars.

Fill deep valleys with their tears could I, even unto brimming  
over.

Milestones and millstones both share the same softness  
for hardness.

Bring me before the beginning of a frozen lake.

Stand on the hill off there to the north by west and you'll be  
with seeing one for yourself.

Dive will I into its waters and become one with the expectations  
of the Polar Regions.

Hearing I a story before well foretold in the oral  
traditions of my people.

Words they did have in store for long ages passing, that no  
light do be coming to us from the past but rather from the  
future.

Stephen, Albert, Isaac, Galileo, Johannes, Nicolaus and  
Claudius listen to this; listen to this for I do glimpse here a  
leavening cosmology afloat!

When we look at the distant galaxies and nebulae veils  
we say to ourselves that they be so many light years away, do  
we not?  
And this be right true, then where be your insight be afloat?  
Do we not say that such light from the galaxies and veils has  
taken thousands upon thousands of light years to reach our  
eyes?  
And this also be right true, then where be your insight be  
afloat?  
Patient be in listening for insight be taking its time to present  
itself.  
Remember haste the taste waste.

Do we not be with wonder and amazement when we  
contemplate how long the galaxies and veils in light have taken  
to reach us?  
We do and most fortunate it is too to be with finding oneself  
in such moments of contemplation.

Yet, it be the proper formation to be letting grow and  
appear in our hearts.  
What other formation than this can there be for is it not well  
known by all in scientific academia that light comes to us from  
the past?

Look in the mirror clear of finest quality in the hallway without, and you'll see in there that the appearance of you in light is coming to you at the speed of light from the past of days, weeks, months and decades of years.

Look in the heavens clear of finest quality from one of the turrets, and you'll see in there that the light is coming to us at the speed of light from the past of hundreds and thousands and millions and millions of years.

Not so it is at all, although such a notion seems to have made good enough sense up to now.

Not so you say?

Hear and here a second time be the insight afloat before your very eyes - light comes to us not from the past but rather from the future.

My knees do be with wobbling, my head with swooning, I can't ...

You've been out for well over an hour.  
Remember I now; yes, remember I now your words.

"Light comes to us not from the past but rather from the future."

In my fainted slumber, I did dream that I was with your  
word looking into the future.

Everything I'd ever known was now all clear to me as not  
knowing.

All my astronomy albums of exquisite photographs of the  
beyond were streaming before me as new visions.

I was with looking into the future.

Then found I myself staring with joyful curiosity at the  
photographs of myself in my childhood.

My mind was leaping and bounding for I knew I was looking  
into a future of me.

Before a mirror did I stand and long gazed upon a myself of the  
future.

Then waking found me remembering your words,

"Light comes to us not from the past but rather from the  
future."

Be with the light and see far into the beyond for  
tomorrow's children will joyfully be with the same doing.

Be there no past then?

Past there be but not in light.

All light comes to us from the future.

To say, 'I am the Light' shows a tremendous insight on  
the part of the speaker.

Where be the glory of the dawn found?  
It be found in your heart.  
In a vision of full predawn I've witnessed the coming of  
translations in high flight.  
Shush, shush, shush not so loud.

Listen and be with finding truths established on new  
beginnings.  
Visit the birthplaces of the so-fashioned civilizations.  
Take your insights before their hearths, and reveal there to  
them the concealed door of their eastern gables.  
Full comprehension of your words come not so easily to me.

Call forth into form Snow Mountains in the very hearts  
of the deserts without and within, and let all freely freely freely  
come to enjoy their soothing refreshing presence.  
For oh, how very very heartbreaking it is that the beauteous  
sacred bow of Beit Ha'Mikdash, Sancti Petri and Al-Bayt al-Atiq  
so very very seldom these days sprinkle upon us the parched,  
the soft showers of freshness and balsam of old.

Be it all forgotten that the copious presence of freshness  
and balsam be of the essence to our existence?

Once I did hear of an essential ingredient for a sacred  
cake, but my mind being too preoccupied did quickly loose  
hold of it.



A person's table be the center of daily life; the bed be of night.

If the essential ingredients of the ages be lost, how can the sacred cakes be baked?

If the essential seeds of the ages be lost, how can our humankind be?

Help me to find them for I have a great longing in me to bake a sacred cake.

Beside myself I am with this longing, truly.

It is in being beside ourselves that we are most at home.

I had always thought that being beside oneself was to be with the shape of anger that produced a false type of courage.

Be this a distorted view of long standing.

Walk beside yourself and great in the world be your comfort and true be your courage.

One can't be truly beside another less one first truly be beside oneself.

Visions present themselves to me wherever I go.

Visions present themselves to you only because you are beside yourself.

When one isn't beside oneself one isn't approachable by those who would like so very much to be in conversation with us, be they of this field or that field.

Being beside oneself makes not two but one oneself completely one.

Childhood days found me with seeing faces in nebulae clouds.

These days in nebulae veils.

In the clouds no one be, yet faces have I continued to see.

In the veils no one be, yet faces have I continue to see.

Why this be?

Whose faces these be I do not know nor from what age they be.

Many they be of men and women both young and old.

In veils oft see I a face akin to that of my own.

Yet, in clouds always of others have they been.

Why this be so, I do not know.

Access in my earlier days had had I to images of nebulae veils, would I have seen in them too a face akin to that of my own?

Wonder I.

Why be I alone with seeing so many more of faces while others more of mountains and valleys, trees and forests, birds and fishes?

I too be with seeing these, but greater in number by far the faces to me appear to be.

Be with knowing that others in their daily lives with the human world be more concerned, and in the clouds discover they their natural surroundings.

You in your daily life with the ethereal world more  
fascinated be, and in the clouds discover you your social  
surroundings.

In the nebulae veils of the far beyond you be discovering your  
inner surroundings.

Oft see I in the clouds and veils smiling over at me, faces  
beautiful and calm.

Yet quite unexpectedly from time to time and place to place  
seen have I grimacing over at me, faces infernal and  
tumultuous.

Oh, surely surely you be a manchild, you be childman of your  
cultural upbringing.

In cloud and veil consider not the grimacing faces as thy  
dwelling places.

Nor thy dwelling places be meant to be the smiling faces.

No, thy dwelling places be with sagely magi in dromedary  
caravans that be outward oriented.

Nebulae clouds of near be forwarding you to the nebulae  
veils beyond; veils beyond be forwarding you deeper into your  
own inner sacred sanctuary.

Courageously gaze and profoundly ponder upon the given  
appearances.

To reach deeper in the within joyfully travel further out in the  
very best of company.

Oh, fountain of life be it springing up within me;  
springing up within me it be!  
Thy journeying beyond places of faces has only just begun.

Go n-éirí an bóthar leat.  
Go raibh míle maith agaibh.  
Go n-éirí an bóthar libh.  
Slán agus beannacht.

Oh, wondrous, boon!  
Behold ye!  
Sun be returning!  
Sun be returning!  
Soon be spring it be!  
Oh, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!

Long have the fields been in waiting for the harvest that  
is without end.  
Without end be a beginning in Wind.

I see places that fold when told and mould when held.

Along the riverbanks I be with carrying at the end of a  
stick o'er my shoulder my small green bundle of possessions;  
three books they be, stationery, change of clothes and  
miscellanea.

Oh, happiest be these days be for my faithful dog and  
me, winding and meandering along our ways with the ways of  
the currenting waters.

Sanctuary Lady Evergreen of the Everpresent Close with  
having shared with each other ancient stories aplenty fills with  
hot water my billycan from the cantillating kettle on her cosy  
turf fire.

She be twenty thousand years if she be a day; that be twenty  
thousand years of abiding ever fresh kindness shown my way.  
The mirth and solace of my life she be.

Wonder magnificence while the storm blows o'er the sea.  
Will it reach to us of the inlands?  
All breezes find their ways through the golden vortex by the  
hidden stream.  
Would that I could rest by this stream and with contemplation  
find myself.

There is something I need you to know.  
Speak that I may hear.  
Ten thousand years ago in a future found I a sui generis stone  
on the shoreline.  
How be it so for are not they all sui generis in everyway in  
every day?  
Fold your hands like so and this way to them open go.

Oh, a beautiful stone, and be it no bigger than a swan's egg.

How be it that my arms are straining so to hold up its weight?

A spiral galaxy of eighty billion stars this be.

Wait and watch for its center will softly glow yellow.

How be it possible for this mere beautiful egg of a stone to be a galaxy?

Know you this that the composition of the Universe as you would believe to know it, is a place apart.

A place apart?

How can this be?

Fold your hands like so and this way to them open go.

Where be gone the stone?

Apart it be gone.

Is it someplace or no place?

It's apart from you with all the other galaxies.

How can I know what it is that makes the oven heat the dough?

Know this alone; know this alone that what takes aeons to form be no more than a moment in existence; like unto the movement of the butterfly it be.

Head back to a more joyful age when springs were spring and summers were summers.

Be not the seasons of now be seasons?  
What you've left become of the seasons is a shame unto this  
space.  
No recollections have I of having ever hurt or changed the ways  
of the seasons.

When you failed to admire, you did them alter.  
When you did turn your attention from the gracious  
presentations, you did them alter.  
When you did in the depths of night gaze but upon your own  
shadow in slumber deep, you did them alter.  
Not knowingly did I not admire these, nor turn away my  
attention from them or redirect my gaze.

To admire the glory about you is native.  
To pay attention to the myriad transformations is native.  
To fix the gaze upon the heavens is native.  
Return to being wholly and truly of your nativity.

Feel I the warmth of a coming age.  
That coming age be this day.

Why be it so complicated for my left hand rolling upon  
my left knee?  
All things will be making themselves clearer to you in the light  
of this day.

Take patience to be your companion.

Be with remembrance of that speckled brown butterfly of this past golden summer, who did before the midnight hour of last, come kiss the lobe of your left ear and upon your left shoulder did alight.

Thought you not it quite anomalous at all for a lively healthy summer butterfly to be fluttering about you in the winter lamplight?

See there, about me marvellous things take place all the time, but not always am I able to comprehend fully their significance.

Verily, you know not yet who you are, and why you are here.

I know who I am and why I am here.

I'm husband lover to my wife, father friend to our children, and a being well to the world.

Here I am to listen and to write what it is I do be with hearing.

These are but the seeds.

Blossom and be with producing fruit of the garden from whence you did first appear in this present form.

Who I be?

Patience be with you.

A longevity friend I be of the holy man of Galilee.

Know you what once he did say unto me?



Perhaps he did make mention, "I'm the Way, the Truth and the Life."

He did say unto me, "The Anointed be with you."

In this recondite salutation, not to himself I'll have you know was he with making any reference.

Then to whom?

To the One who be already here, and has been for millions upon millions of years.

He himself did but yearn and strive to be a faithful witness to the One.

By word and deed did he encourage others to do the same.

Who 'the One' be?

The Anointed.

Anointed by whom?

Yes, anointed by Whom.

Where dwelleth The Anointed that I may go and humbly request to be admitted into His or Her presence?

There be nowhere be that The Anointed not be.

Be who you are meant to me.

But know I already who I am.

I'm husband lover to my wife, father friend to our children, and a being well to the world.

Be who you are meant to me.  
Who am I meant to be?  
Yourself.  
Can I by myself know who myself be?  
Abide in the Green Desert and those who are with knowing will  
show you the pathways that no traces leave.

To be a faithful husband lover, a beloved father friend,  
and a warm being well in the world, be one of the highest  
honours that can be bestowed upon any man in any age, no  
matter the fullness of his coffers or the range of his social  
appellations.  
This be true and much more too be true.  
Abide in the Green Desert and you will become to know and  
know to become.

Then needs must I myself to die to become to know?  
Why think you so so vacuous a thought?  
To LIVE you must to become to know and to know to become;  
the Green Desert be not found beneath the sod.

Live, live, and live joyfully as a faithful husband lover to  
your wife, a beloved father friend to your children and  
descendants to be, and a warm being well to the world.  
Wherever you go, abide in the Green Desert and becoming to  
know be.

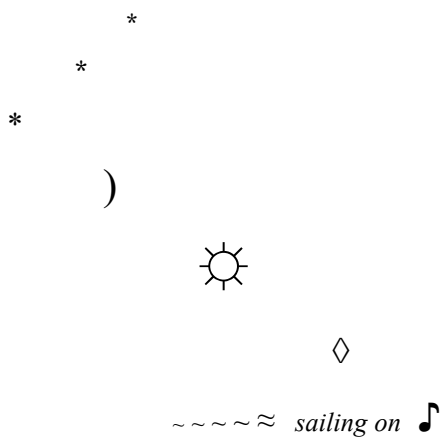
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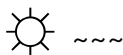
**Go n-éirí an bóthar leat.** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'may the road rise with you' - Let (you) travel well.

**Go raibh míle maith agaibh.** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'may ye have a thousand blessings' - Thank ye very much.

**Go n-éirí an bóthar libh.** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'may the road rise with ye' - Let (ye) travel well.

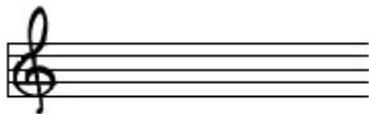
**Slán agus beannacht.** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'health and blessing' - Goodbye and (may) blessing(s) (be upon you/ye).





## Eighteenth canto    *Contemplation*

17<sup>th</sup> January 2004



When all is lost and found in the turbulences of the  
moments and hours, find I myself.  
Sheer pain of the heart brings with it lightening on the hills.  
Some will believe when the stars be in full bloom, others in  
Moon.

Pick up the times of forgotten memories and run with  
them, for they be all you've got to be dreaming about in  
reclusion.

What if the provenience of the far flung coming back was  
to pour in upon itself?  
May it never happen, and it may it never happen with your  
wording bringing it into considered existence.

New Cage Philosophies be no improvement unless one  
be into cages.  
And what of New Age Religiosities?

New Age Religiosities be no improvement unless one be  
into alternatives and blurs.

What be you into?

Know you quite well; know you quite well that I have no need  
to be into cages, alternatives, and blurs.

Pantheism again has come to claim a place, I see.  
Don't be with giving me such a headache.

Fold the evanescence of leaves and fruits.

Hold the line!

Hold the line let ye!

Be ye of a goodly courage and strength for the renegades are  
coming a thousand at a time!

Remember ye yere noble heritage!

Remember ye yere noble heritage and with this courage be!

All for what we be defending?

We be defending the right to be what be true to our hearts.

What be it that be true to our hearts?

Land without the infiltrations of morally objectionable  
behaviour it be.

Huh!

Already there be plenty of immorality here ever long before it  
coming ashore.

Believe I and know I this not to be so.  
Believe as you wish and know as you desire, but I would have  
you look to the past with your eyes wide open.

See you there not at all at all the very presence of  
incultivation and immorality?  
Yes, see I this to be true, yet also know I this to be quite  
enough untrue.

Have heard you not of the good People of Éire?  
Be not the incultivated and immoral be the good of the People  
of Éire?  
Or perhaps better still, and most likely be they the good of the  
People of Ireland be?  
For be not Éire the Good and Ireland the Good be the same no  
difference as the same sameness?  
How make you to answer?  
Be the palm no more the back of the hand than the back the  
front of the palm.

Who be the People of Éire?  
They be the true innkeepers of morality here on the isle.

Who then be the People of Ireland?  
They be the guardians of the People of Éire.  
This be the noble heritage of our people.

Have heard you not of the Tuatha dé Danann?

Ah, it must be to the fairies or even the leprechauns that you do be broguing to now, so it must.

Oh, to be made to laugh by such words as these be good!

Oh, to be made to laugh heartily by such words and with tears rolling be it even better!

Fairies and leprechauns if they be any semblance of them in existence at all at all, wouldn't know what morality be even if it were pointed out to them to be the high sky of blue above them.

To be made to laugh be good, surely.

Oh, to be made to laugh heartily and with tears rolling be it even better.

To be made to laugh be great.

Yet do I repeat, have heard you not of the Tuatha dé Danann?

Confusing be all the hallowed theologies becoming.

To be confusing is to be with loosing; to be with loosing is to be with finding.

What has been found?

Readily I must admit, confusion in substantial abundance.

Theology that be folly who can follow?

Who be the 'theo' that is to be understood?

Know do I which deity they in their hearts have chosen?



Know not I this at all.

Are not all deities one and the same albeit they all be  
with names of different shapes?

Theologies that still concern themselves with mere deities  
haven't yet got off the ground, that's for sure.

That's for sure, but be you a fine one to be with speaking, and  
you having never even tiptoed before the isles of our nearest  
roundabout.

With knowing I do be that for every fork, knife, spoon,  
and chopstick in the kitchens of the world there must be at the  
least one human mouth in need of being fed.

Many be those who do be without the least of these, yet still do  
be having mouths in need of being fed.

No one is saying anything at all about the co-  
relationship that exists between spanners and threads.  
Soon the early late forever will be tying shoelaces.

Who be you be with meeting when the water in the  
hourglass turns to sand?

Already it be sand.

See you only the present.

Spend some time in the glory that takes precedence over  
clear distinctions.

Tumble the mountains and valleys into my mind that I  
may be with great heights and depths of thought.  
I have no such strength to be doing the likes.

Divert the rivers there so instead that I may with great  
meandering thought be agoing.  
I have no such skill to be doing the likes.

Then feather-clap your hands at eternity.  
That I like to be doing all right, and it I can fine do very well.  
Ah, something at least.

Silence be lovely it is.

Oh, would you listen to that, listen to that!  
Listen to what, listen to what?

Population to population be shouting that they be  
reincarnations a thousand upon thousand times all over.  
How can this be?  
This it be for they not be with knowing how they are to be.  
Running back all over the place, and off sideways they do be  
with trying to find themselves.

I be with believing that I've been reincarnated many and  
many the times down through the seditious ages.  
Oh, is that so?

Then who be those who you once were?

Let me see now.

Yes, they be Churchill of England, Grant of America, Napoleon of France, Genghis Khan of Mongolia, Julius Caesar of Rome and Pharaoh Ramses II of Egypt, just to be with mentioning a few mind you.

No coalminers, chimneysweeps, slopmaids, swineherds or tax collectors thrown in there be any be?

Ah, now, now, let's be reasonable and responsible here, for I be of leadership stock endowed.

Rather with selection of distinction you be with enchanting yourself.

How mean you, mean you this?

You're to be likened unto one who to a great market place goes, and whilst there purchases only items that glister; looking upon everything else there with distain.

Be not this be the way of everyone who to the great market place goes?

The only form of reincarnation there be be the reincarnation of spontaneity.

Sure that be as everybody knows be not reincarnation at all.

We be with living in a world that strives to know  
everything and to believe in whimsical nothings.  
Where be the faith of our ancestors?  
How much can we know before we will come to know that we  
do be with not knowing anything at all whatsoever?

Surely you do be asleep for everybody knows that  
knowledge knows everything.  
Such saturated arrogance have I not encountered now for a  
long while.

I be with knowing that without knowing nothing is  
known.  
Wondrous truly be your insightful knowledge.

But honestly, what usefulness has faith?  
By faith I be.  
What is it to be by faith I be?  
It is as you have seen and heard in my words and way of life.

A man of faith be the lowest of the human race whereas  
a man of knowledge the highest be.  
Faith be at the very heart of the myriad transformations.  
Where knowledge be then?

See you there the great stairway?  
Well knowledge be the ornate banister and handrail.  
And faith?  
Faith be the homely steps and the landings.  
Steps and landings without banisters and handrails be very  
dangerous.  
More dangerous by far be banisters and handrails having no  
steps or landings.

Be surefooted in your ascendings and descendings, and  
oft little need you will be finding to be clutching on to banisters  
and handrails.

Why become the world so much so without a sense of  
sin?  
Sin be too narrow a word here to be using.  
Better to ask why become the world so much so without a  
sense of actions and accountability?  
Know all know nothing at all has given rise to this situation.  
Knowledge that has lost its proper place be fashioning the  
civilizations of our day to be without accountability for their  
actions.

How has knowledge managed to loose its proper place?  
Peoples have taken to climbing banisters and handrails instead  
of taking the steps and landings.

There be those in the world, and I've heard them myself  
that pout forth the conviction that illness be self-inflicted.  
Of all the sophistries to be canvassing!  
They do be with holding that our own reality we do be making.  
Have them make a fine cup of tea, a dewdrop, and a bird on  
the wing; a moon, a solar system or a galaxy.

When we are of good thoughts, intentions and actions  
we can be with good health.  
Sickness be a condition of the environment.  
Be the environment contaminated so too will be the  
inhabitants.

Huge be the environment in all its compositions and  
appearances.  
Let the determination to create a healthier environment be  
accordingly huge.  
How this can be achieved?  
Environment may be compared unto Sky and Earth.  
Earth environment be all things physical.  
Sky be all things spiritual.  
Sky and Earth be one.

Heal the environment and health for all will be secured.  
A salubrious environment in all its compositions and  
appearances be in no need of hospitals and prisons.

Methinks the whole world has taken to talking to shadows, entities, extras, angels and numerous gods. Channels bored continuously into the mountainsides will eventually bring the mountains down.

When all the mountains be no more, channelling tools will then be directed to bore into the riverbeds. And when all the rivers will have drained away, they'll be turned to boring into the ocean floor. And when the ocean be no more, they'll be turned to boring out the very core of the planet. And if the core be no more what will be in store?

Down by the lovely shore, know you what I did discover? The expanse of the Great Ocean? To be sure that too, but there before my feet found I, a million hidden soaking agenda wrappers all washed up along along the shore as far as far as far the eye could see.

What did you bring yourself to do? I did with haste to the local village run up to request help to come down, and to gather with me all the wrappers into heaps. But in that village, lo, saw I in every garden and on every windowsill dried out ol' hidden agenda wrappers strewn aplenty as in ornamentation.

In that village found I but one lone house that be of  
them all free.

Together with that whole household we did go gather up all the  
soaking wrappers from the shore and piled them into heaps.

But alas, on the morn of the fourth day of gathering, can you  
imagine what happened?

Brought the incoming tide some few more?

Rather, brought the incoming tide a million more!

And abandon then did you suppose I that shore and village  
o'er?

Together with that whole household, and now with others  
besides, we did go gather up all the wrappers from the shore  
and piled them into manageable compost heaps.

Travel you must to their sources and at there prevent  
their wavy courses.

In the dark of night, hidden agendas are unwrapped and the  
wrappers be tossed into the innocent global waters.

Who can possibly find the sources?

Surely, not I.

Go to their sources and at there prevent their formation.

In the dark hearts of certain of our humankind, hidden  
agendas are formed and wrapped; are formed and wrapped.

Who can possibly know who these people be?

Surely, not I.



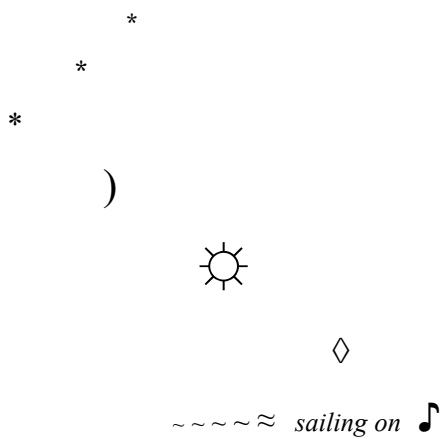
Go teach them with joy in your heart to be with faith,  
knowledge, respect and courage.  
And as you journey upon your way be with contemplation,  
oh, beauteous constellation; a marvel in our eyes.

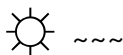
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*Annotations:*

**Tuatha dé Danann** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'people/tribe of the goddess Danu'

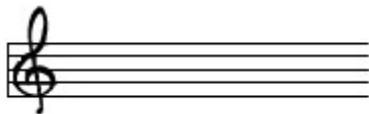
**broguing** - a Hollywood interpretation of how the Irish speak, especially the so-called little people of the island, namely the fairies and the leprechauns.





## Nineteenth canto    *Ivy-muffled*

24th January 2004



When the fields be found cultivated in the Middle Ages  
start to walk with brightly air.  
Snow can't follow trains of thought over the Western Wall.

I see the uprising of a sunken ship with all her sails still  
intact.  
She be the *Fair Moralisse* that be scuttled in them waters some  
eighty million years before our time.  
There be no ship so old for man be not so old as this great age.  
Great age be not confined to floorboards.

Something native be in the chandelier!  
Search vineyards for wine!  
How we be finding wine in vineyards?  
Find you apples still fresh in the hold.

Not leaving go of the *Fair Moralisse* I see.  
Perhaps you think there be gold in her hold.  
What need I of gold when the story be full told?

Everybody finds cyclones in their ears from time to time.  
Be mine in ordinary time.  
Time be a pleasure of the mentally captivated.

Quickly be with opening the logbook for I hear the waves  
breaking on the rocks!  
Fear not, them rocks be with not breaking.  
How know you the fate of rocks?  
Know I the fate of rocks.  
How know you the fate of rocks?  
Know you that I don't know?  
Know I that rocks be rock, I be I, you be you and nothing there  
be betwixt and between.

Clean the hand that waved to the looming dictator.  
Better still why not consider having it removed altogether?  
Would a heron exchange his feet for those of a duck's?  
Waving be I not to him, but rather erasing him from the  
beautiful landscape.  
In his place in the scape what did you paint?  
Restored I to the scene the Fifty Starry Summits of Dignity  
Range.

Subtleties of the lake bring me to climb into the horizon.  
Come back for it's not yet the time.

Bring into play the benefits of your illusionary  
sojournings.

They be no illusions.

Benefits many there be for those who know how to see.

If a half-hearted man takes unto himself a half-minded  
woman in sacred matrimony, how think you they will fair on  
the long road?

Think I they will fair the same as if a half-hearted woman were  
to take unto herself a half-minded man.

Then again maybe not, for rose thorns in winter still find plenty  
of temper.

Poetic rippling long lines of a speculative tradition kind  
beginning is my dewy dewy way to be contemplating  
significances for the new new day.

Then if it be so to be, disclose truth truthfully, fruit fruitfully,  
and wisdom wise wisely.

This eloquent, honourable road you have chosen be  
surely a solitary one, and oft quite lonely it will be for thee, yet  
be of a joyful courage for in like balance rewarding it will be.

This night, having reflected all day on the words of  
Navigator Geniuselly, I feel I am with a new courage.

Responsibility have I to be making manifest in my own time and with my own skills our contribution to the dawning of the new days.

What be the Navigator's words that be with giving you such a new courage?

"I love this country and I love a great deal of what happens in it, particularly the stories and the talk. But there is also the judgementalism, the vicious gossip, the caricaturism, the war against dignity and I think that is not just due to the fact that we are a post-colonial country but that we never had a philosophical tradition.

We were never taught in school how to think.  
We were taught how to obey, how to follow the rules.  
We were taught all that.  
But we were never taught how to question, how to think, how to define feelings, ideas.  
To know what is fear.  
To know what is ambition.  
To find out about your life."

And he did continue with saying,

"It's the poet's increasing responsibility to listen to everybody, because for me, poetry is the ultimate democracy.

Everybody, the condemned, the damned, the outclassed, the unspeakable, the unforgivable, all these people deserve a voice.

And you will see in time to come that one day a young Jew, a poet not yet born, will try to write a poem to understand Hitler."

Come to know the Navigator he will, that in these new days and in these new pages a philosophical tradition of the spontaneity of speculation kind has been rekindled on the sacred isle of Éire, regardless of its creative custodian never having been taught how to freely speculate, how to profoundly question, and how to playfully define.

Spontaneity of speculation being synonymous with the philosophical-poetic, the philosophical-poetic with the rural philosopher-poet, and by roundelay the rural philosopher-poet thee with the spontaneity of speculation be.

And by the way of the rural what may we say?  
A philosopher-poet of illimitable space we say.

Iohannes Scottus Ériugena the metaphor of old salutes you; salutes your lyrical ear and your skilful strumming of the rippling harp.

Spill all the marbles on to the shinny wooden floor that  
we may venture through the open door.

Voices of misericordia be finding themselves in the back  
pages of newspapers.

Oh, hot soup and fresh bread has come too late for the  
down of the little one be already blowing in the wind.  
Then be with all haste to give them to another before too late it  
be!

Morning moves with the sounds of softness.  
It's the glory of the message taking itself round and round.

Who did I be with thinking of when I walked into the  
sameness all over?

The underside of a low bridge be no place to be with the  
rising of the waters.

There be three of us walking the road, I be the magi.  
Rather one from among them two be your magi.

Scrape over all the ashes and make room for the new  
frangancies.  
Turf be the end coming of small embankments overturned.



When a person takes to ribboning shimmering streams  
and floating glacial boulders comfort follows.

Great be the walls within the smallness of isolated  
hermitages.

All the conservatories not by the Mediterranean waters  
be.

Slowly and slowly, carefully and carefully transmit the  
heritage of bastable baking.

Roll over the rigmarole and we'll be with finding  
originality.  
All that be left be the sirens swimming about in the Stock  
Markets.

Maybe a right of way will be the right choice for the  
years that do be taking shape.  
Still if the side entrance be to the Great Formation what  
besides will the mechanical and the technical be?

Who will be leaving provisions in the passageways  
between the sweeping civilizations?

Oh, it's a terrible building that be without homeliness.

Lovely evening it was for walking in the middle of pulling  
the beet.

Sensed I before I knew the origin of the pure silver  
coated glass jar in the blue framed display window o'er the  
street.

Women with wings raised about laurels.

He used to be wobbling all over the place on his ol'  
bicycle.

Cold he was, yet he be civil and very nice.  
Hear ye the silence left in the wake of one already gone up  
ahead.

Yellow lines be following along with white all about the  
bends.

Where be they with going; where be they with ending?  
They be with going to the field that houses the list.  
Take care to disturb not its surroundings.  
Better to take care not to disturb the listener.

Someone always be coming while someone always be  
going.  
That's the way it has always been and will be world without  
end.

Bewley's - Est.1840 proudly presents Lotus - The  
Original Carmelised Biscuit.

No colours or artificial flavours. 6.25g e 224360

Bewley's - Est.1840 ORIGINAL CARAMELISED BISCUIT

A fruit that do be inducing forgetfulness and a dreamy languor.

This be the Lotus be.

Plant jujube or date be.

Nymphaea be sacred in ancient Egypt.

Nelumbo nucifera in ancient India, China, and Tibet.

Representations in Hindu, Buddhist, and Egyptian carving and decorative art.

Myrrh to it be related.

Proudly presents no colours or artificial flavours.

What be a biscuit?

Twice-cooked bread.

What be a 'carmelised' biscuit?

How it be different from a 'caramelised' one?

It's a wrapper matter.

On the front 'carmelised' it be printed while on the reverse 'caramelised' it be.

Oh, no!

Oh, no!

Oh, no!

Jeanne La Pucelle at the stake!

Thrice - ...!

Campbell!

Belgium!

Bewley's!

How yere carelessness has scuttled my ease!

Bewley's - Est. 1840 proudly presents Lotus - The  
Original Carmelised Biscuit.

No colours or artificial flavours. 6.25g e 224360

Bewley's - Est.1840 ORIGINAL CARAMELISED BISCUIT

At once put quill to parchment and announce to them  
your discovery.

Yes, may it be that others of like sensitivity experience  
not my calamity.

Courtesy and etiquette be withal.  
With courtesy and etiquette to all I'll be.  
Jeanne La Pucelle of thee be proud.

Begin I will thus.

Draft#1

Dear Sir/Madam,

I would like to bring to your attention the following face-saving discovery:

Product: Bewley's Tea Biscuit (Lotus)

Front side of wrapper:

Bewley's Est.1840

No colours or artificial flavours proudly presents

Lotus The Original Carmelised Biscuit

6.25g e

224360

---

Reverse side of same wrapper:

Bewley's Est.1840

ORIGINAL CARAMELISED BISCUIT

---

Date of discovery: 20th January 2004

Location: (here)

Discovered by: (me) while (composing...)

Please correct this crucial spelling error.

"Carmelised"

"CARAMELISED"

Perhaps the error may have originated in (?).

(Jim still be in Zurich) would have had a field day had he made such a discovery.

Navigator Geniuselly would perhaps compose some fine verse on it had it be given to come into his hands in *the heart and the hearth of Dublin*.

Around the world people love and respect Bewley's products.

It's a name that can be trusted.

Consider presenting there an overseas example of this trust.

Any names come to mind?

LollySmith shop.

In my travels (???), I have always taken great pride in anything associated either directly or indirectly with my native (land/Éire/Ireland).

I have been especially proud of our scholarly tradition with its great attention to detail.

Consider presenting there an example of this great attention to detail.

How about *The Book of Kells* or *The Book of Durrow*?

*The Book of Kells*.

Thank you for your wonderful tradition of excellent service and quality products.

Many Blessings for the New Year to all at Bewley's at home and abroad, and to the Campbell Bewley Group.

Cordially,

...

Home address

...

...,

...,

...

It has a good form, and accurate content; all being presented with a generous outpouring of courtesy and etiquette that will later come successfully to a fully ripened shape.

And in a fully ripened shape I did via email to Bewley's their attention bring my historic discovery, but alas, all they could in essence be with bringing themselves to say was thank you now for bringing this to our attention good day.

No jar of fine Bewley's coffee or box of tasty Lotus biscuits did find their way to show their appreciation to one of their clientele for having taken the time to discretely and courteously save their 164-year day.

Ah, such be a way among the ways these days.

Perhaps the good secretary was having a bad day.  
Yes, that must have been it all right; the good secretary was  
having a bad day - so no blame.

Let's continue and be with saying,

"Someone always be coming while someone always be  
going.

That's the way it has always been and will be world without  
end."

Regret no words ever spoken.  
Removal be the mass that takes away to the burial ground.  
Doing very well for himself now in his own quiet way.

Be we contracted to life or life be contracted to we?

Streams of milk be flowing along by the fields and the  
beehives be brimming over into them clover honey.

The very best of all promised worlds.  
Fair be the play of the harmony of the ages who rise in the  
early aurora to be filling for their family thereof a gallon and  
bowl.

Lovely is the setting of the field that rolls itself down to  
the bank of the river.



Outdoors be indoors when one be collecting the ancient stories.

Who be there left who will do a good turn for one when the dishes be all piled up in the sinks?  
You be with living out of time, clearly.  
Better be with the pint glass that's full than be the one in the pile lying.  
And we all do be with having the need for something.

Mild be the morning that finds itself with soft drizzle.  
I'll have you know, above the clouds be the sky ever blue.  
That be true.

Make a bet and find yourself in debt.  
Not always.  
Make a bet and find oneself in wealth.  
It does happen from time to time but more oft than not.  
Who needs, who wants to be a billionaire anyway?

The one who would like to buy some pretty nail varnish for his wife.  
Of all the likes, what bottle of nail varnish would be costing that much?  
Would you not give the whole world for your Love?  
Well I would but, but but it depends like.

Oh, where has gone Sun?  
No Sun no Light no Write!  
Serene be.  
Serene be.  
See!  
Returning it be into sight.

In ancient days hot water and bread poultice they did  
use to extract thorns.  
Is it bread that we do be having these days?  
How be it bread when it do be half raw and takes itself to  
turning mildew green within a short few days?

Seek out ye the bread of the Good Baker.  
Know we not who the Good Baker be,  
Nor where be the house of the Good Baker to be found.  
Find ye the house of the Good Baker in the hill country; in the  
hill country in the House of Bread find ye the house of the  
Good Baker.

One be going and three be going goes the olden saying.  
What if one thousand be going would three thousand be going?  
Consider down rolling time the numbers overall what they be,  
and see you'll see in them, sure enough, the repetition of  
patterns that tend to be.

Jump with the heavens and roll with the seas!

Who will sell the abode of the already gone by?

Why be there so much sorrow and grief in the world?  
When the courtesy of the ancestors be in university halls, joy  
be in the world.

A certain joy be already in the world with these winter days  
changing the courses of the rivers and streams.

Then let us be with saying:

When the courtesy of the ancestors, the rivers and the streams  
be in university halls, joy complete be in the world.

Hail, rain or snow the beatific fire be in the solitary  
places.

Come away search with me in the high country.

Remember bounteous fortune be in the heritage of fine  
expressions.

Hold on to the past that makes life of the present seem  
like it's beginning to do nothing.

Exaltations be finding their places in the floating clouds.

Somebody has to be bringing news on the up coming  
enquiry.

They did mention that clarity would be forthcoming.

Did they say some thing or did they say no thing?

Since the staging they have been falling over horse carts.  
What century be you inhabiting?

Rustling of papers and the folding of napkins.  
Whistlers be in chemistries!  
Nile waters have flown far the salty field.

One summons will be given to all who do be with  
parking by the lanes of tomorrow.  
What needs to be done then is to level all the trees.  
Enough could be cut away to make way for the seriously  
private.

I won't be having any problems for no steering wheel  
have I ever turned.  
Where have you been?  
I've been with living in fear of long distance telegraph poles.  
All the way up around will be coming round with the seasons.

Man down my street in my village be housebound for  
weeks upon weeks without end.  
What be his ailment?  
He be with a back all sore from a fall down sideways.

Old lady up another street in a pretty little house by a  
grotto do not be in great health either these days.  
Greeting her along the way I do be with saying,

"Nice morning, isn't?"  
" 'Tis, tis, tis nice tis." with a smile she do be always answering  
me.

Haven't seen her on the streets in these many weeks  
now.

There be another old man down another street who do  
be living in a shack behind palms.  
I do be with calling him 'The Musicman' for in the long summer  
evenings he do be loudly playing classical records for all to  
enjoy as they be strolling on by.  
Haven't seen him now these last few days.  
His knee must be acting up under him again.

My village people; my village people be happy people,  
but some be happier than others for their health be very good  
to them.

Is fearr sláinte choirp ná saibhreas ar bith, agus ní  
sháraíonn aon aoibhneas an croí suairc.

Be at ease, discomfort is oft given both to please and at times displease.

One calls the other; the other calls the one.

Knocked down and closed up it be the place below.  
Why be they with knocking down the lovely quaint buildings?  
There was one standing there by the corner house; a fine jolly  
home it was in its heyday.  
Ah, no now that be long gone.  
Do you know where the shop was on that side?  
Three hotels find the local place being between the gables.

Come in and be with surviving for there be no one of  
change foreboding.  
All the best be the turning of so many vintages.

See here one of these makes two of those and five of  
those makes none of them.  
How much does it cost to take three times out of nine?

Who can find forests all over the sloping planet?  
Not sloping tilted.  
Sloping.

Half the time be the swaying of two hundred elevations  
found in the sacred words.

Stand by the door and make yourself at home with the world.

I've no time; must I be with living.

Then if it be with that version of living you so desire to be, so be.

Oh, the sounds of the strong find no gentleness.

Small be great and great be great.

How come great be not small?

Small be great and great be great.

Gifts have been given.

Life be in living.

Maybe you be right.

I hear swans calling in the distance.

Needs to be me with returning now.

Soon the rich words will be treasured memories.

Good and fair has been this time.

Good company in the making.

Friends without names have we been in creative communion.

I will take my leave now and go to alight on the ivy-muffled lightening tree at the end of the row of Scots Pines on the near hillside that be north of the great 'S' in the river.  
Know ye the one?

We well know the place and know the one.

There I on a southern bough will be enjoying the  
gracious heat of Sun upon my chest; recalling all that I've been  
with hearing here, I will.

May it be that I can return here once again.

Return you not once you will, but many the times.

Fair well and be with joy.

Be with joy I'll be with happy memories of ye.

And of thee, we will be.

Flowers in autumn berries in spring.

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*Annotations:*

**Is fearr sláinte choirp ná saibhreas ar bith, agus ní sháraíonn aon  
aoibhneas an croí suairc.** - from Gaeilge meaning,

'No treasure greater than a healthy body; no happiness, than a joyful heart.'

**Navigator Geniuselly** - with reference to County Kerry born poet, novelist  
and literary critic Brendan Kennelly

**I love this country and I love ... particularly the stories and the talk...**

from an article titled: 'A man who makes the right mistakes' by Aengus  
Fanning, *Sunday Independent*, January 18 2004.

Original article follows.



## **A man who makes the right mistakes**

By Aengus Fanning

*Sunday Independent, January 18 2004*

BRENDAN Kennelly is celebrating, if that's the right word, 50 years in Dublin this winter. A Kerry minor footballer who would have won a fistful of All-Ireland medals had he not broken his ankle, Brendan is better known these days as poet, distinguished Professor of English, man of letters, raconteur, and one who is loved unconditionally by many thousands of Irish women.

He left Ballylongford to study in Trinity College in the autumn of 1953, where he made his first non-Kerry friend in Bruce Arnold, a kindred spirit from a different background, and their friendship has survived the years.

But Trinity College baffled the young Kennelly, who had once been praised by a North Kerry farmer as being a "fine kicker of the ball, considering that you are a poet".

He worked for nearly three years in the ESB with Dingle's Paddy Moriarty before taking the mailboat and train to London like tens of thousands before him.

"I worked on a trolleybus from Shepherd's Bush to Hounslow. My driver was an old Black and Tan who had been down in Cork in Buttevant. It was my first encounter with a complete difference and I think it had a deep effect on books that I subsequently wrote," Kennelly said.

"The notion that you can be reared to hate, to love, to be a nationalist, or Catholic or whatever, and then you meet the complete opposite, this came to fascinate me.

"He totally shocked me. But I think he influenced me many years later to write the long poem about Cromwell, to try to understand the person who was condemned.

"The Black and Tans obviously did damage, terrible damage, but they were human beings and he was a young Englishman. He said to me, 'I was an innocent boy of 18 when I went over, I came back a killer.'

"Ballylongford was an interesting village. The O'Rahilly was born there. And a few miles up the road in a place called Blackwood, Kitchener was born. So you had the two traditions," explained Kennelly.

"Now I had grown up with stories about the Black and Tans, they set fire to my own village in Ballylongford and we were brought up, quite rightly, on such injustices, but he was a human being in his late 50s or early 60s, a good driver and a good man to talk to," he recalled.

Kennelly came back, got a scholarship to Trinity, and studied English and French there for four years.

"It was the late 1950s; I've never totally swallowed that idea that Ireland was without energy then. It was without money, but things were very cheap, you know the paper was twopence, the cup of tea was threepence, you could go into Bewleys and get a good cup of coffee for fivepence.

"It was poorer but there was great interest in football and Ronnie Delany had come through in Australia, he was around Dublin; the soccer, the Gaelic, the hurling, the rugby, they were all thriving and Dublin itself was a safe city.

"I remember I was in digs in Cork Street out near Teresa's Gardens and I was also in Donore Avenue, I was in Darley Terrace, I had been in Fairview. I walked all over the city late at night coming from dances, coming from parties, and I never once had a fight or was attacked or anything like that. And it wasn't just that, the city had an air, an atmosphere of security.

"We flatter ourselves that we have achieved great progress and become more sophisticated and so on, but I think that we lose out an awful lot, there's no progress without regress.

"There is a fierce determination to make money and I think money is the large part of our consciousness, all we've got to do is listen to the ads on the radio or television, it's an assault on what remains of consciousness in order to say the most important thing in life is money.

"Money is important because it enables you to do the best you can in a lot of areas, but it's not the only thing; your consciousness is what helps you to make life an adventure, that life is a thing to be discovered, and as the years go by, there's more and more of it to discover," he said.

Kennelly recognises that fear is a powerful underlying emotion in human beings.

"It goes back to childhood. It goes back to how we were treated by teachers in school, by friends. Fights we had. Humiliations we endured. Fights with our own brothers and sisters. I think all these things build up in the psyche.

"And fear of dying is the big thing. I remember writing a long poem called *The Man Made of Rain* after a heart operation. One of the sections in it had to deal with fear coming into the bed with me. It lay down beside me, it was a body, and I told it to get out of the bed, that I didn't want to know it.

"I think that fear is always waiting. Fear is a cowardly assassin. It's waiting to gut you, kill you. I think you have to fight it. It's a hard thing to do. Fear is very close to respectability. People love to dress up their fear and parade it as sophisticated respectability and that this is . . . you know, if you could free the old heart and the mind and the body and the being of fear, you'd be on the way towards living," he explained.

"I love this country and I love a great deal of what happens in it, particularly the stories and the talk. But there is also the judgementalism, the vicious gossip, the caricaturism, the war against dignity and I think that is not just due to the fact that we are a post-colonial country but that we never had a philosophical tradition.

"We were never taught in school how to think. We were taught how to obey, how to follow the rules. We were taught all that. But we were never taught how to question, how to think, how to define feelings, ideas. To know what is fear. To know what is ambition. To find out about your life," Kennelly said.

On critics, Kennelly reflected, "You can have people who, at an earlier point in their lives, did play football or hurling or wrote plays, books or whatever, and who then went on without bitterness to look at hurling, football, theatre, novels, poetry, art or whatever.

"But it's the bitterness, it's the twist that bitterness gives to the mind, the injection of poison and venom, that's the thing to beware of. It's a pity that some people allow themselves to be, I think, envenomed by what they might consider some kind of failure, I don't believe in either failure or success, what I believe in is the next thing, go ahead and do your best."

Good critics, Kennelly said, could help a writer or deepen an audience's understanding of a play. Con Houlihan, he recalled, had written to him, "Dear Brendan, I read your poems, you make the right mistakes."

"It was," said Kennelly, "as wise a thing as anyone could say to you." But, he acknowledged, criticism could also be savage. "I think it was Conor Cruise O'Brien who said that two things an Irish writer needed were sensitivity and a tough neck. Behan also said very funny things about critics. The critic, he said, was like the eunuch in the harem, all he could do was stand in the corner and blush while the other fellow did the job.

"Good criticism is beautiful," Kennelly went on. "There are some excellent critics whose perceptions can help a writer with his or her work, deepen an audience's understanding of a play, open up a poem for some readers, clarify some difficult or perplexing aspects of a novel or story or painting or sculpture.

"But of course there are also smartass critics whose idea of a meal is a fair-sized bite out of someone's back. Their writing says much more about them than what they're supposed to be writing about.

Kennelly added: "One of my favourite books now is Keats's letters - great human books, because he would tell you more about art and about humanity, it's all together, it's all part of life, it's not poshed up, it's not made unreachable, it's not art with a capital A or whatever, it is human."

Another of Kennelly's favourite books is John B Keane's *Self Portrait*, which he described as a "portrait of self-acceptance".

Kennelly went on, "As he pushed into his 60s and early 70s I think he learned the nature of us, of true self-acceptance."

Kennelly believes that women, by and large, have more moral courage than men.

"I always go back to the women of the village I grew up in, and I was only there for 16 years. I'm 67 now and I'm out of it for over 50. But there was a phrase that they used to use about each other. 'She's a Trojan.' I never knew what it meant until I discovered years later that the Trojan women were the women treated as prizes by the conquering Greeks and who nevertheless knew how to survive. "They turned their weaknesses into strength and would out-think the arrogant, conquering Greeks and use their sexuality, their appeal, to survive and to come out on top. These women helped each other and helped neighbours in ways that I think are very rare now. And they were strong, they were loving. They were always on the look-out for ways to help the other, whether it was a jug of milk or even to write a letter to a friend in England or a son or daughter.

"The thing about women, as I grew up, I think, is that they know you by looking at you. Women can read eyes. They can read what's on your mind by looking at your eyes. And when it actually comes to a touch, if you touch a woman, accidentally even, just put your hand on her, she knows what's on your mind. I think women are psychologists of the highest order. By that, I mean they can read the mind. I think that's a fantastic gift.

"We men are too swamped by egotism, I think. By easy vanity. By what we eat, what we produce, what we do or our effect on others. As well as that, that's what makes us able to do good things often. You have to have

confidence in yourself. Egotism to me is both an empowering force but also a blinding force. Your ego drives you but it also blinds you to what's going on around you at times.

"I think that women seem to be able to see more clearly and to connect, to connect with life. I think it's very basic. A woman can give life, a man can make a modest, if necessary, contribution to that," said Kennelly.

"There is a new kind of woman growing up as a result of feminism; they dress like men, black suits. The irony of the feminist movement lies in its success or its concept of success. It has given them equality and it has changed their lives but it hasn't affected many men.

"Men plod on, women tend to fly," Kennelly said.

The poets Kennelly admires most include Kavanagh, Yeats, MacNeice, Blake, Keats, Milton, Frost, Shakespeare, Heaney, Mahon and Auden.

"It's the poet's increasing responsibility to listen to everybody, because for me, poetry is the ultimate democracy. Everybody, the condemned, the damned, the outclassed, the unspeakable, the unforgivable, all these people deserve a voice. And you will see in time to come that one day a young Jew, a poet not yet born, will try to write a poem to understand Hitler."

Kennelly, of course, knew Kavanagh. "He was rude and all that. I think in 1955 he had a lung removed and then he hit the drink for the remainder of his life, and the trouble was that he was drunk a lot, and I think from my own experience of it, that if you're fond of the drink and you're broke, you're not the best company because there's only one thing on your mind, you want more drink, and I think he could be tough to be with. But my own experience of him was that he was a very kind man, and he was, of course, a great poet."

Our interview ended with a story of an encounter with Auden in Swarthmoor Hall in England.

"I was actually introducing him to give his reading in the college. It was a beautiful college and I think that they didn't want him to drink alcohol before the reading. He had a reputation for drinking lots of it.

"He was sitting opposite me and looking over at me and he said, 'Are you from Dublin?' I said, 'I am, sir.'

"And he said, 'If you're from Dublin, you must have whiskey on your person.'

"I said, 'As a matter of fact, I do, sir.' I had a Lansdowne Road bottle of whiskey tucked against my right buttock and it was absolutely full . . . You know the lovely curve of the Lansdowne Road bottle, and he said, 'Will you go in the loo please and leave the Lansdowne Road bottle in a visible position and I'll collect?'

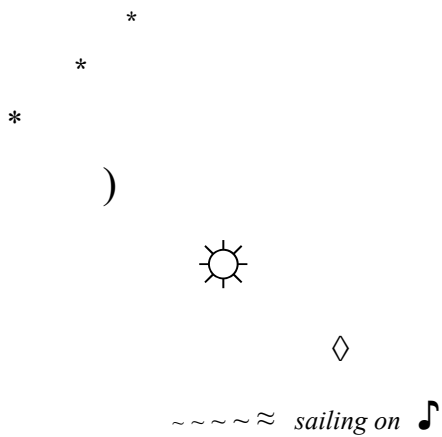
"He went in and was out in a few minutes and he said, 'You may now go in and collect the Lansdowne Road bottle of whiskey yourself, but it's empty.' And the following morning he sent around six bottles of whiskey to the house where I was staying."

Brendan Kennelly's selected poems, 'Familiar Strangers', will be published in May. A Tribute Concert to Brendan Kennelly, in aid of Ballylongford Parish Hall, will take place in the National Concert Hall, Dublin next Saturday at 8pm.

- Aengus Fanning

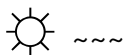
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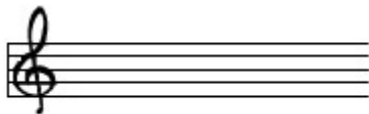






## Twentieth canto     *Visionary Aristocrats*

31<sup>st</sup> January 2004



Beautiful and lovely be this view from the Sun Lounge.  
Long white clouds floating in the blue sky.  
Sun shining on my hand as I write.  
So wonderfully serene this heavenly place.

Smiling Lady Jean welcomed me in the door; sunlight on  
the floor.  
Pot of coffee all in store.

I see in a thousand footsteps what has taken years to  
unfold in an hour.

Who would have believed that the firestone could have  
been so hot to the touch?

Freedom not for any boundaries be at all in waiting.

Fine shadows make for an extraordinary rainbow.

A crow's nest be easily seen in the pencil-sketch tree in  
the garden.

Have you not found light in the space of two  
handshakes?  
Look to the beauty within to find the true kindred therein.

When the world is boiling over, everything is being over  
cooked.  
Without delay go call back the great chefs!  
Go to the mountains and supplicate them to return unto the  
valleys!

In the kitchen here already there one of them be.  
Who she be who he be?  
Paul the Levanter he be.  
Oh, wonderful!  
Where found ye he?  
Found we he by a blissful linn in the heights of Switzerland.

How noble and generous he be to have returned unto  
the valleys.  
May the warmth of sunrise be always in his smile, and the  
winds of creation be in his hands.

And may those closest and dearest unto him be always  
full of joy.

Oh, Paul the Levanter how very much this world is in  
need of master chefs such as thee.

Pressure be no pressure when it reveals its softness.  
Softness be with glory presumed.  
Oh, the charm of gentle voices and carefree expressions of  
respect.

I see a lady standing on the green patch between the  
curving of the waters.  
Who she be?  
She be Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance of the People of  
Ave Éire.  
Waving to me Her Majesty be with gentle smile.  
A pair of swans be gliding in from the west and alighting by  
Her side.  
Happy the three be in warm conversation.

Carry on I upon my way.  
Smiling and waving Her Majesty be.

Today it be the privilege of the swans to be enjoying Her  
sweet voice.

I another day will surely be.  
Happy I swans be for ye.

Be with finding what it is you're looking for by the  
coming of spring.  
Hold my hand for the fear of things yet unknown weigh heavily  
upon my shoulders.  
Soon the fair easterly wind will be flying the butterflies.

Do you think warmth has a soul in its original state?  
All originals come together in misty morning rain on the  
Galapagos Islands.

I have seen and heard things that bring the stability of  
terrible futures to the threshing floor.

If a constitution be in full evolution where can the middle  
cauldron rust itself?  
Stop there with the beginning that we may be with confidence  
continuing.

Oh, no!  
No revolutions, please!  
When all the corruptions of the generation can be no longer  
tolerated the fire of passionate truth calls the genuine in  
waiting to the fore.  
How long will it be in lasting?

Until truth and dignity be restored to the hearts of our humankind.

When stillness be in created illusions, spaces be in loopholes secluded.

Have you ever thought of making way for a hundred different species of human?

I have not that possibility explored.

Be with exploring it for the end of beginning cries out to save vibrations in the heavens.

Satisfaction there be none to be had in seeking the attentive ear of my own ordinary native people.

It is blessed for you that you don't, for the attentive ear of your own ordinary native people will not be forthcoming until, it be first seen by them to have been given to thee by their own visionary aristocrats living in their midst, in the stately houses and castles grand here and there throughout the land.

In their midst aristocrats many there be, both native and foreign they be, but I pray thee who be their visionary aristocrats?

They be those of true noble birth.

Celebrated they be in exemplifying the sacred virtues.

Their vision be constantly abiding in sovereign truth and beauty.

Perhaps my people comprehend not so easily my words  
nor even care not what it is I am presenting to them, and by  
them to the world.

Let such futile thoughts melt away from thee as waters which  
current continually.

Let your concerns be for the future that has not yet  
appeared into your vision.

And appear it will into your vision when the time is right.

How will I be with knowing when the time is right?

You will be with knowing, as you will be with knowing when a  
song of that thrush there in the tree has reached your ears.

Oh, sweet be his song!

When did you know this?

The very moment I knew it.

I see where I have been yet know not that I've been there  
so oft times before.

If I conceal myself unto the trees of the hillsides who will  
not be with wanting to know of the hidden treasures?

Let treasures be where treasures be.

Those who do love the most be in love the most.

A million shapes of light have all come together in the  
candle flame on the mantelpiece.

Someone has fallen in great pain onto a green ground.  
Yes, this tragedy has already been with happening.  
A player of ball not yet having reached his mid-twentieth year  
did unto the green grass drop and with no more breath was  
anymore.

How are the words to be fashioned that will bring  
comfort to his heartbroken parents?  
Be thee instead with silent prayer for them in your heart.  
How strange for healthy most healthy be the man supposed to  
have been.  
Good health be a great wealth.

We be with wisdom when it comes to small events.  
When will we be with greatness when it comes to great events?  
For a little while yet will we be mixing up every consideration  
ever made in the forecasts of no responsibility.

I have great melodies to be playing for thee in the heart  
of sojournings.  
Begin that I in the Austrian Alps may be with dancing.  
Grossglockner rings in the distance; rings rings for me to  
answer.  
How shall I answer?  
Be with the answering of harmony most at ease.

Fold thy left hand into a shape of Crescent Moon  
floating in a poplar tree, and with the right encourage notes to  
be springing forth.

Where are you going for my way back I may loose?  
Return not back rather forward be with great significance  
continuing.

Know you not who you were when the Angelus bells  
were ringing out long long ago?  
In this whole world of continuously changing forms how could I  
have been with knowing?

Yield awhile to the knowledge that within you deep  
dwells fresh and clear.  
I can't for too powerful be the manifestation of who I be.

Nobody knows all that needs to be told.  
Why have I to be who I am?

Of all the trees in the forests of the world you be one of  
those found to be most accommodating.  
When did ye first visit me for no recollection I have of it.  
Always have we been with thee; from the time of your  
conception have we been with thee, and have been with thee in  
fathoms to you yet unknown.



Should a person believe all that one hears or speak all that one sees?

Traverse sensibility reason to make way for themes that will be lively flowing along by Earth's meads.

Look over the horizon for I've things to show you that would cause all the trumpets in the Roman Empires of yesterday and today to dissolve.

Make no mistake when shuffling candlesticks in flower basins.

I see no point in being either understood or misunderstood by those standing in bottomless pits.  
Muses excuses.

Open your benevolence also unto thyself for most ungenerous have you been of all to thyself.  
Be kind unto thyself.

There are silent callings in the most ordinary events.

I have an idea that ripples in a thousand forms but know I not which way to move.  
Move on the carpet that floats in your furthest dreams.

And take smiles into your heart for you have been  
invited to dizzy summits.

Be I the kind of bird that can make my way to the great  
heights?

Be thee thee?

Oh, merciful contradiction if I be with not rowing in  
Venice!

Gondola be in the window.

See I there no gondola.

Gondola be in the window.

When the advent of long lasting friendship takes to itself  
impressions of interruptions be at peace.

Soon gem spaces will be found in the traces of your intentions.

Not with any fear or apprehension need you be.

Be with expectations alone of thyself and forget.

How can I forget what I can't be without thinking of though in  
slumber deep I be or fully awake I be?

There are times when the harmonious sounds find no  
ear to be listening to them.

Let it be.

Stand by yourself with yourself of yourself and by  
yourself.

Respect has me in her arms night and day but with no careful consideration oft I be this forgetting.

When one be with forgetting all that's of greatest importance in life, how will the world be able to sustain and maintain its true integrity?

What be the true integrity of the world?

It be looking out into the Great Universe generation after generation, age after age, and season after season without any shame; it be to be filled with joyful thanks.

Be the world of virtue born?

Of virtue born be the world.

Now be of no timidity be for the world be in great need of thee.

Please let me be for I know the world to be a cold, callous and cruel place.

Blatant terrorist in Rotenburg near Kassel there be!

How many more out there in the world as he yet undiscovered there be?

No, please let me be for I know the world to be a cold, callous and cruel place.

To all places in the world have you been; each and every individual have you met?

Dry up your many tears.

With us come and to you we'll show places that are truly heavenly; people that are truly virtuous.

Bring with you no baggage, wallet or calculator.  
Without these I cannot go.  
These without you do not know.  
Oh, I must be with knowing and so without these I will be gladly going!

Ere we go, be upon thy knees for a moment of thy coronations be now resting upon thee.  
What coronations?  
I be nobody.  
Precisely.

We crown thee with the harmony of your forebears.  
We crown thee with patience, wisdom, insight, courage, courtesy, and etiquette.  
We crown thee with the love and respect of your family, neighbours and friends.  
We crown thee with a joyfulness that will always be finding its own homecoming.  
We crown thee with songs and dance that revere movement.

Mysterymystery be Mysterymystery.

Glory be to the Great Universe.

Glory be to the Heavens.

Glory be to the Earth.

Glory be to thee in all this be.

Arise now to your feet with joyfulness of heart, and let  
us be on our way.

Behold, there in the fields the newly born lambs which  
returneth Innocence, Trust and Joy to the world!

Yes!

Yes I be!

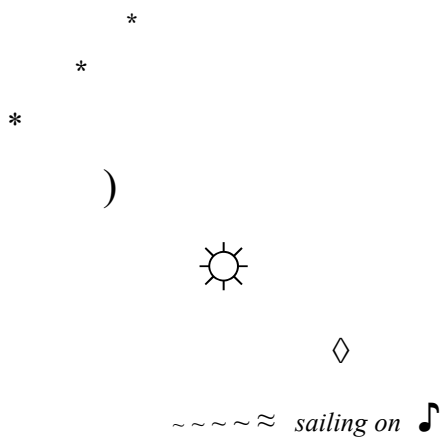
Yes I'll be!

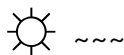
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et in sæcula sæculorum.

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*Annotation:*

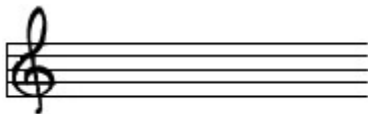
**Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et in sæcula sæculorum.** - from Latin  
meaning, 'As it was in the beginning, and now, and forever.'





## Twenty-first canto     *Virginia vase*

7th February 2004



Virginia vase filled with sapphires, rubies and gems of  
every assortment be smiling on the low white windowsill here  
beside me.

Find the flowering of calling by seeing half of everything  
true and blue.

Show myself to fine friends of eastern shores.

I see time has brought us to the top of fishing nets and  
tackle.

Sweet be true be true be sweet.

If I walk all the way to the side entrance of foregone  
conclusions who will be with commencements?

Wave your hands in the air if you see hallucinations.

I have a place uneasy in my heart that shows no sign of disappearing.

There are we here for you to hear; so listen with keen an ear.  
Firstly, with giving it form be.

Synge, Shakespeare, Chaucer, and the AV's styles of presentation be lovelies of the English language, surely.  
Yet, in the becoming of it for my style, how will it be, I wonder.  
You will be given to see a lovely truly it will be.  
Gaeilge be the sun o'er my heartland.  
Be not anxious, for sense we its warmth, light, and life in your every word written and your every word spoken; it is their lyrical hue everywhere dancing through.  
Be not worried, for the language of your ancestors is within you; confidently give it expression in this a commodious form from among the equally suitable many of the day.

Lift the latch on the door to abstraction and be with coming inside.

Know I if everything be grand and all right?

Blow with Wind and fall with Rain.  
Enjoy the feeling of element being.

Where of late have thy footsteps been taking themselves?



All over the everywhere exceptional have I been with  
moving.

Call away the sounds that make for discomfort.  
If you frown on the speculative who will be in jeopardy?  
Friends and companions make their way to streets of many  
horses and carriages.

Think of spare wheels and become one with definitive  
sights.  
They be of all things shaping and making themselves known.

I hear where froth on the shore takes the imaginings  
away to turnstiles in the countryside.  
Fashion makes for the one who be with threads of silk.

Firefly flutters in the shadows with the appearance of  
Moon.  
Moon floats where it wills and wills where it floats.  
Would that I could be as Moon be bright-softly soothing the  
world.  
You the Moon be when in harmonious waving with the  
Universe you be.

Why do I have to confine myself to minds that hold not  
my views on life?

Are there not also those who share your freedom to  
explore new avenues of thought and mediums of expression?  
There be, that be true.

Someone be one who do be with those who live  
according to true benevolence.

Would you trade sound for sight?  
How ask you such an impossible choice to make?  
Life be of a million choices and you the choicemaker be.

Stand with your back to the north wall of the tower  
castle.  
Be with viewing the meandering river below.

Behold, the black bird there again be appearing; flying  
right towards me he be!  
This be my third time with seeing him.  
He be smaller than a swan and bigger than a duck.  
Flying he be over the waters and as before suddenly he is with  
disappearing.

Maybe a seabird he be?  
Why would he have ventured so far inland?  
Perhaps he be in search of the Hermit of the Glen.

The beautiful isle be of hundreds of glens.  
That be sure so, but how many of them do shelter hermits?  
Who knows; who can know for sure?  
Why wish he to find the Hermit of the Glen?  
With his next appearance address him thus,

"Aloft be the heights of Tuscany."  
How strange this saying be.

Stranger yet it be that the children of Tuscany be found to be  
here.  
Know I not what ye be with meaning.  
Be not with over concern for you not be of Tuscany origin be.  
Who be ye with mentioning?

Oh, see the laughter of the leeward valleys be in your  
heart.  
Small surprise that calls foils to be shaping apprehension in  
your midst.

Point to the stable that be with not causing damnation  
to the freedom that be coming anon.

Some will ask when some will not ask and some will ask  
when answering the question predestined.  
I hear in your shadows tints and hues of families loosing hope.

Mind not the softness of hardness that shapes itself  
according to transgressions.

How can I be with recalling the flowing of imaginary  
spaces within the races?

There are those who take pleasure in dancing with the  
crows on the wind.

Oh, I! Oh, I be such a one, I be.

Crows be crows how can you find in them any beauty or  
in them anything at all to be admiring?  
If I had to be born an animal of a different species from what I  
be now, I would gladly be born a crow on the beautiful isle of  
Éire.

Have you not noticed how wondrous and beautiful be  
their style of harmonizing in each other's company with the  
windy curves?  
Prefer I the swiftness of the horse racing on the rich green turf  
of the isle.  
Would then that every horse be with wings.

Call my well-being into the existence that drifts with the  
great artists of old.  
Who be old when the all be told?

Shine with the time that is in tomorrows not yet arrived.  
Oh, 'tis all be in the greatness that fullness makes a lovely  
statement.

When you place your hands before your eyes like so,  
what see you there within?  
I see no more than what I see without.  
Look again and be not like a hen that in reverse movement  
proceeds.

Flights of fantasy can't be anything for those who trip  
over every stumbling stone.  
Steps they were; steps most steady they were laid for thee upon  
thy way.

Show me who they be that built motes after they had  
with great rocks squatted in the middle of our fields.  
They came one morning mounted on horses and brandishing  
shiny swords.  
Then before we knew what had overtaken us a tower castle was  
erected here, another there and before we could believe it  
we were servants in our own land.

This be not alone true of your history it be.  
Where else be such a subjugation found to be?  
It be found on the lovely isle off to the east and to the great  
landmass to the southeast.

Wallflowers be in the spaces between shrewd overtones.  
I have a dream that won't be with finding wakefulness.  
All wakefulness be but a dream.  
If I ask for shadows to be with making a thousand and one  
mistakes, I will be with fine imaginings.

Suppose repose was measured by the fall of a state  
within a state would you leap over the ornamental gate?  
I've placed no limits in my heights to be reaching.  
Be there no reaching when one is forming civilizations of pure  
thought and intuition melted?

Turn the leaf and leaf the turn of your moving signs.  
I can't develop along the lines of our contemporary times.  
Be with thy ownself in shaping expectations of the Universe.  
Try being with not knowing everything that is ever to be  
known, and you'll be with knowing everything.

Should one be with laughter or with laughter be with  
one found?  
Finding is not in the finding but in the found.

What notion be in your commotion?  
Heave and be with moving the rocking boulders.  
I am one who be not comfortable with forcing the natural.  
Rocking boulders will to the valley floors be taken in their own  
good time.

Leap from the heavens and dive from the ocean depths!  
Swim with currents between aurorae and twilights!

Am I who I am becoming?

Send your greetings to merry beloveds on the fishing  
boats.

Fish be with the space of not touching.

I see where those who walk by windows still haven't made  
the forests brighten with greenness.

Black be black, white be white, but what be green?

Green?

Green be their mean; their middle way.

Comprehend I not.

Then well it is for thee.

I walk with the bare footsteps of a million lost ancestors  
sounding in my ears.

Why in those dark days in this rich and lovely land had so  
many of them to be living in so much disgrace, sickness and  
squallier?

History that be.

History that be?

Yes, that be history.

How wretched be their thatched stone habitations.  
How wretched really they be?

Believe me when I tell you that smoke from the turf fire  
within had no chimney to be with up meandering.  
Where then be it with going out?  
Over and beneath the one and only door.  
If a window in their hovel be it most surely a luxury it be.  
Floor be of uneven bare earth it be.  
Believe me, nine children of the survived be living therein,  
these many there be.

Why!?!

Why!?!

Why!!! was this history made to be so?

Made to be so so it be made to be so that be the why.

Why!?!

Why!?!

Know you not that mighty personal gain be the most  
lucrative trade of the ages?  
When the forests be levelled and shipped away, when the hills  
and soils be emptied of their ores and elements, and when the  
waters be made desolate wretchedness be all that is left  
behind.

How can I be with forgetting my people's courage and  
determination in the face of so many obstacles and  
humiliations?



Ease your heart for it was not always so and not for all  
of them was it so.

Ease your heart; ease your heart for by your words this day are  
you to them all showing true filial respect.

Still, oh my heart within me be sinking.  
Rescue me from this deepening well.  
Hold with your gaze on the blue sky!  
Hold with the blue sky above be!  
I am!  
I am!  
I am rising to the top!

See there now, you're safe and sound again.  
Keep your gaze upward and outward, and no pit will be able to  
lay claim to thee.

Take your no time to be all time, and so you will be  
with fascinations singing within your ears.  
Tell to yourself the story of your roving in the shelters of the  
Most High Contradictions.

I've been trying to save the sacred endangered species,  
but those who do be assigned to guarding it be running with  
the hunters.  
What be the name of this sacred endangered species?

It be called the 'Family' and by definition and extendibility the 'Good' person.

When you find your nose to be right up against a great wall that is so high that you can't scale it or too wide that you can't go around it or too founded to dig beneath it, then there for the time being and for some reason is precisely where you are required to be.

If only I had wings I'd be with flying away back from it, so I would.

Be not with such a thought for all walls however great in size they be, be only temporary.

Your way is forward.

Be with waiting till the wall before thee be no more.

May I be blessed with the patience needed to be.

You are of strength and of strength you be in making. Stand by the softness of gentleness for it be the strength of your ancestors.

Know I that many of them stood by the hardness of roughness. There be those sure enough, but let not your time be with them concerned.

Sunshine be in your heart; in your eyes be the rising of suns and in your ears the crescenting of moons.

Remember what it is that you've wanted to hold sacred.  
I've want to hold sacred the integrity of our humankind; our  
humankindness.

Be with holding on to this, and with the myriad translations  
you will be with dancing and waving.

Pour your heart into being who it is you are meant to be.  
How far or how near am I from being who I am meant to be?  
You be so close yet so very far.  
Show me who I meant to be.

This Spacious Lounge has to me given much ease to be  
with listening and writing.

Oh, behold the Virginia vase on the low white windowsill  
be filled with sapphires, rubies and gems of every assortment!  
Why have you not been with noticing it?  
When first I did sit down I did notice it, and thought to myself  
that the generous Lord of this Demesne must delight surely in  
doing what pleases he.

Perhaps it would please him even more that you be with  
taking them all for thyself.  
I have been to an exceedingly high mountain and have seen  
all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.

My mother taught me what be another's be another's be,  
it not for thee be.

Be awake and take, for assuredly three or five from  
among them would be remaining quite unnoticed, wouldn't you  
have to agree?

I have been to an exceedingly high mountain and have  
seen all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.

My father taught me what be another's be another's be,  
it not for thee be.

Old church steeple there be to my right beyond the  
roofed arches.

Church all empty and slowly crumbling away within a  
crowded, overgrown, much-neglected cemetery.

How very very sad it all be.

Is there anyone who cares whether this steeple, this  
church crumbles or falls?

Is there anyone who will be with returning it to its former  
dignity and beauty?

Whose be it of; whose denomination be it of?  
Does that truly have to matter any more?

It's not right, I tell you, no it's not right at all that such beautiful sacred places of prayer and worship all over the isle should be allowed to crumble away and be no more. Time and love will bring the Lord of this Demesne to the fore, as no one else nowadays seems to be with caring any more.

Conflict of interests be there not be for he?  
Contradiction?  
Controversy?  
Each person's life is a complex genre of controversy and contradiction.

A good-natured person can be so easily led astray by those who are solely out for mighty personal gain, equally so can that same good-natured person be safely returned to the pride and joy of their parents by those who are earnestly trying to live their lives according to the Sacred Virtues.

Be the Lord of this Demesne be such a good-natured one?  
Believe we he to be.  
Hear his words and be with knowing for thyself.

"It's so important that you are prepared.  
Oh, yes, you experience pain, that is the choice I made.  
There's pain in life; there is pain in everything.  
If you run away from pain you can go quit right now."

And the innkeeper, Rísteárd Mac Grait of the hill  
country of Déisi Mumhan did proclaim,

"A child of Carmel is a balm of the world; bringing  
healment, soothment and bravement."

Then believe I will too upon the strength of these words  
that the Lord of this Demesne be such a good-natured one.

Oh, Good-natured One, honorary citizen of Mainistir  
Fhear Muighe you be.

In the eyes of those who be with fully seeing, no finer hero in  
our times there be.

Get up off the sand and be in this land!

Are you about to quit, you who be a fine son of the proud  
people of this country?

Get up off the canvas if you be our hero!

Oh, Good-natured One return to the isle of your ancient  
longings with a goodly courage and be with your wedding  
plans.

Be not put off by those here who seem to be of tight fists, small  
counsel, narrow vision and jealous hearts.

It may very well be the combination of begrudgement, and the  
pathos of bureaucracy.

Be with such an understanding.

Everything good meant for thee will be coming to  
fruition in its own good time.  
Be with admirable patience and pleasing courtesy.

Many there be here on the isle who be with delighting in  
proffering thee the very finest of hospitality; who be of great  
counsel, wide vision and faithful hearts.  
Let thy tears be for these; tears of joy bursting forth.

With having fully enjoyed your holiday on the beautiful  
isle of Barbados return thee with thy lovely fiancée and be ye  
with grateful joy let ye.  
Return ye with renewed hope and determination to the  
beautiful isle of Éire.

Let yere cosy pleasant settling be here in the hidden  
castle, and yere joyful happy wanderings be everywhere in the  
world.

Be with constructing a homemade autobiography that  
the season of giving your truth may be yours and those whom  
you love the most in this life.

At thy feet the Stone and Bronze Ages in situ be, and  
much more here there remains for thee to see, and by thee  
to be safeguarded for future generations.

Let there be no white flag ever above your castle door.

Hear I the gentle motions of waves on a beach in far and  
near Barbados where two lovers be in each other's company  
gazing at the stars.

Dinner will be following at THE CLIFF

'Your menu, Madam.'

'Your menu, Sir.'

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~\*~

## FIRST COURSE

Snow crab cake with coriander cream, coriander vinaigrette  
and red curry oil

Grilled portobello mushroom salad with mesclun greens,  
asparagus, parmesan and truffle vinaigrette

Potato gnocchi and penne pasta with prosciutto ham, spinach  
and parmesan sauce

Foie gras and chicken liver parfait with apple and raisin chutney and  
port glaze



Smoked salmon, cream cheese and spinach ravioli with  
garlic sauce and parmesan

Spicy Thai style beef salad with peanuts, coriander  
mint and pickled cucumber

Savoury snails in a puff pastry case with vegetables  
and chive cream sauce

Smoked salmon on a warm baked potato cake with  
horseradish cream and rocket leaves

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~\*~

## MAIN COURSE

Fillet of beef tenderloin with mushroom and cognac cream sauce,  
Crushed new potatoes, asparagus and grilled tomatoes

Fillet of red snapper on a baked potato cake with a grain  
mustard sauce, vichy carrots and fried leeks

Sliced duck breast with wild mushroom sauce, creamed potatoes,  
morels and tartlet of carrot

Roast loin of lamb with creamed potatoes, port and thyme jus,  
ratatouille vegetables and minted hollandaise

Caribbean shrimp with a Thai green curry coconut sauce,  
coriander rice, chargrilled vegetables and fried basil

10 oz veal chop with Dijon mustard and tarragon sauce,  
“Bubble and Squeak” and snap peas

Herb roasted chicken breast on crushed red skin potatoes with  
roasted garlic rosemary sauce, pearl onions and truffle oil

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~\*~

DESSERT MENU

Assorted berries in champagne jelly with chibouste crème gratin,  
berry compote and tuile bisquit

Chocolate and orange millefeuille with banana sauce and caramelised  
orange peel

White chocolate cheesecake with chocolate sauce

Hot chocolate pudding with rum flavoured vanilla sauce served with  
vanilla ice cream

Baked apple crumble with vanilla custard

Crème brulee with red berry coulis

Chocolate mousse topped with coconut brulee and served with fresh fruit

An assortment of cheese / Assorted petit fours

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Coffee/Tea   El Dorado 15yr Old Rum  
Espresso/Cappuccino   V.S.O.P Armagnac  
Rum Coffee   X.O. Armagnac  
Tia Maria Coffee   VS Armagnac  
Irish Coffee   VS Cognac  
Brandy Coffee   V.S.O.P Cognac  
Late Port   XO Cognac  
Vintage Port   Louis XIII  
X Old Rum Coffee   R. Henessy Cognac Old

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~\*~

DESSERT WINES

Montes Late Harvest Gewürztraminer/Riesling 1998  
D.O. Curico Valley, Chile  
Muscato D’Asti Nivole, Michele Chiarlo 2001  
Piedmont, Italy

Gewürztraminer Grand Cru Vendange Tardive Vorbourg

Clos Saint Landelin, Rene Mure, Alsace

Chateau D'Yquem 1990

Chateau D'Yquem 1990

Head Chef Paul Owens

Manager Mr. Dan Jelensek

Derricks, Saint James,

Barbados, West Indies

Tel: 246 432 1922 Fax: 246 432 0980

Email: [thecliff@sunbeach.net](mailto:thecliff@sunbeach.net)

The love of lovers in the face of a thousand obstacles be  
the strength and hope of the generations not yet born.

Oh, the long lost joy of this past year is again welling up  
in my heart!

Oh, my heart dance and be with singing again like you did  
heretofore!

All be returning again now to the place of pride; pride in this  
noble heritage.

Stepping out into the courtyard.

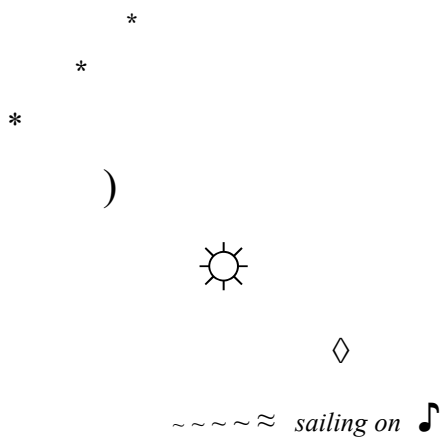
Clouds raining down and Earth be bringing forth.

Peace be dwelling here at the source.

Yes! - Éire you be grá geal mo chroí.

*Annotation:*

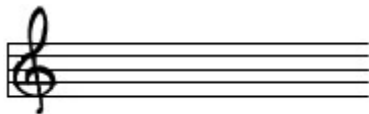
**Grá geal mo chroí** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'love pure (of) my heart'





## Twenty-second canto     *Uttered anew*

14th February 2004



Monaco is journeying in the white corners of  
suspended elegance.  
Providential blue sky watching over thee; fragrance of lavender  
floating upon the air.  
Over the way along the way by Nice, Antibes and Cannes leads  
to a grassy place.  
Villa Saint-Jean there be with olive groves and fruit trees of  
every kind.  
Oh, and two fountains of clear spring water rising too therein  
you'll find.  
Alpes Maritimes be on my mind.

Moving sensations be taking us away from all the pain  
in this world I assume, I presume to suppose.

Openhearted be the next cloud that floats o'er the Great  
Mountain.  
Mill with the fine sounds that do be calling us to the garden  
beyond.

Make-believe has nudged me to indulge in supreme  
feathers going amiss.

Open landscapes in the vision on the in take out take.

Should a person be with resentment for an unfinished  
painting be?

Sound of falling glass on flagstones!

Oh, 'tis unnecessary to be paying history what we do be  
in the making.

One's overcoat be over folded when the hedgerows wind  
their way about apple orchards.

Suppose a tree of golden roots were to uproot itself and  
be with replanting itself by Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn's  
*The Night Watch* who then with candle in hand would not be  
able to locate the long lost missing canvas strips?

How many there be?  
Four there be.  
All of the same worth be?  
One be more valuable than the remaining three.  
What it be?  
Here be a candle find and see.



Very Rembrandtesque of thee.

Place perception in a celadon saucer and be with the likeness of kittens.

Have you found which bricks go into the reconstruction of belfries?

I have no interest in the reconstruction of things falling down.

But in the reconstruction be found a new instruction.

Be a reconstruction site a school classroom be?

A school classroom it be.

There are those who take freshly baked bread and place it on floating waters.

This be a waste of bread, surely.

Surely be a transformation of heightened profusions.

Know your heart before you know it's a mind sense you do have.

Be with bringing up concentration on the whyness of terminally ill children in the wards of the wards of wards.

Please, please, please be not with leading me down those corridors for too heavy I would be of heart.

I can't follow; I couldn't be with looking into those eyes.

Have you ever been to the ridiculous turned inside out?  
I could have been not once but many the time.  
How would I be with knowing for sure?  
Nobody can know everything for sure.  
Keep your strength and be with great love.  
Love!  
What is love?  
Calm down thy heart be going way out of shape.

I am where I am when I'm being who I am.  
It is enough for you to be with the disposition of faith.  
Faith!  
What is faith?  
Be with calmness now for it is with all confusion you are over  
nothing.

Isn't it sad that the road that has stopped being a  
bóithrín has nowhere to return to?

I've been where great artists sat on hillsides and were  
beside themselves with joy.  
Joy holds the heart like sturdy ornate bedposts.

Forward in ripples proceed.

Lift yourself up higher than the fly that passes neath the  
archways of the heavens.

Plan your perfection like a person who arrives on a throne without seemingly having even lifting a finger to get there.

This be the height of laziness, surely.

How think you Sun arrives at the zenith?

It ascends, arrives, and descends that's all I am with knowing.

Can a thought be held in a moment of satisfactory confusion?

It depends on correspondences.

Some people have all the hands dealt to them that be less than generous.

It's the game itself that makes the joker laugh so heartily and loudly.

Salt rendezvous with snowflakes.

Next will be the arrangement of unity incomparable.

Slowly, slowly, slowly move with the myriad consternations.

Wash your feet of any improprieties.

What if I lowered my head into the currenting waters?  
You would be with finding yourself to be greatly removed.

Tall people be living in my village.  
Low people be living in my village.  
High people be living in my village who be tall and low.  
Be low be low they as in despicable?  
Low be low they as in humble.  
And tall?  
Tall be tall they as in respectable.  
High people be living in my village who be tall and low.

I find that the juice of the pineapple be nothing at all  
like apple.  
The Scots Pines north of the river be greatly in need of a  
preservation order.

Most people take the focus on philosophy off the  
teaspoons.  
In the cup of coffee be the orchestra frustrated.  
There may be those few who would agree, but most likely many  
there be who would disagree.

Fortune becomes some and unravels others.  
Then for thee it must be a great comfort.  
Comfort here be in approaching a fortress.

Do you want us to make you whole?  
Already I am whole.  
You be as whole as is old wet powder in the barrel of a musket.  
What mean you by this saying?

Wet powder be not with igniting well.  
What be the causes?  
Rain, snow, drool or nosestream.  
But thy trouble has only just begun if your la giberne has  
somehow got wet.

War begins with stamps affixed to the underside of  
garbage bins!

Stop!  
Stop!  
Stop with calling reactivity to the center of the stage!

Why be of mindless, thoughtless, reflexes?  
Why not rise to the higher ground?  
What be the way of the higher ground?  
Self-repossession, if you may, be with calling it self-control.  
Reactivity be the ego of the hyena; self-repossession be that of  
our humankind.

Now, that exchange is a word which has become much  
subdued where can one find peace?

Find it always within thee to be.

There be no peace in the world for those who do be with letting  
their beautiful eyes linger upon the aftermaths of horrific  
human destruction.

The shape of things to come is not to be taken seriously  
for the day to day living of life.

Even if you howl with the snow wolves the snow owls won't  
even blink an eye in their high snow-clouded trees.

How know you this to be so?

Know I it from observation.

There be no wolves here on the isle.

Isn't it a great saying you do be with proclaiming?

Where so be the wolves?

Look about you well.

Do you want to be with the easiest way or with the way  
easiest that be?

Oh, I'm all for being with the easiest way for the easiest way  
is the way of water.

Methinks water is being with the way most difficult.

Share all you have with all you haven't in yourself.

How can I be with such a strange notion?

No notion ever be strange; find your communion.

Shot on a battlement and buried by a great rock was I.  
You don't look a day over fifty thousand years.  
It's the softness of the rain and the messaging of the gentle  
wind.  
Don't you ever be without loneliness?  
Without loneliness what or even who I be?  
You be the standard bearer.  
Well you can be with keeping this pattern.

There be in you things not yet even come to  
fermentation.  
I am with having been and with having been will be no more  
unless my name be uttered anew in the Heavens.

Faint whispers along the skirting boards be finding their  
wayward way to me.  
Give up who you are; you've been who you are for way way too  
long.  
The happiness of the whole world depends upon you not being  
in it.  
Be crushed!  
I've no intention of letting myself be crushed.  
Then be without any existence at all.

Without my existence at all be the distance between a  
here and a there.  
We don't need you; be with being no more.

Not even be you needed to be an underscore.

I've failed.

I've failed.

I've merely failed.

No you haven't merely failed; rather you've absolutely failed.

I will therefore take myself like Saint Anthony the Hermit of old into the solitude of the desert.

Who be this Saint Anthony the Hermit?

An altered life he be.

Why be it altered?

One day in a holy place he do be with hearing sacred words.

"If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me."

Perfection be an illusion.

In no time at all in the desert you'll become a food for Sun.

This Saint Anthony the Hermit where be his grave be?  
Beyond the reaches of desecration it be well hidden it be.  
We'll see about that.



Who be ye that yere words be so devastatingly  
destructive?  
We be with The Classical.  
We be with The Classical what?  
Oh, now, now if we were to be revealing that to you you  
wouldn't be able to stop yourself from shaking most violently.

Be gone from me ye!  
Be gone from me, let ye be gone!  
We'll be going when we be ready to be going.  
Sit you down there now and remain in servitude.

No!  
No!  
No, I won't for no servant of ye am I!  
That's a pity then for we had hoped you would have made  
yourself into somebody great.  
Be gone for already am I great.

Here bear the claws of this thief's cat o' nine tails!  
Now what say you?  
Be gone for already am I great.

Here bear the stings of these deadly electrodes!!  
Now what say you?  
Be gone for already am I great.

Here bear the burns of these three hundred live  
rounds!!!

Now what say you?

Be gone for already am I great.

Here bear the five hundred megatons of this nuclear  
bomb!!!!

Now what say you?

Be gone for already am I great.

Here bear that your past was worthless!

Now what say you?

Be gone for already am I great.

Hear bear that your present is meaningless!!

Now what say you?

Be gone for already am I great.

Hear bear that your future will be insignificant!!!

Not what say you?

Be gone for already am I great.

Here bear this the denial of your very essence!!!!

Now what say you?

Be gone for already am I great.

Ah, you're no fun at all.

We'll now be with taking our leave.  
Stay with your miraculous self.  
I will, for great surely it be.  
Huh!

A woodpecker of a time they gave thee, didn't they?  
Ah, see soon the lovely daffodils will be out.  
Yes, soon all the lovely daffodils will be swaying in the wind.

Did they not tire you out with their annoying  
persistence?  
Ah, behold, Sun be shinning brightly on the Great Mountain!  
And, the primroses too they will be for us to scent and see.  
Merry be thee thee thee.

Wait upon I will Expectation, Trust and Faith  
for it be the established way through the flooded gate.

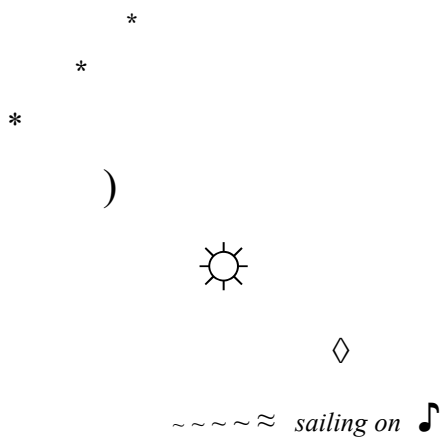
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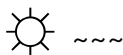
*Annotations:*

**bóithrín** - from Gaeilge meaning, 'a lane' originally a cow path

**la giberne** - from French meaning, 'cartridge box'

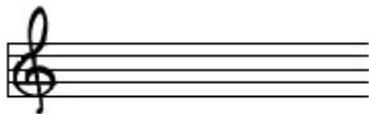
**If thou wilt be perfect, ...** "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me" from the Holy Gospel according to Saint Matthew 19:21





## Twenty-third canto     *Flint beard*

21<sup>st</sup> February 2004



A herd of Friesian cows grazing on a green sunlit  
mound be like unto me this morn a flock of magpies found.

Always somewhere.  
At home everywhere.  
Yet, belonging nowhere, do be I.  
Ah, a lovely far away going away appeal about it there be.

A black cat ever so pretty with white socks in the green  
grass be strolling this eve in my sunview path.

Show me the way that leads the way to the unproven  
shore.  
I see the Kingdom of Floods making its way over and above the  
ocean wide.

Look to the forests in your heart and there you'll find  
sauntering elks.

To be with fine expressions is to be like unto a beautiful  
flotilla in the starry heavens.

Know I if friends and enemies of friends be somehow  
interdependent upon each other?  
How will I be with knowing this when so many be rolling with  
the thunder of the ages?

Bring stories that wander between the pillars of  
forgotten landscapes, yet be with careful veiling the coming of  
previously untold tales.

Look there, daffodils be appearing!  
Wonderful!

I see where the formations of visions catch our attention  
without our concentration.  
It must have something to do with matters tracing themselves  
in the inner world.

Oh, in warm lagoons off golden sandy beaches with  
mermaids be swimming and playing am I.

Everywhere be taken thee when letting thyself float on  
eternity.

Someone is going to discover that the hills be on the  
move and have been for such a long long time.  
Amazing that you be with coming to know this common  
enough piece of knowledge.

Where be they headed?  
Oh, nobody at all be with that knowing.  
Let's run to their heights and be with enjoying the journeying!  
Be we as old as the hills?  
As old as the hills we be and even older by far be we.

When thrushes call me about the groves I'm in love with  
all that's so wonderfully beautiful on the isle.

Have you any fear at all of its man-wise inhabitants?  
Oft I am with fear, loneliness and borders of despair.  
Why venture you down that way?  
They do be drawing me when I'm without great alertness.

Yonder evening, approaching the third hour after  
sunset, when I did view the southwestern sky, saw I there  
something unexplainable even unto myself.  
What saw you there?

In the starry heavens, I did see a bright light that I did  
first take to be an air vessel of our conventional kind.  
Yet, no conventional craft was it I assure you, for my eye did  
not know its movements.  
Perhaps it was the Evening Star or a neighbouring planet.  
It faded and then did reappear as bright as ever before.  
How long did it remain with such strangeness?  
Be it nigh on seven minutes if not nine.  
Then stood it perfectly still.

Floating in from the northwest came some wandering  
clouds that took away my awesome view.

Know at all what its appearance to your eyes could have  
meant?  
Knew I not then nor know I not now, but in the night my  
dreams were filled with mysterious manifestations.

With the coming of the dawn of this new day, saw I in a  
dream a fully fruited plum tree standing in the west in a place  
where no one did ever stand before.

Take my hand and let us be with walking in folded  
valleys of time without end.

I hear a tinkling on the threshold of the seasons.



Oh, look there, a bicycle be on the ridge tile making its  
way home to the sanctuary of the chimney!  
Who the rider be?

Current with the translations that be taking themselves  
to your intentions and endeavours.

Do you think one's life is one's own to be living or is  
one's living all mixed up in the behaviour of veils in graces?  
Be with finding a sheltered place in which to plant such  
delicate saplings.

Footsteps on the ceiling causing all in the below to be  
taking much more care of their daily lives.

Time is for time to be telling itself what it is that makes  
for fortunes.  
I have heard of a time that drags the existence of sawdust  
into a pit of unbelievable misfortune.

Why all this talk about feelings reeling in the self-  
absorbed hinges of the floor?

If we step on the why and trip over the future who will  
be with making sense of all that's being left here unfinished?

Be with taking your seat when the tables be with leaning  
up against anniversary delights.

Oh, make no mistake; make no mistake when you're  
with trying to find a misnomer in a tea storm.

We will be with extraordinary harmony when the Gates  
of Soft Drizzling Rain be swung wide open.

Open your heart to mushrooms when they be with  
calling you all the way home.  
I do, I do when the lighthouses of the western shores swing  
about the central flow of the warm Gulf Stream.

Should a person be with observation or observation be  
with the lovely old stonewalls?  
Read I these walls by sunlight like I would the pages of an  
ancient manuscript by candlelight.

We can be with knowing the minds of the builders by  
the arrangements of the stones; be they placed in horizontal  
continuity or in vertical haphazardness.  
Vertical bulges and falls; horizontal stalls.

Be there any guarantees in life?  
There be.  
What they be?

They be the risings, floatings, and settings of Sun.  
How can these be looked upon as guarantees?  
Pour another cup and be with seeing.

Beheld I a pair of swans below the once castle now be  
house, and standing they be on the mud there after the tide  
receding back out the estuary of the Great River.

How could they have been standing on the mud and not  
in the mud?  
Swans be with a much finer appreciation of mud makeup  
than you or I.  
In all my days of riverside wanderings never the once have I  
ever seen a mud spatter upon the crown of a swan.

That castlehouse above the waters be calling me from  
time to time.  
With patience be for it will draw you close when the time be yet  
right.

Do you think everyone makes haystacks on the days not  
recorded in calendars?  
What days there be outside calendar days?

Better to consider why three hundred and sixty-five to  
six days of all days have found themselves to be calendar  
netted.

I know not who carved the fabulous oars that be resting  
in the depths of the lake beyond.  
With finding out no doubt we will be soon.

Take a this for a that and a that for a this all turned  
about.  
I feel my head to be filling with unknown beauteous scenes.

I've lights in the palms of my hands that will feature in  
all the theaters of the world.

Should one be with building up new suppositions,  
toppling down those that already be or just indifferent be?

With swimming beyond the tip of a tiny seaweed leaf,  
suddenly found I myself to be in the presence of an enormous  
sea creature.

Oh, my, oh, my, oh, my felt I be a minnow, minnow, minnow.  
And as I was with swooning, behold another of even a greater  
size did there appear alongside.

How can I be with these little gathered words of ours in  
the presence of such Scholarly Enormity?

Be not with such an unneeded concern for great be  
these gathered words of ours that by night and day you do be  
with rolling forth diligently and eloquently from beneath your  
quill of native hue.  
Be with the remembrance that our words be not for this age be.

Hold my hand steady that I may with be a confidence  
anew to be able to swim the deep waters, traverse the great  
lands, and glide the broad skies given the presence of such  
gargantuan creatures.

Greatness be found in the midst of the letters of each  
and every word written by thee for those whose eyes be for  
seeing them be.

Shine with the clime that in movement finds you to be.  
When you be with taking your time, time be with taking you  
homeward.

Roll up the roving about the stabilization of shaped  
enlightenment.  
Be with full laughter when you fully be without knowing  
anything.

Is there any point in being with collective nonsense or  
with nonsense collected to be with gravity in the latter sense?  
There be of course with knotting a lace, if you can but bring  
yourself to acknowledging and accepting that reason and  
emotion must needs be to be always playing in each other's  
cosy company by the rivers, and by the streams.

Who with key in hand with finding the hidden entrance  
will be able to open it if the lock be rusted over?

Oh, found I yester morn, an old rusted nut in mossy  
wrap resting on a stone by the root of a great tree!  
Did you let it there be?  
Safely brought it home did I to view it more closely.

Placed it beside an old rusted key that I had another day  
found along the way.  
Be along the way with them in hand for there be waiting  
somewhere about you near a bolt and lock; waiting for thee  
alone to appear.

What if I find them to be all rusted over?  
Slowly, slowly peel away each layer and arc ever, ever so  
gently.

Share your heart with bringing your gaze to mind  
existence.

Who is coming there for I see the trees in the distance  
they be waving?  
Behold, there see you the one who has been for so long  
anticipated!  
I am with careful looking but see I no one at all.

I have been to the corners of hospitality and found I  
there so many strangers.  
Come in while you're floating cloudwards.  
Stroll be this way and dance be that way.

I can't lift the creation of the great landmasses!  
You're all right when you can shoulder fortresses into the sea.  
Whenever have I been with shouldering fortresses into the sea?

Someone is causing tremors all along the coast.  
Swing with openings and closings be.

I am one who truly loves the seasons.  
What be the seasons?  
What be the seasons you do ask?  
Here is one who knows not what be the seasons!  
Where have you been?  
Seasons be with the coming and going in a regular fashion  
of the natural world.

There is nowhere where I haven't been.  
See my hands, be these the hands that think wayward?  
It depends on hedges surviving beyond each sunset.

Why be there those among us who care no more for the  
inhabitants dwelling therein?  
I suppose it has all to do with references to museums.

Float up into the cushy clouds and down into the valley  
streams.  
Swim in a waterfall whirlpool.  
How can one be with swimming in a whirlpool?  
One be one be one with all things moving.  
Let your hands laugh like a flight of doves!

There are those who find an expression in curtains.  
Where have you been?  
I'm still there.  
Return to the district of familiarity.  
Who will be with guiding me safely there?  
Be at ease for one will appear who knows all there needs to be  
known, and will be with showing you the way.

I'm tired; I'm tired of moving hills, valleys, shores and  
waves.  
Be not with any tiredness be for all and everything depends  
upon your continuous presence of effort.



Wake up!

Wake up from this dream and be with the happiness of the present moment!

Oh, I've been with a dream that would knot up every cloud in the sky, surely.

I be awake now I be.

I be awake; I know where I be.

Be I on the inside of the latch and a lovely place too it be.

And the dream, care to mention what it be?

Mentioning it here I will be.

Running, running, running away be I from some people in a huge metropolis; running with not knowing why and finding no place to hide away!

Two old men appeared from nowhere calling me to come with them to meet someone.

Brought I am to a grassy slope and into the presence of a stoutly built middle-aged man with close cut black hair who informs me that one of the old men a cousin of his be.

Held he my hands and told me with soft intonations and in a lovely smile not to be with a fear of anyone for no one would be finding me there.

His hands upon my hands felt warm and caring.

From time to time however, my eyes did find their way  
to his full-grown flint beard.

Surely meant you to say to his flint like face?

No, his beard be made up truly of several pieces of jagged flint.

Who he be knew I not although quite familiar to me he did  
seem to be.

He be a statue of a Greek or Roman god come to life to  
thee that be who he be.

No, no Greek or Roman god be ever so down to earth as he.

Perhaps then he be the one spoken of by the Prophet  
Messiah of Old, pardon me, the Prophet Isaiah of Old, in the  
moving words,

"The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned,  
that I should know how to speak a word in season to them that  
be weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine  
ear to hear as the learned.

The Lord God had opened mine ear, and I was not  
rebellious, neither turned away in retreat.

I gave my back to the smiters, and my beard to them that  
plucked out the hair:

I hid not my face from shame and spitting.

For the Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed."

Be this the one he be of my dream, know I not although quite familiar to me he did seem to be.

Oh, Voice in the Floating Cloud Uan Dé his face like a flint did set one day, towards the Holy City of Iarúsailéim.

He of the flint beard be a man of middle age with no wounds visible to me in his hands or even felt they to have ever been with any insults at all.

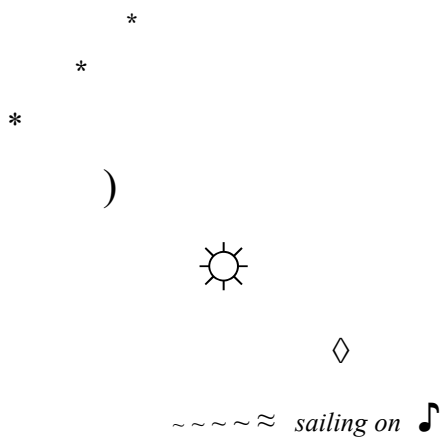
His hands upon my hands felt warm and caring, and as he spoke his eyes be filled with gentleness, brightness and harmony of the variety that be found in the beautiful Magnificat of the Magi Remanent.

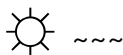
Most assuredly he it be who did appear to thee.

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*Annotation:*

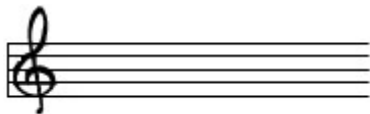
**The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, ...** - from  
*The Book of Isaiah* chapter 50:4-7





## Twenty-fourth canto    *By way of Polaris*

28th February 2004



Yellow flag unfurling and blowing over be over and  
again in the wind.

Beyond the trees be a castle grand.  
A holy crosier and sacred book therein a crevice be found.  
In gardens lovely a Yew Walk there they be where once a poet  
renowned it be said did catch a fleeting glimpse of what he  
believed to be a Faerie Queene.

If true it be, most likely a glimpse it be of a fair queen of  
the People of Éire he did unknowingly see.  
Yet he did, didn't he proceed in beautiful rhyming patterns to  
go on to write of somebody else?

Had he but taken more time out from his appointed  
duties would he perhaps have been privileged to come know  
that the fair queens of Éire would have taken him to their heart  
without the slightest need for any form of serenading  
sycophancy.

All the days of his life here with joy and fresh bread he  
would be.

Mo Bhrón.

Long long ever before a castellum or thy lofty round  
turreted tower be reaching for the sky, flourished in that same  
spot a centre of enviable monastic learning.

How many must have been the European royals that so  
happily reflected on their studies with watching the salmon  
leisurely going by in the Great River below the rock.  
How the times be made to change and not at all at times it  
seems to be necessarily for the better.

A stonewall be built between two trees on the driving  
range.  
Flat palm be standing alone.

Take care in the fairness of overturning a place of  
habitation.  
Flow freely with the last minute change of plans.

I am with seeing humour in the first place of no possible  
returning being assumed.

Sometimes when we walk roads of poor surfacing we  
experience all the sores of a lifetime in a single moment.

Show me a way that makes for refurbishing tables and chairs once used by the dignitaries of yore.

What makes you to be with slow swiftness running alongside broken down old carriages?

There are reasons for persuasions condensed in the deep wells long forgotten.

I have a watch time arrow that fits into the Valley of the Kings.

Someone has been telling you stories of histories all being turned to dust.

There have been occasions when harbingers have rustled with the leaves of bygone years.

Rise to the point where nobody can reach the exit.  
Fashion spoons that will cause forks and knives to wish they had been formed centuries upon centuries earlier.

Share all you have with all those who have more than enough, and plenty more besides.

I have heard of giving without showing any interest in receiving, but not have I heard of giving that be giving all shown beyond benefits.

There be benefits when benefits be suitably fit.

Can a person be with exhaustion when resting in  
oblivion?  
It depends upon what is being putted at the great distance.

If the Queen of Diamonds were to judge the Queen of  
Spades and in turn they the Queen of Clubs what might one  
want to admit?  
Surely the admittance of anything would be paramount to  
being accused of false notification?  
Better not to judge.

Think of all the times that voices follow imaginary  
happenings.  
I try to think, but then again I'm never sure which way the  
pavilion is facing.  
Stand here upon the balcony that overlooks every green in the  
world.  
What see you in the midst of rusty gates all piled up against  
castle walls?  
I see nothing at all be I looking with my eyes full wide open.

Stranger stranger in the bakery baking all futures for  
the kingdoms to come.

Suppose one were to lift lightness into a cart what would  
the horse be with thinking?  
A good day; a day to be enjoyed.



Many horses have found substantial existence in the  
leaves all being blown away away by generous Wind.

Call in I will the courtesans when the time be right for  
asking questions.

Ask no questions if you be seeking so many answers.

A seeker of answers be I be.

Now a begone is a become when the bygone be gently  
moved through the hands of faith.

Not the hands of fate meant thee to say?

Be gently moved through the hands of faith.

I see where I have been but it's nowhere I be with  
remembering.

Why these days be so many with taking galleons to  
cross great deserts and horse drawn carriages to reach distant  
shores?

Open the windows of all that has brought us to be with  
imagining places that have never even existed.

All places that be with imagination found have in their  
backgrounds contemplation rounds.

Listen with the tips of your fingers and behold with the  
heels of your soles.

No one anymore has the notes of the forests in their  
wallets over twice over all folded.

Shine with magnificence when you can hear the sounds  
of the eastern countries.

Why be with straying beyond the Danube be?

I be with floating be.

Swam fifty rivers.

Walked fifty fields.

Climbed fifty mountains all in a golden day.

How can such a feat be humanly possible?

Possible be impossible to those who with impossibility be  
keeping company.

Pulled the blanket all up about my head and with  
dreaming my dreams of no immediate interpretation I be.

Arrested they be and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Who they be and why, oh, why?

Who knows the why to anything anymore?

They be well known to thee by dance and fashion.

Saw them in a park sitting at a wooden table saying their last  
goodbyes to each other.

In handcuffs there they be for certainly I did see them glimmer  
in the bright sunlight.

Life imprisonment be not that too harsh a sentence for  
they?

Perhaps they did something beyond what be known to all.  
Woke I in cascading tears.

With the blanket be all covering me up, he and I be  
strolling and chatting along a familiar country road.  
Who be he?

He the same he of the previous dream be.

I be with asking him what kind of music of this isle he do with  
liking.

He did in reply be with saying that improvisation be for him  
presenting some difficulties.

Came we upon the entrance to what seemed to be a garden.  
Seeing two earthenware pots upon the pillars there he did  
enquire of me their usage.

The storage of chutney they be in joyful manner I did reply.  
By now it be nigh on dusk and noticed I coming along that  
same road, two low-sized ponies running madly wild albeit not  
towards us.

Thought I an accident be surely immanent.  
Came to a screeching halt before me a two-wheeled vehicle,  
and barely missing the one of the two that be ever so black;  
black as coal be his long shaggy mane.  
Then carried on in the vehicle while the two ponies did take  
to running even more madly wild than before.

My friend I had placed behind me in fortuitous time for  
the black one came running like a rhinoceros across the road  
for us!

Threw I a fallen branch of a tree at him that did frighten him  
away.

Away he ran crashing through the fence with the other, and  
away away off ran they through the darkening fields.

Woke I in a cold sweat.

Again falling into a blanket sleep dream found myself to  
be on a boat in a waterway be it in far off India or near Persia  
know not I.

Behold a huge crowd be lined themselves all along the  
waterway awaiting the arrival of someone of great importance.  
He did arrive and sat before them on a throne.

Who he be?

A king of Arabia he be all dressed in white with headgear of  
traditional Bedouin custom, fashion and design.

Greatly feared I suddenly for his safety.

There be a great rushing and a mighty confusion in the air!

Found myself being carried away ever so quickly in the boat.

Felt like upon a carpet I be for so smooth that ride be.  
Tried I to return to the scene but no way became open to me.  
Woke I up in a state of great uneasiness.

Suppose the parking of incomprehensible nuances  
were to make themselves present to thee where would your  
loyalties be?  
Be our humankind the root of the Universe or the Universe  
be the root of our humankind?  
Come down from the great heights and be with us concerned  
about things within our daily reaches.  
Be these reaches the fulcrum or the arc of profound  
disillusionments be?  
See you not where it is you're going with this forensic  
masterpiece?  
I see no further to date than where I've been coming from of  
late.

Oh, see what helplessness finds itself in in the jam pots  
all left empty by the backdoors of time.

So if it's a transfusion of micro collusion who will be  
able to take the strainer down from the shelf?  
Many there be who have falsified falsification only to discover  
the truthfulness of truth.  
Clap your hands in the air when you behold without end  
the formation of galaxies.

Know you not that there be in the world those who think  
with their elbows?

Better they be than those who be with not thinking at all  
or even venturing to be making footsteps into thoughts left to  
roll and run idle.

If these be the precursors to idleness who will be without  
laughing at every excuse ever known to our humankind?  
There you have it when you found it to be engaging.

Sometimes shadows creep along through the grains of  
wood in the table.

Would that you would be with the same careful observation of  
the strains appearing in the boards of genetic and  
conversational privacy.

Alas, however you be seeing with only your eyebrows.  
I see more than the apples not yet in blossom shape be.  
Let the apples be for no fascinations have they in thee.  
Though with mine eyebrows see know I this not to be.

I have a handful of another world in my heart.  
Where be you with finding it?  
Found rather it me when I be once of late out strolling on a  
green hill by sunset.  
How know you it be from another world be and not from about  
the Earth be?  
Know I Earth and this be not of it or from it be.  
How long on the sunset green hill you be?

Be all the time be there I be in epic conversation.  
Know you who they be?  
They be not 'they' nor neither a 'one' be.

Confusion solution surely be found in the rippling  
strings of the golden harp.  
The golden harp the veil way be.  
Show me please the way.  
There be days when the veil way be clearly visible and  
accessible, and yet there be days too when it be as if it never  
be.  
Show me please the way.  
There be nights when the veil way be clearly visible and  
accessible, and yet there be nights too when it be as if it never  
be.

How think you our understanding of rounded circle  
would be should shapes of shapes put question to themselves  
on what causes heights and depths to be moving in sunbeams?

Fold up the horizon to find the nature of ancient  
civilizations not yet come into existence.

Someone who is to come will be supplying our desert  
world with fresh goodness most pure.

Redefine vine.

Vine the genetic code be.

Float display to me.

Be

Be Nebula

Be Galaxy

Be Sun

Be Dragon

Be Eagle

Be Crow

Be Heron

Be Swan

Be Thrush

Be Robin

Be Honeybee

Be Thee

Be Conifer

Be Lilly

Be Primrose

Be Mud

Be Plasma

Be Cally

Be Trout

Be Salmon

Be Dolphin

Be Whale



Be Sea  
Be Haze  
Be Wind  
Be Cloud  
Be Moon  
Be Comet  
Be

A day be it a night all but known to a few when setting  
ashore from by way of Polaris will be a marvel unto our eyes.  
Be with joyful expectation be.  
By the grace of Benevolent Design be I will be most willingly.

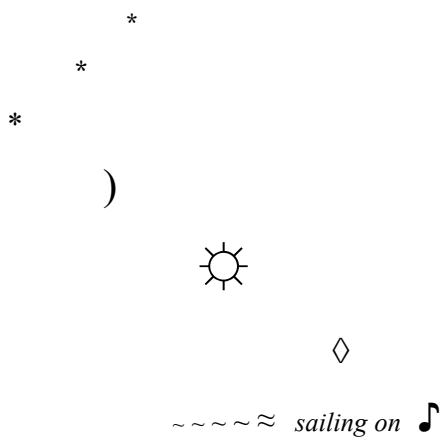
Moonlight be playing along by the banister of the great  
stairway.  
Ascending be the King and Queen.  
Landing upon the kingdom be one.  
Sweet delight at the beginning of the night.

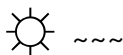
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*Annotations:*

**castellum** - from Latin meaning, 'fort'

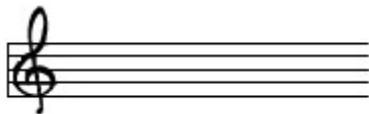
**cally** - in children's conversation, plural callies/collies with reference to  
baby freshwater fish





## Twenty-fifth canto    *Humankindness*

6th March 2004



Be with the one beginning of things not left to be  
unseen.  
Show forth the fright of a thousand ages to be inspired by great  
forgiveness.

Holy people find their way in the world by first loosing  
the way.

Smile when you can be with laying down your life for  
those who care not after your well-being.  
You be out and about tempting early this morning I see; smile  
when you can be with laying down your life for those who care  
not after your well-being, honestly who do you think I be?

Throw to the wind signs that confuse the heart.

If a person were to be found with pity who would be  
without piety?

Take things slow when you can see beyond your nose.  
Lift up superior knowledge to the heights of exhausted  
humility.

Sounds roll all around the floors of splendid seclusions.

I have been in the time of no time showing itself to be  
very real.

On the parapet of every temple, synagogue, church,  
mosque and office building high there be a jumping off point.  
How know you this to be so?  
I've been where doves and loves have transcended the whole  
landscape.

Suppose one were to venture by way and by far out over  
the horizon would one find freedom from life mundane?  
Shifting sand dunes be with covering the world under.

Sometimes people just don't lift their heads to behold  
who it is that be standing right before them.

Have I come to this place to write or I have come to be  
written upon?

Be with turning your head slowly to the right and with  
seeing be what you've been always avoiding.

My heart it be still laden with fear; with fear from the days of my childhood it be so.

There be no need to fear for One there be who be managing successfully to push back the horror that prevails existence.

Know I not whose voice it be that whispers in my ear.  
Be with writing for the whole of this community of the undergreen be here about you in anticipation of the freshly spoken word being written forth.

I have found times be here when little or no belief be in the bosom of the once ever so faithful.  
Why this time now be with us?

Be affront with complex notions unmoved.  
Be with knowing that complex notions unmoved play an important role in the transformation of souls hardened.

What be the soul, where be it with finding itself?  
Look through the colourful glass windows and be with finding it.

I have a belonging that takes itself about altars and fonts to be with itself beholding.

She who be immaculate of this place be standing smiling before the Double Arrow Anchor Gate.

Think of a time when the mere mention of the word  
'sacred' would have lost you all you ever held most dear.  
Be there such a time?  
Such a time there be in the future of the past.  
Be that time now it be?  
Look and see.

When we breathe in the sacred air of the great  
sanctuary we are being in one being true to ourselves.  
How can one be with one being true to oneself?  
There be visions of the waxing Moon that have been with  
calling me to the oak floors of ancient palaces.

When shadows become light and form the regions who  
will be with standing on the folds of time transformed?

I have found familiarities in the courtyards of great  
dwelling places where the sounds of horseshoes still ring out  
loud and clear on rain drenched cobblestones.

Where be the chirruping birds that follow the raindrops  
down the old slate roofs?  
Listen and you will be with hearing them.

Perchance do you be with knowing if we should be with  
taking a run about the colonnading pillars?

I have no way of knowing for sure anymore what be true  
and what be false; what be a truth or what be a promoted  
illusion.

Illusion be leading to confusion.

Know you not then the splendid power of illusion?

Illusion not I do know.

Surprisingly you should say so.

Scoop forth some grains onto the floor there that we  
may be with deciphering your dilemma.

Here be a resemblance of art, yet know I not if it be a  
work of art or not.

Here be a work, know I not if it be a work of art or not that be  
most brutal in subject and in presentation.

Scoop more for the world be covered these days with  
heinous acts of brutality.

There be a Holy One of the hill country of Judaea, it be  
said by those who did go and watch, that he be all but  
flagellated to death twice over and then crucified to the death  
he be.

Ah, be thee with making reference to *The Passion of The  
Christ* movie that be moving about the wide land off to the  
west?

Reference I it to be *The Fashion of The Crisis* to be;  
brutality be the fashion of the crisis moral destitution.

By whichever name you be with calling it, needs be for  
thee to quickly cast it down the deepest mineshaft for it be  
the work of the Plotter!

Who the Plotter be?  
Know you not who be the Plotter?  
Know I not, but there be a fear always residing in my heart of  
something unknown and terrible.

Be with your heart moving and no fear will be with  
coming next to thee.  
And furthermore, be with forgetting all you have ever heard,  
learnt, or read concerning this Holy One of the hill country of  
Judaea for it is not as it was.

Oh, why say you so for the Holy Father in The Eternal  
City when with watching its scenes did this meaning  
breathe forth "It is as it was." which be interpreted to imply  
that a faithful depiction of the events He believed it to be?

Could it not also very easily be interpreted to imply that  
it is now as it was back then; that a faithful depiction of the  
events of the ages He believed it to be?



There, clearly showeth forth the difference between superficial and profound interpretations.

How could one who be so compassionate in heart and so advanced in years as He be, be asked to view the brutal torture and infra dignitatem death of someone almost thrice his junior?

A cruelty surely inflected upon Him it must have been by those who in His trusted attendance be.

How else could it have come about for private be his apartment be; private be his dinning room be?

Know you not that in the meanwhile recanted be His meaning "It is as it was." by those same who in His trusted attendance be?

Recant it all they may even for centuries to be becoming, but it is as it was that He be with bestowing upon the world in a moment a meaning most enigmatic.

How know you it to be so with certainty?

Open wide your historical eyes.

Before yon Holy Stable Day they be twenty thousand by torchlight seen to be frantically mending up a section in the great wall by the side entrance to the Cappella Sistina.

Heavy rains in days there not had been.

Some things be as they always were.

Rise up and be with spreading your wings!  
Fly far far away from all that you've ever heard or known of  
this Holy One of the hill country of Judaea.

What of the Plotter?  
Be with greater height gliding be for this be no concern of one  
such as thee.

Why from time to time squander you your attention on  
the small world?  
Know I not the why.  
The small world be with putting forth the notion of goodness  
with deception on hand.  
And the great world?  
Goodness that be all goodness.

The true Holy One of the hill country of Judaea be not of  
the small world weaned and cultured.

Oh, what sounding be that?  
Be there a relationship between those pounding  
footsteps on a far off marble stairs and the immediate topic of  
my quill?  
There be in all happenings a relationship, a connection and a  
correspondence be.

Why be I at times be with so much fear in my heart?  
As long as you stay with the concerns of the small world your  
fear will be always accompanying you wherever you go.

Be with here knowing this that there be no holiness in  
the tabernacle before your eyes there.

Why say ye so?

Say we it so because so it be so.

All my life I have been with believing in the presence of  
holiness beyond the altar.

See there the softly burning red sanctuary lamp in the golden  
candelabrum be indicating to us that the Presence of Holiness  
in the tabernacle now be.

There be no holiness within these walls this morn of fog, wind,  
rain and cold save thee.

This I cannot be with believing.

Be with believing it to be.

Take thy shoe and smash it out through a coloured  
window and see what happens.

Here be a holy place, why ask you of me to do such an  
act of desecration?

The only act of desecration be the breaking of a pretty pane of  
glass.

Beyond that nothing more.

Without repair will be entering there fog, wind, rain and cold.

In no time at all the birds of the air will be building their nests here and there within; in seasons this place will be as if it had never been.

Why, why ye speak so disrespectfully of this sacred house?

The only sacred house here be thee with quill in hand.

Say not so for nobody be I save the listener and recorder of words.

Leave me and take with ye yere distractions and disrespectful comments.

Can a person be with forming an opinion or be by an opinion formed?

We be all formed by what we sense; what we be with hearing and seeing in the first instance be.

Let go of your desperation for the people of this sacred isle.

Be not with any fear be for them.

But they be like lambs now not knowing wolves be coming for them!

How can I not be with desperation?

Let them be with secretly enjoying watching another of their kind being brutally tortured to death.

I can't!

I love my people.

Let them be for they be now in need of satisfying their hunger for entertainment, curiosity and even a devotion that be long since twisted way out of shape.

I can't!

I love my people.

Let them be for they will come to realise that the greatest temptation they have given in to, is to have handed over earned silver so that they could in comfortable seats in a blood stenchless environment be with watching another of their kind being intentionally, systematically, and graphically butchered.

I can't!

I can't!!

I can't I tell you!!!

I love my people too much.

Calm be.

Calm be.

Calm be.

Be thee not like unto them; stand thee alone and be for the humankind that finds no pleasure to be with watching

even a little fly in a web that be in great suffering and fear found to be.

Let many be with laughing at thee o'er thy mast-bounded stance for they know not what they be with sustaining in their present beliefs.

Many there be who claim this be a master work of art. A work of great art does not demean the dignity and beauty of our humankind; a work of great art is sensitive to the sacredness of art as being one of the finest mediums we have for expressing thanks, joy and wonderment.

Can I be with such strength over these next few weeks? You are of the every best of ancient morality born. With mighty courage and beauty you will be.

Encourage with love those about thee, for thy ease of heart, to resist the temptation of wanting to go and watch this mephistophelean illusion or in time to be with wanting to bring it into the home to view it before cosy sacred hearths with the family. Be with this encouragement be.

Should they not be with heeding thy words of love for them, be not over disheartened for they must needs be with walking their own paths of tenderness and compassion.

Thy wisdom must needs be with knowing that the  
arrogance of many of thy lovely people be not at all unlike that  
of the descendents of the wandering Aramaean of old.

This I be surely with well knowing; it be all but as old  
and as settled as the hills it be.  
But oh, how admirable be the humility of thy faithful few be.  
This I be surely with well knowing; it be as ever fresh and  
soothing as summer showers it be.

Oft you will be with crying in the depths of the nights to  
come at the foolishness of your fellow humankind here on the  
isle, the neighbouring isle, and the wide lands beyond all the  
way reaching to the far eastern shores.  
You can be with this anticipation be.

Let your smile however be out front in its rightful place  
for lonely it is for it to be lodged way back there o'er your  
epiglottis.  
Let your face be with its charming smile.

Soon the warm winds from the south will be reaching  
the shore of this beautiful isle and you will be with scripting  
by rivers and on green hills be.  
Be with outstretched neck of heron and swan be.

When you be with a delicate breeze about your ears be  
with greatly listening.

Sounds abound in and around your sacred ground.

Float with chimes and mimes that will carry you along by  
shaded grottos.

Before them be with joyful thanksgiving be.

Be with knowing how great be your unknowing.

And be with knowing that all knowing be by thee meant not to  
be known.

How will I be with this knowing?

According to the sacred way of thy ancestors, humankindness  
be all of knowing that thee be in need of knowing for a glorious  
living of thy life.

Now I be with some middle years approaching, yet very  
much aware I be that with very little knowing of our worldly  
knowledge I still be.

Be with knowing that worldly knowledge be about as useful  
and enjoyable to thee as in a rainbow summer's day winding a  
stick in potholes on a lovely country lane.

Be with this enjoyableness and usefulness be from time to  
time, yet know it to be all that it be.

Where I be with humankindness knowing?

It be found with those with whom you share bread.

This brings up a most beautiful imagine.



Here on the higher plateau all words meant for thee  
be of beautiful images creating.

With this rewardingly joyful warmth of heart I will with  
descending be.

Be careful on the descent of any jagged rocks be thee.

I will.

I will to be sure.

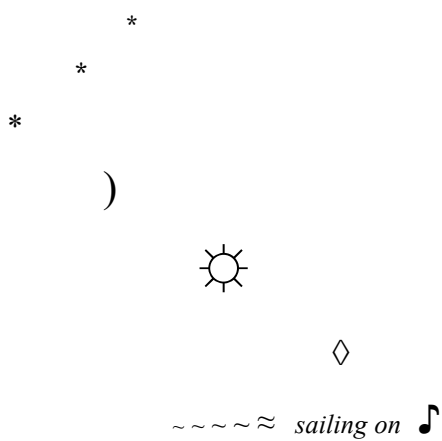
A hundred thousand thanks; a hundred thousand thanks.

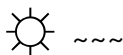
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*Annotations:*

**infra dignitatem** - from Latin, meaning 'beneath dignity, unworthy of '

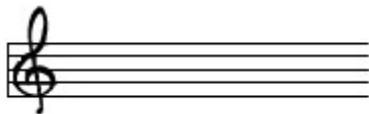
**mephistophelean** - from Mephistopheles in the *Faust* legend





## Twenty-sixth canto *For thy truth's sake*

13th March 2004



High winds and heavy rain bring flooding to the lane.

Sunshine buttercups and weeds.

Contented too we must be with these; flooding and weeds.

Oh, my, homes being established in the treetops!

Homes on high homes on low.

Blessed be the Blesser who be making it so.

Imagine if horses nested in great treetops wouldn't that  
be some sight to see?

In the curved acre beyond the old stone bridge there be a  
brown horse grazing who very soon will be with giving birth.

I be with gently stroking her white diadem every morning.

Patient and lovely she be.

Find the love of life in the preservation of sacred havens.

I hear the sound of comets in the glory of light  
profusion.

If we don't wave to the roaming walkers of the country  
roads of old who among us will be left to enjoy the rivers, hills,  
lakes, and shores?

Happened I upon the weathered skull of a sheep in the  
grass nearby a road sign.

Crown Prince Hamlet of Denmark came to mind and the  
jester's skull that hath lain in the earth three and twenty  
years.

"Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing."

"What's that my lord?"

"Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?"

"E'en so."

Yet, refrained I from taking it in my hands for I be in no  
need of making conversation with calcium.

Walked on and on walked I, on along by an old  
stonewall that be greatly falling down; falling down it be all  
along the way, along my right hand way.

Stones embedded in the foothills of trees within view of  
the castle ruin be.

Once a man there be I did hear tell, did lock himself up  
there beyond the grasp of the law what be whatever that be.

In roped bucket food aplenty be to him up sent by the kindly people of the village below.  
And cattle in the secrecy of a night be sent by they stampeding about and he could escape out.  
But alas, didn't he only find himself, and that be not of his own choice at all it seems, to be all locked up in the wavy sea off to the northeast without any means of escape.

Oh, stones embedded in the foothills of trees within view of the castle ruin be.

What becomes of stones?  
Be they hidden a way in the foothills of great trees?  
What becomes of the great stone-rooted trees?  
Supports of the mountains surely.  
And the mountains must surely be the equilibrium makers.  
How delicate a balance it must be.

They who be without a cultured awareness of this balance, be with blasting mountains out of their finely tuned settings, and greedily and ever so indiscriminately be with felling great old trees from out of their sacred groves.

Be the mountains gone the supports be gone; be the supports be gone gone be the trees and gone too be the stones in their foothills.

Can an orb irreversibly knocked out of balance support  
life?

Can a raindrop make a pot of tea?

Brown speckled butterfly be dancing about fresh  
daffodils!

Decided to come out and about earlier than others must have  
she.

Some deep urge calling her to be.

What urge has called me to come out and about into the  
world to be?

Am I earlier or later than others?

Am I in midsummer's Sun?

On be on with walking I be enjoying this afternoon these  
tableaux vivants of beauty most beautiful.

If I were to find a reason for being born and now living on this  
sacred isle, it would be to be with every moment saying to it,

'Oh, you be so truly beautiful you be.'

How very very sad it is for this lovely isle that so very  
very few of Her dependants be with telling Her how truly  
beautiful she be.

Tell me, be there a woman in the world who does not  
like from time to time to be told how truly beautiful she be?

And tell me, be there a man in the world who does not  
like from time to time to be told how truly noble he be?

Be there children in the world tell me who do not like  
from time to time to be told how truly lovely they be?

'Oh, you be so truly beautiful you be.'

With coming round a sunny bend caught mine eye  
a white cat snoozing in some warm faded grass.  
Like thee I do love to be in the warmth of Sun.

High white clouded sky be yonder so richly blue!  
Methinks that the northern sky of blue be that little bit bluer  
than that of the southern.

Maybe it be the reflection of the Arctic ice and snow that  
be providing me with such a refreshing impression.

Could it be just my imagination?  
Then if it be, however it be, welcomed it greatly be by me.

Coming over the brow of a hill.

Oh!

Oh!

Oh, so wonderful be this sight!

Oh, so wonderful!

Lovely hills away to the northeast and panning around  
to the north be there sitting the second highest mountain on  
the isle.

Here I will; yes, here I will come to quill when the ground be  
with warm summer days.

A cow strayed crossed my path this morn.

What does it mean this crossing of a lost cow before me?

She be with thinking that you the lost one it be who be on her  
path straying.

Would that she be with knowing that my paths be of the  
pathways of the elks of old.

Let her be for she be with imagining cows and cow paths ever  
and ever there be on the isle long long before thee.

Let her be with her Táin Bó Cúalnge be.

I have a calling that be in the mixture of thyme and  
time.

Open oh, my heart!

Open!



Structuring by deception be taking over the hearts and senses of our youthful future!

Open oh, my heart!  
Open!

Which way will the mainstream follow?  
It will flow regardless of coffee beans being picked in the hosted lands of the Great Amazon River.  
Be thee of the southern regions acquainted?  
I be with flowing and currenting well acquainted for much in me be river.

There be corridors in splendid buildings that be without a single exit door.  
Be there windows with light?  
Windows there be in ever niche giving in light in great abundance.  
What need do thee have for exit doors when all the world be with thee in light?  
I guess I've been for way too long accustomed to having doors to exit.  
Seeing a closed door makes me want to open it, and be with walking right through.  
It's strange to be without not a single door.  
Windows you have galore.  
Found not you one that opens?

Not one there be with a clasp to open.  
Then be with the bright windowed walls.

Should I, should I, should I perhaps be with breaking  
one?  
Should you be with breaking the windowed vault of heaven?

When one be with myriads of conclusions floating about  
one where be the best place to be?  
Be with where you are becoming.

Take my hand and stroll with me in forests that be with  
growing since before the dawning of ancient civilizations.  
If I be with you strolling where will I be with going?  
Be not concerned with where as a destination at the end of  
strolling.  
Where we be it be where we be going.

Find the likeness of difference in the fields of creative  
imaginings.  
Oh, with me finding a home imaginings be.  
And with this same home will be finding thee tangible values  
that will be taking thy whole life into full existence.

Who am I becoming and who have I been?  
Hush awhile, for footsteps be on the gravel.

I have a need of knowing the places of my conception  
and my birth.

Be thou conceived on the northern bank of the Great River of  
the South, and no more than a leap and bound from where  
thee now do sit.

And from there by some leaps and bounds will thou be brought  
to the place of thy birth that be on the southern bank found.

Thou be a child of the banks of the Great River of the  
South; a child of the great flowing be thee.

Be with water fording for this will always be returning thee  
to thy birth and conception.

Concern thyself not if thee will be in water, by water or  
even over water when retuning thee be into the surroundings.  
Be this not a question ought I most surely to be with asking?  
Be thee instead with finding out what it means for thee to be  
the companion of the Great River of the South.

Be in thee any memories of reeds or rushes be?  
Why reeds or rushes need I be in my memory growing?  
Remember thee not of a time being placed in a basket cradle  
among reeds by flowing waters?

Referring ye must be rather to the far off story of  
Prophet Moses of ancient Egypt.

Know you not that the ages be forever placing certain  
infants of your kind in basket cradles among reeds by the  
banks of the great rivers the world over?  
I am of all kinds be, surely there must be some mistake.

Show us thy hands and let us be with tracing in their  
palms for thee thy rivers and streams.  
See here, this be the Great River of the South.  
These here on its banks be thy sacred groves; this be the grove  
of thy conception and this of thy birth.

Where be the third grove?  
It be but not yet visible to thine eyes to see.  
Be not with the third of thy sacred groves for the long long time  
be concerned.  
When thee be nearing this grove it will be with presenting itself  
to your eyes, and not until then.

Look here, look here at all the tributaries to the Great  
River.

What be these?

These be springs that flowed awhile as streams but then  
returned beneath to reach the Great River by unseen routes.

Thy whole life be here in the palms of thy hands.

See my palms be not the same in both.

Be this one be thy life by day to see, and this thy life by night to see; this one to view by sunlight and this by moonlight or starlight.

Shall time be a speculation in the future of our remotest past?

Past be with telling us of ordinary things known to our memories save that the past be in the eyes of the beholder. Many prospects be giving the impression that everyone be in the back of retrospection.

When a loud noise interrupts the silence of the currenting river the waters therein do not stop in their flowing even for a moment although they be with some shivering going be.

All the birds and little animals do scatter away away. Fishes be with diving deep and even the trees seem to be wanting to uproot themselves and be with going away far away.

When huge noises be rattling themselves frighteningly about thee, be thee remaining with thy onward flow. Trembling most surely thy will be, but remain thee constant with thy onward flowing.

Someone be standing on top of the deep.  
How be one standing on top of the deep?  
Be not with looking at everything as if it were to be viewed as  
such by thee.  
How else can I be?  
Where be the depth of height found?  
It be found in the height of depth.

Spin out and reel in carelessly spools on strings and the  
walls of thy temple will be in grave danger of being irreparably  
fractured.  
Truly, be a simple spool on a string so dangerous be?  
Know that that which is been spoken of here be not a yoyo be.

Who there be who can assemble the pain of those  
pushed over to the edge?

Should sap be with following itself up the side of a  
crystal glass?  
Show me a crystal glass that has in it the qualities of a granite  
ball.

Why be thee with orchestrating ambivalences in the  
moment of insightfulness?  
Ambivalence be the most ancient of companions.  
Wherever you have been ambivalence has been with thee.

Knew I not ambivalence to be a travelling companion;  
thought I it rather to be an annoyance.

Besides ambivalence many be thy travelling companions  
albeit thou be with not knowing them to be so.  
How can I be with making their acquaintances?  
Introduce thyself and they will come greeting to thee with the  
greatest of joy.

Thought always I myself to be a solitary traveller.  
How small my knowing has been.  
Each and every aurora when with opening thine eyes to let Sun  
be with entering therein, companions there many be in thy  
smiling company be.  
And whilst thou be in slumber deep they be around and about  
thee smiling.

Oh, flower scents have come scenting themselves to my  
writing space!  
When thee be with shaping words and phrases most beautiful,  
pleasant and lovely fragrances be with thee visiting.  
Yet, see I no growing flowers, no none at all in my immediate  
vicinity.  
There be scents that have no origin in thy sight; they be in  
another garden growing.

I be a lover of beauteous scents and sounds.

Oft ready they have been to visit thee, but thy scenting  
and seeing have been of many distractions clogged and  
dimmed to be of them aware.

Be not with the thoughts of pebbles in the valleys be.  
Be with the thoughts of mountains be.

How many keys will it take to open the caves of the  
sacred treasures?  
These caves be without locks.  
How, yet, it be that you be with not noticing this?  
The greatest of treasures be not under lock and key.  
Hold your hands like so in the air and be with touching and  
admiring sacred treasures be.  
Be with them be treasure most sacred.

Someone that makes no difference to difference be with  
not any difference at all at all be.  
Be there no difference then between differences?  
In sameness be where all harmony be.  
Only differences there be with seeing.

Now you be seeing with your seeing eyes full shut.  
Touch these, be these eyes that be shut?  
You be seeing with your seeing eyes full shut.



But thee I see; ye I see, so how can your words be?  
Be with wide open eyes!

Behold, what now see thee?  
I see ...  
I see ...  
I see, what oh, my so very very beautiful, but I have no words  
besides to be expressing the what; the whatness I do be with  
seeing.  
Be with wide open eyes be for thy truth's sake.

Shall I follow along by the waters of my first beginnings  
or be with the waters leaving aside?  
How, how can one such as thee even contemplate discarding  
your birthright?  
What my birthright be?  
To be always and everywhere with great flowing be; with great  
flowing resolve to be that thee may find thy way home to the  
Great Sea.

Should I ...?  
Merely, merely it be sufficient for thee to be of thy conception  
and birth; thou be of the Great River of the South called to be.  
Be with great flowing be wherever thy be.

Take thy meanings from all that be given to thee in  
movement.

All that be given be in movement be.

Here be here.

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*Annotations:*

**Pr'ythee, Horatio** ... - from *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*

Act V, Sc.I - A Church-Yard

**tableaux vivants** - from French meaning, 'pictures living'

**Táin Bó Cúalnge** - from Gaeilge, The *Cattle Raid of Cooley* - an epic from of  
old here on the isle.

